R. B. C. Everard.

JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

BEING

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

OF

FAMOUS PENS AND PAPERS OF THE DAY.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM DRAWINGS BY M. W. RIDLEY;

TOGETHER WITH MANY ORIGINAL PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED EDITORS, AND WRITERS FOR THE PRESS.

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JOURNALISTIC LONDON.

I.

HEAD-QUARTERS.

Traitors' Gate and the Griffin—"Footprints on the Sands of Time"—Ancient Taverns—The earliest London Printing-offices—Cobbett's *Register*—Theodore Hook and *John Bull*—Crane Court, a journalistic nursery—*The Globe*—An interesting literary period—The origin of *Punch*—Projectors in council—Douglas Jerrold "At Home"—Wit and humour—"Wishing him joy"—The *Punch* dinners—Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon—The newest recruits on the *Punch* staff—*The London Journal* and the "Waverley Novels."

I.

HUNDRED years ago, Fleet Street was the most picturesque, as it is still the most characteristic, of London thoroughfares. In the earliest days of George the Third, Temple Bar was the portal of an avenue of many-gabled houses, from which swung trade signs of innumerable variety. There were Saracens' Heads and Golden Keys, Red Lions and Blue Boars, Bibles and Crowns and Mitres. By day they made a brave show of colour. At night they creaked and groaned a chorus of strange accompaniment to the

watchmen's hourly records of Time's weary progress. The dirty sidewalk was separated from the dirtier roadway by posts, over which the boys of the time played leap-frog, while cumbrous hackney carriages churned into mud the various refuse flung into the street by thoughtless housewives and "idle apprentices." Sedan-chairs were carried hither and thither, attended by link-boys, and occasionally interrupted by marauding footpads. Bob-wigs and buckled shoes were the fashion; and the miscellaneous crowd that passed through the frowning Bar was as picturesque as the street itself. To-day a griffin spreads a pair of bat-like wings over the spot where Traitors' Gate barred the narrow way. The hybrid monster, which the Corporation have set up to mark the city boundary, is the civic crest. Had it been reared aloft upon a mighty pillar towering up into the clouds, the effect might have been dignified if not impressive. Even now, approached from the west, the memorial of Temple Bar is not the contemptuous thing severe critics would have us believe, though as a work of art it is not altogether satisfactory. "The Cock," whose plump head waiter has been sung by the Laureate, no longer poses in leaf of gold within the shadow of Temple Bar. Such daylight as there is hereabouts now falls full upon the gilded bird, and the old eating-room beyond the passage over which Grinling Gibbons' chanticleer still mounts its ancient guard looks strangely out of keeping with the wooden pavement, and the electric lamps of these brand-new days.

The history of Fleet Street would be a chronicle of the rise and progress of the London press. It might indeed be made the basis of a history of the metropolis, not to say the story of England itself, for it has classic links of fact that loop events away back in the furthermost ages of darkness. All the more fitting is it that the press should set up in this region the fierce light that burns upon its ever-flaming altars. Who that is not

under the constant influence of that thirst of gold which afflicts a large majority of the crowd daily hurrying cityward can walk along Fleet Street without thinking of the "footprints on the sands of time" which this historic thoroughfare recalls? Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Walter Raleigh, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, have met here for work and gossip; and in later days Cobbett and Theodore Hook, Thackeray and Dickens, Hood and Jerrold, have carried on the old street's splendid succession. The site of London's most famous taverns, it has always been a great literary and journalistic centre. A few illustrative instances of both these features may be mentioned here. Where the Rainbow now dispenses old English fare, the Devil Tavern stood. The legend of St. Dunstan tweaking his Satanic Majesty's nose originated the sign. Simon Wadloe, "the king of skinners," kept the house. He was immortalised in Squire Western's favourite song, "Sir Simon the King." The tavern had among its customers John Cottington, *alias* "Mull Sack," the highwayman, who divided his favours between king and commonwealth, first by picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, and then by robbing King Charles the Second's chambers at Cologne of a vast quantity of plate. The impartial thief was finally hanged at Tyburn for murder. The Globe was a well-known tavern, frequented by Macklin and Tom King the comedians, Carnan the bookseller, William Woodfall, the first Parliamentary reporter, and Oliver Goldsmith.

The Cock Tavern, so far as its interior is concerned, remains to-day almost in the same condition as it was when Pepys ate a lobster there with Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knipp. The same long gloomy entrance from the street, with the same sober glimmer of firelight playing upon sawdust at the end of it; the same high backed seats and old square tables; the same appetising atmosphere, redolent of chops and old ale; and, one could be

sworn, the very self-same head waiter whom Will Waterproof, in Tennyson's ballad, apostrophises in delightful measure :

" And hence this halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his perfect pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.
He looks not like the common breed
That with the napkin dally ;
I think he came, like Ganymede,
From some delightful valley."

The carved fireplace of the olden days remains. It dates from the time of James the First ; and on a winter's night it is a

FIREPLACE IN "THE COCK" TAVERN.

cheery thing to see the copper kettle of the house swinging over the fire, and William, the waiter, making whisky punch for guests

who sit by the hot hearth smoking long clay pipes. The Great Fire of London stopped at Temple Bar, and saved The Cock. During the Plague, in 1665, the landlord closed his house, retired into the country, and published the following advertisement in *The Intelligencer :*

"This is to notify that the master of The Cock and Bottle, commonly called The Cock Ale-House, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house, for this long vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any Accompts with the said Master, or *Farthings belonging to the said house*, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction."

One of these coins, the only specimen extant, is preserved in a small ebony box, and is shown to any person who has the curiosity to inspect it. I examined it the other day while a white-haired old gentleman, with a frilled shirt front and a high coat collar, sipped his punch, and looked like a living reminiscence of an old picture of the first days of the century. Every now and then you meet here strange men who have a Rip Van Winkle air, as if they were revisiting the haunts of their long-past youth.

The earliest printing-offices were in Fleet Street, the earliest stores for stationery and books. Wynkyn de Worde (Caxton's assistant) lived here at the sign of the Sun. Pope and Warburton are said to have first met at Jacob Robinson's book-shop, down Inner Temple Lane. On the north corner of Salisbury Square, Richardson, the printer and novelist, lived and had his office. Chaucer's works were first printed by Thomas Godfrey near Temple Bar. Cobbett's *Political Register* came out in Bolt Court, which is one of the most interesting of the many historical courts that abound in Fleet Street. It is still the quaint, picturesque corner our illustration suggests, and is thick with publishing and printing offices. The Stationers' School is

curiously packed away in a half-blind nook of it, and the arms of the Medical Society remain above the doorway of the most

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE.

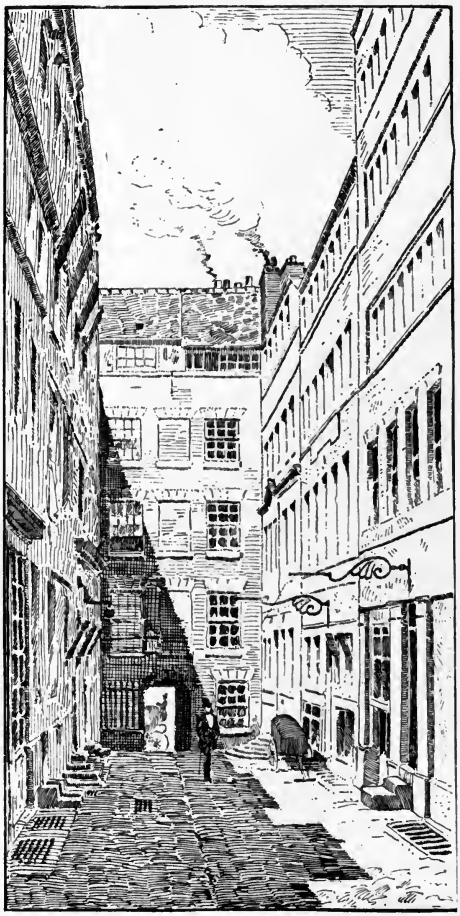
imposing of its houses, while over the way *Truth* hangs out its modern banner of the classic lady with the lamp. Dr. Johnson lived and died in Bolt Court. It was here that young Samuel

Rogers went to show the doctor the early efforts of his Muse. It was here that Dr. Johnson is said to have forecast the lighting of London by gas. Watching the lamplighter, he observed that the flame of one of the oil wicks died out. The lamplighter at once re-ascended his ladder, partially lifted the cover, and thrust in his torch, when the thick vapour that surrounded the wick took fire, and lighted it. "Ah," said the doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be lighted by smoke!" What would his lugubrious majesty have said of the electric lamps?

It is worth while mentioning, in passing, that at the east corner of Peterborough Court, where *The Daily Telegraph* is now published, was the first store opened for the sale of "Hertner's Eupyrion," or "Instantaneous Light Apparatus," the complicated and costly predecessor of the Lucifer-match. Cobbett's original shop was at 183 Fleet Street, but he removed to Bolt Court. A gridiron was engraven on the first page of his *Register*, indicative of the political martyrdom he was prepared to endure, and he had a large one made to put out as a sign over his shop, but he never used it. Before Johnson went to Bolt Court he lived at No. 7 Johnson Court, from 1765 to 1776; but it was in Gough Square North where he compiled most of his Dictionary, and lost his beloved wife Letty. Some time about the year 1820, Sir Walter Scott met Theodore Hook at dinner. Charmed with his conversation, impressed with his intellectual power, and sympathising with the poverty of his worldly means, he recommended him to a friend, who was on the eve of starting *John Bull*. Hook was thereupon appointed editor, and the journal was commenced at No. 11 Johnson's Court. For a long time this appointment was worth £2000 a year, the journal being a distinct and financial success from the first issue. *John Bull* is still published, and has a fair circulation among old-fashioned Conservatives, and subscribers who are interested not only in its politics but in its excellent literary articles and clerical news.

II.

Crane Court, of all the courts in Fleet Street, has been the most prolific of journalistic nurseries. Rebuilt after the great



CRANE COURT.

fire of London, it still contains some good specimens of old brick-work. Mr. Timbs, in his "Walks and Talk about London,"

says the large front house was built by Sir Christopher Wren, and inhabited by Dr. Edward Brown, an eminent physician, until 1710, when it was purchased, with the "adjoyning little house," by the Royal Society; the president, Sir Isaac Newton, being in favour of the place, because it was "in the middle of the town, and out of noise," whereas to-day it is the very heart of London's tumultuous bustle. The society removed to Somerset House in 1782, and sold the Crane Court building to the Scottish Hospital and Corporation, by whom it is still occupied. On the site of the first house on the right as you enter Crane Court, Dryden Leach, the printer, had his office. He was arrested upon suspicion of having printed the famous No. 45 of Wilkes's *North Briton.* The Society of Arts first met in Crane Court. Its rooms were over a circulating library. It was in Crane Court that Dr. Gavin Knight, of the British Museum (while fitting up a house where Concanen had lodged), found the letter in which Warburton said Dryden borrowed for want of leisure, and Pope for want of time. *The Commercial Chronicle* was started here, and *The Traveller* had offices in the court until it was merged into *The Globe,* which is now published in the Strand. For some years *The Globe* was a favourite journal of the Liberal party. It is now a Conservative organ, edited by Mr. Armstrong, and printed on a pink-toned paper. *The Globe* has a pleasant novelty on its front page, a daily essay of a purely literary character. It is the work not only of members of the staff, but of outsiders. Many excellent contributions to this department have come from Mr. Palmer, one of the editorial lieutenants of *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph.* Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Thomas Purnell (the "Q" who excited the ire of poor Mr. Tom Taylor by some fierce attacks upon his plays in *The Athenæum*), and Mr. Henry Hersee are among its principal writers of dramatic, musical, and general criticism. In its active days of Liberal politics, *The Globe* was credited with being under the direct inspiration of

Lord Palmerston, touching foreign affairs. Mr. Francis Mahony, known to fame as "Father Prout," was one of its constant writers, and had a pecuniary interest in the profits of the paper.

The early numbers of *Punch* were printed in Crane Court. Taken as a view of an interesting literary period, the story of *Punch* is concerned with the lives and works of the leading wits, humorists, essayists, novelists, and statesmen of the Victorian era. It introduced to the world the best compositions of Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Albert Smith, Stirling Coyne, Thackeray, Gilbert A'Beckett, and Shirley Brooks. It has made Doyle, Leech, Keene, Du Maurier, Bennett, and Tenniel famous. During the past five-and-thirty years of England's eventful history, *Punch* has been an acknowledged power in the state. There were literary as well as political and scientific giants in the days when *Punch* was young—authors and journalists who were just stepping out of the common ruck of men to make their impressions on this wonderful age of telegraphs and penny newspapers. Bulwer was approaching the height of his fame. Charles Knight was compiling his *Encyclopædia*. Wordsworth was laureate. Elizabeth Barrett, Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, and Harriet Martineau were proving at once the beauty and strength of feminine intellect. Leigh Hunt was gathering honey on Parnassus, dreaming much, but never rising to such a pitch of wild imagining as that his son Thornton should one day become a member of the editorial staff of a great London daily paper published at a penny. Captain Marryat was commending Peter Simple to the young hearts of Christendom. The elder Disraeli was giving to the world his "Curiosities of Literature"; while sundry poets and authors were preparing lively incidents for his successor, who has not yet arisen. Samuel Warren had just published "Ten Thousand a Year"; Lever, "Charles O'Malley"; Macaulay, "Lays of Ancient Rome"; Douglas Jerrold was inventing stories beyond that "strip

of silver sea" which he said was "the best thing between France and England" (a sentiment which especially commends itself in these latter days to Sir Garnet Wolseley), and Charles Dickens was busy on the first chapters of "The Christmas Carol." Fancy, after all, amidst this great literary light, the darkness of a community that did not know "Tiny Tim"! One almost looks

F. C. BURNAND.

back to pity a world that had not joined in the little martyr's Christmas toast, "God bless us every one!"

To Mark Lemon is entitled the chief credit of founding *Punch;* and he was a model editor. At his death he was succeeded by Mr. Shirley Brooks, who in his turn was followed by Mr. Tom Taylor. On this scholarly journalist and industrious playwright resting from his labours, Mr. F. C. Burnand came into power. Mr.

Burnand is one of the most original humorists of his time. For many years he had been "the life and soul" of *Punch*, as to-day he is its best adviser and the most trenchant interpreter of its spirit and purpose. Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, who started *The Daily News*, bought *Punch*, through Mark Lemon and Douglas Jerrold, when it was in danger of collapse. The late Mr. Grant, in his book on "The Newspaper Press," says £1000 a year was in his time the highest salary paid to the editor of a London journal. For some years prior to his death Bradbury and Evans paid Mark Lemon £1500 a year for editing *Punch*.

III.

In 1875, the present writer told "The True Story of *Punch*" in *London Society*. It may be permitted to him, in this volume, to repeat a few of the facts therein set forth. The *London Society* narrative ran through eleven numbers of the magazine. The abstract shall only occupy a few added pages to this reprint from *Harper*.

The idea of *Punch* was the joint work of Henry Mayhew and Mark Lemon. Mr. Last, the printer, says he first exploited a proposal for a comic and satirical journal. Mr. Hodder says the idea originated with Mr. Mayhew, who mentioned it to him. Mark Lemon always spoke of it to me as the project of himself and Mayhew.* It is pretty certain, however, that the first meeting

* In the *London Society* papers I published a letter written by Douglas Jerrold to Mr. Mills (whose father was the head of a large printing firm), which shows that Mr. Mills had mentioned to Jerrold the idea of a comic paper to be called either *Punch* or *Mr. Punch*. Says Jerrold, "Your letter found me engaged on a prospectus for *Punch*. I sallied out for Bolt Court in the hope of meeting you, but on my way called at Dymock's, the news-vendor's, when in taking up *The Satirist* what was my horror to discover our idea anticipated in an advertisement, running thus, PUNCHINELLO on FRIDAY NEXT. . . . I mentioned the idea of *Mr. Punch* to Dymock, who, nothing daunted, seems inclined to break a lance, on his own account, with *Punchinello*; the speculation may suit him as a bookseller, but would not, I think, answer our purpose. Cannot another good name be procured?" The

in connection with the *Punch* of to-day was held some time in June 1841, at Mark Lemon's house in Newcastle Street, Strand, and that Mr. Last, the printer, and Mr. Henry Mayhew were present. Lemon and Mayhew both undertook to communicate with writers and artists. Mr. Last mentioned Mr. Ebenezer Landells as a good engraver. A few days afterwards a meeting was held at the Edinburgh Castle, in the Strand. Douglas Jerrold, Henry Mayhew, Stirling Coyne, Landells the engraver, and William Newman and Archibald Henning (artists) were present for business. Mr. Henry Baylis and Mr. Hodder were there as lookers-on. Several authors who did not attend were written to for contributions, including Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, H. P. Grattan and W. H. Wills. It was arranged that Mr. Henning should be the principal artist, and he was to have the assistance of Mr. Newman, Mr. Brine, and Mr. Phillips. Mark Lemon had drawn up the prospectus.

It was at first intended to call the paper *The Funny Dog; or, The London Charivari*, allusion being made to funny dogs with comic tales. Mark Lemon had actually begun putting down the title, writing as far as "The Fun" on the original MS. of the prospectus, where "The Fun" is struck out, and *Punch* inserted. The first idea, it must be confessed on all hands, like many other clever ideas, was an adaptation from the French. The second title (*Punch*) was agreed upon from the first moment that it was suggested; and was discovered accidentally, like many greater inventions. At the Edinburgh Castle meeting there was

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letter is not dated, but reference to *Punchinello* shows it to be 1831; and in 1832 Mr. Jerrold started *Punch in London*. Curiously enough Mr. Mills, whom I met in 1875, had not heard of that publication, though a year before its appearance he was clearly engaged in negotiations with Jerrold in view of starting a paper to be called *Punch* or *Mr. Punch*, the idea of the title being his own. It was eight years afterwards that *Punch* was projected and discussed in earnest by Mayhew, Lemon and their friends. They had never heard of Mr. Mills's idea, and had forgotten Jerrold's *Punch in London*. They originated and subsequently, with the assistance of Bradbury and Evans, founded the existing periodical.

the customary badinage that brightens the conversation of literary men. Somebody suggested that the paper, like a good mixture of punch, would be nothing without a fair modicum of lemon; when Henry Mayhew, beaming with delight, exclaimed, "A capital idea! Let us call the paper *Punch!*" There is nothing new under the sun. Somebody else remembered that Douglas Jerrold had once edited a paper called *The Penny Punch.* Consternation for five minutes! The mystic spirit of Copyright cast its shadow over the meeting. But on examination it turned out to be only the shadow it always has been; and the title of *Punch* was fearlessly written down. This is Mr. Last's version in the main, and it was generally indorsed in a conversation I had one summer day, long ago, at the first editor's unostentatious cottage in his favourite village of Crawley.

When Bradbury and Evans bought *Punch,* they retained the services of Lemon, Mayhew, Landells, Jerrold, A'Beckett, Leigh, Leech, Wills and others. Mark Lemon, when co-editor with Henry Mayhew, received, I believe, not more than thirty shillings a week. Mr. Newman left the paper for an appointment in New York; and Mr. Henning retired for other reasons. Mr. Stirling Coyne only wrote occasionally, though his son informs me that it was his father who first suggested the title *Punch,* at a meeting of the projectors held at the house of Mr. Joseph Allen. According to the best evidence I have been able to lay my hands upon, the story of the naming of *Punch* is correct as I have told it; while, to my mind, Mr. Mills's claim to be the earliest projector of the title is superior to that of any of the men who were associated in its production under Mayhew and Lemon. Mr. W. H. Wills only remained a short time with the paper after its removal to Whitefriars; and personal differences, about the same time, led to the secession of Mr. Landells and Mr. Henry Mayhew. Soon after the change, Mr. A'Beckett seems to have had some reason for not continuing his contributions as

briskly as formerly, and he started a little comic paper of his own, called *The Squib;* but the coldness thus created between himself and Mark Lemon (who was appointed sole editor on the retirement of Mr. Henry Mayhew) soon thawed. *The Squib* went off like a squib, and was heard of no more. With the end of these early differences, all personal rancour may be said to have terminated. Only at long and rare intervals did the apple of discord fall among the men who made the world laugh and grow better. Indeed, one of the most notable features in the history of *Punch* is the affectionate relationships which have existed, continuing until the present day, between the contributors. Under Mark Lemon's long reign the most sincere and lasting friendships were founded. One of the pleasantest chapters in Blanchard Jerrold's life of his father is that entitled "Douglas Jerrold at Home;" and it contains an incident characteristic of the hearty spirit of geniality which marked the social and domestic gatherings of the *Punch* men :—

".Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four. In the summer, a cold quarter of lamb and salad, and a raspberry tart, with a little French wine in the tent, and a cigar. Then a short nap—forty winks—upon the great sofa in the study; and another long stroll over the lawn, while the young members play bowls, and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game of some kind on the lawn. Basting the bear was one evening the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors 'basted' one another to their hearts' content. The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard—a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position. Again, after a dinner party under canvas, the hearty host, with his guests, including Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Macready, and Mr. John Forster, indulged in a most active game of leap-frog, the backs being requested to turn in any obtrusive twopenny with the real zest of fourteen."

The host was Douglas Jerrold; the stout gentleman, Mark Lemon. The little band of *Punch* writers were mostly fond of children. It was Thackeray's delight to "tip" boys. When Sidney Blanchard was a little fellow, on one of his school holidays Thackeray gave him a dinner at the Garrick, took him to the theatre in the evening, and enjoyed himself immensely in the delight of the boy. Leech was never happier than in his pictures of children and their childish humour. Du Maurier is never more at home than when he is delineating some quaint joke in which children are the actors. Tom Hood was one of the most simple and gentle-minded of poets. Men who love children are invariably good fellows; and on many festal occasions, in their own homes and round the *Punch* table, Mark Lemon, Jerrold, Horace Mayhew, Leech, Thackeray, Tom Hood, and John Tenniel were "mere boys, full of the freedom and unconventional geniality of youth."

Among the other *Punch* artists in the early days, strange to say, were Birket Foster, who has made his mark for work the opposite of caricature, Alfred Crowquill, John Gilbert (Sir Bois Gilbert should have been his knightly title), and Kenny Meadows. The last-named gentleman illustrated Jerrold's "Punch's Letters to his Son," a series of papers which strengthened the popularity of the periodical, and afforded Jerrold a capital channel for those quaint sarcastic conceits which fired his political and social articles. The Letters in question were dedicated to the Lord Chamberlain in a characteristic parable, relating how a certain jewel, destined to repose upon the palpitating bosom of a queen, fell into the wash of a pig. Jerrold was both a humorist and a wit. "The Mayor of Hole-cum-Corner" and the "Caudle Lectures" may be specially mentioned as examples of his humour. Like Sydney Smith's wit, Jerrold's was of the keenest and most transparent character. You must be on the alert for wit; it flashes and is gone. "Wit

gives you a nod in passing ; but with humour you are at home." "Take a walk upon an empty stomach," said the doctor to Sydney Smith. "Upon whose?" asked the Dean. That is wit. So is Tom Hood's description of a fellow whose height of folly constituted his own monument :—

"A column of fop,
A lighthouse, without any light a-top."

So was Sydney Smith's reply to the churchwardens, when they wanted a wood pavement round St. Paul's: "Lay your heads together, and the thing is done;" while his remark to a little child who was scratching a tortoise, that it was like scratching the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter, is a fine example of perfect humour. The wit of Jerrold is often equal to that of the Dean. A score of stories occur to me, though it is too late to add any new ones to the record, for Jerrold's "wit and humour" have been carefully collected and published. There are a few good things, however, which will bear repetition. "Nature has written 'honest man' upon his face," said a person trying to make interest for his friend with Jerrold. "Then Nature must have had a very bad pen," was the prompt reply. Everybody knows how he revenged himself upon a pompous fop, who had made himself offensively conspicuous at a club dinner where sheep's head was a favourite dish. Pushing his plate aside, the stranger exclaimed, "Well, I say, sheep's head for ever!" "What egotism!" remarked Jerrold. This, no doubt, led up to a kindred flash of wit on another occasion, at the expense of a literary friend of Jerrold's, who had just ordered "Sheep's-tail soup, waiter." "Ah!" said Jerrold, looking up, and smiling with his great eyes, "extremes meet." There was an old gentleman who drove a very slow pony in a ramshackle gig ; and he was anxious one day to pay Jerrold a little special attention. The humorist was on his way to the

station from his house. "Ah, Mr. Jerrold!" said the old gentleman; "shall I give you a lift?" "No, thank you," said Jerrold; "I am in a hurry." In the country, on a visit, Jerrold was told, among other gossip, of a young man in the neighbourhood, named Ure, who had cruelly jilted his sweetheart. "Ure seems to be a base 'un," said Jerrold. At a ball, seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a very short lady, Jerrold said, "There's a mile dancing with a milestone." The author of an epic poem entitled "A Descent into Hell" used occasionally to worry Jerrold. At last the wit grew irritated with the poet, who, coming bounding upon him with the question, "Ah, Jerrold! have you seen my 'Descent into Hell'?" was answered with quick asperity, "No; I should like to!" "The Caudle Lectures," said Mark Lemon to me, as we were passing an old tavern in Bouverie Street, "were partly written in that house." "Indeed!" I replied; "Blanchard Jerrold says that some of them were written on a bed of sickness." "That may be," said Mark Lemon; "but Jerrold was in very good form, physically, when he wrote the best of them, in this very street." I find, pasted upon the flyleaf of one of Horace Mayhew's volumes of *Punch*, the following note from a letter written by Jerrold to Dickens in the early days of *Punch*. The extract is a reprint from a newspaper which had quoted it, no doubt, from Blanchard Jerrold's Life of his father:—

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S OPINION OF "PUNCH."—"*Punch*, I believe, holds its course. Nevertheless I do not very cordially agree with its new spirit. I am convinced that the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw at all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot all be a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write the Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England; the drollery of Alfred; the fun of Sir Thomas More in the Tower; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it, in her coffin, on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy."

Horace Mayhew joined *Punch* after his brother's retirement, and wrote some bright, humorous things about model men, women,

and children. Mayhew had a gay, sprightly, and genial spirit, and for a time he shed a happy light upon the pages of the new paper. Presently he was appointed sub-editor; but it was found that the staff did not relish a kind of divided responsibility in the editorial department, and it was thought best that Mark Lemon should do his own work entirely. Thackeray, Leech and Jerrold were men who required very judicious editorial handling, and two heads were not better than one in this particular work. All the men liked Horace Mayhew, who, though he had not written a line for some years prior to his death, often gave a clever and useful suggestion. One night, at a festive gathering, he was crowned by Mr. George Augustus Sala (a contributor to some of the early numbers of *Punch*), perhaps to commemorate what Thackeray once said at Evans's, alluding to Horace Mayhew, "Ah! here comes Colonel Newcome!" a compliment of which Mayhew was not a little proud. The estimation in which he was held is best illustrated by a poem written by Shirley Brooks to commemorate his fiftieth birthday, July 1868. The lines were sung by the writer to a sort of nondescript melody, at a dinner given by Mayhew, and have never been published. They may be printed now as a not unworthy addition to the charming versification of a scholarly and facile journalist and author :—

WISHING HIM JOY.

A health to our Ponny, whose birthday we keep;
The cheer shall be loud, and the cup shall be deep.
We drain it with old supernaculum trick,*
And we heartily hail him no end of a Brick.

Is he perfect? why no, that is hardly the case;
If he were, the *Punch* table would not be his place.
You all have your faults—I confess one or two—
And we love him the better for having a few.

* Do glass on nail.

But compared to us chaps, he's an angel of light,
And a nimbus encircles his caput so white.
Our jolly old hermit ! the worst we can say
Is to call him a slave to wine, women, and play.

Good things in their way, and much better, you know,
Than going the length that some gentlemen go—
I won't mention names, but if law had it's right,
A respectable party were smaller to-night.

He never did murder, like—never mind whom,
Nor poisoned relations, like—some in this room ;
Nor deceived young ladies, like—men whom I see,
Nor even intrigued with a gosling—like—me.

No ; black are our bosoms, and red are our hands,
But a model of virtue our Ponniboy stands ;
And his basest detractors can only say this,
That he's fond of the cup, and the card, and the kiss.

A warm-hearted fellow—a faithful ally,
Our Bloater's Vice-Regent o'er *Punches* gone by ;
He's as true to the flag as the White Friars still,
As when he did service with Jerrold and Gil.

His health in a bumper ! "*Old*" Ponny—a fib ;
What's fifty ? A baby. Bring tucker and bib.
Add twenty ; then ask us again, little boy,
And till then may your life be all pleasure and joy !

"Ponny" was a nickname. Most of the men were known to each other by some familiar pseudonym. They call Mr. Percival Leigh "Professor" to this day. Mark Lemon was "Uncle Mark," and old Evans "Pater."

Mr. Coventry Patmore wrote a few trifles in the early numbers of *Punch*. Dr. Kenealy contributed at least one *jeu-d'esprit*, "The King of the Cannibal Islands" in Greek. Laman Blanchard and James Hannay were also among the early writers who appeared occasionally. There was a spice of peculiar sadness in Dr. Maginn's brief association with *Punch*. Nearly all his "copy" was sent in from the Fleet Prison, where he was

detained for debt. Apart from the learned Doctor's well-known works, Thackeray has immortalised him in "Pendennis" as Captain Shandon.

It was Leech who introduced Albert Smith to *Punch*. His work first appeared in the second volume, which contained his "Physiology of Evening Parties." Was it not this lively entertainer who used to tell the characteristic story of a balloon party, among whom there was a singularly taciturn stranger. He did not speak from the moment of assembling until they were in the clouds, when a glass of champagne being handed to him, he sipped it, and making a wry face, exclaimed, "Gooseberry, by Jove!" and promptly relapsed again into his previous reticence of manner. What scores of racy anecdotes, what flashes of wit, must have circulated about the mahogany tree in Bouverie Street, where, every Wednesday, for over a quarter of a century, the editors of *Punch* have met their contributors at dinner to discuss the cartoon. Not many years ago there were regularly sitting round the board, Mark Lemon, Falstaffian in figure, genial of aspect; Shirley Brooks, his lieutenant, a handsome, courtly gentleman, always ready with a bit of pretended cynicism; Thackeray, the great, wise, thoughtful-looking critic of the Georges; Jerrold, with his massive head and eager eyes; Percival Leigh, quiet, gentle, and deferential; Tenniel, the prince of cartoonists; Mayhew, *distingué* in appearance and confessedly lazy; Leech, quick to see a joke; Tom Taylor, politic and capable, full of wise saws and modern instances; Mr. Bradbury senior, affable and pleasant; and, once in a way, Sir Joseph Paxton, one of the few strangers who ever really dined with the *Punch* men. Since the Messrs. Agnew joined the partnership they have had seats at the board, where the skeleton may indeed be said to sit with the Epicureans of Whitefriars; for, on the death of a member of the staff, he who succeeds to the vacant place cuts his name on the dining-

table, above that of the former guest, who has rested from his labours. They were a united and happy family, almost from the first, these writers for *Punch*, with Mark Lemon standing, like father and friend, at their head; and to his sober influence may be attributed the general freedom of the publication from anything like objectionable matter, an influence consistently taken up by his successors. Mark Lemon's personal influence laid in the strong social foundations of the paper. Even Thackeray was wont to unbend before the administration of his editor in the heyday of his fame. In a lecture which he delivered at Birmingham in 1855, on "Men of Humour," he said, "I am rejoiced to think that Mark Lemon has maintained his post as editor of *Punch* since its commencement; for, amid its ten thousand pages, there has not been a single line that the young may not read, nor a girl have reason to blush at—in strong contrast with the olden times, when fun was not allowed them. The comic works of the past years are sealed to our wives and daughters. With *Punch* it is not so; for where its editor is, there is decorous wit, and fun without its general attendant, coarseness."

As it was in Thackeray's time so it was to the end. Every obituary notice of Mark Lemon included this gentle tribute to his memory, though he must often have struggled hard to deserve it. He may with truth be said to have done much in the purification of our comic literature. An anecdote, which he loved to tell, of the opposition made to his views, related to the period when Tom Hood became a contributor to *Punch*. Looking over his letters one morning, he opened an envelope inclosing a poem which, the writer said, had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for *Punch*, he begged the editor, whom he knew but slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was "sick at the sight of it." The poem was signed "Tom Hood," and the lines were

entitled "The Song of the Shirt." The work was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in *Punch*, and was considered so much out of keeping with the spirit of the periodical that at the weekly meeting its publication was opposed by several members of the staff. Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed not only with the beauty of the work, but with its suitability for the paper, that he stood by his first decision, and published it. From a letter written by Tom Hood to Mark Lemon, it appears that the question of illustrating the poem was entertained and discussed. The lines, however, were published without illustration, except that humorous border of grotesque figures which made up "*Punch's* Procession" on December 16th, 1843. "The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper, and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain.

It is erroneously supposed that the late Charles Dickens wrote regularly for *Punch*. There is among Mark Lemon's papers an article signed Charles Dickens, on the outside of which is written "My Sole Contribution to *Punch*." The idea that Dickens was on the staff of *Punch* originated, no doubt, through the intimacy which so long existed between the two men. Scarcely a day passed at one period of their lives without they met each other at their own houses. They frequently spent evenings at home together, or at some place of public amusement. They generally devoted one or two evenings in the week to what Mark called a London ramble, which was frequently an excursion to the East End, "picking up character" at minor theatres, circuses, and other places of resort in the wildest districts of the wildest parts of the metropolis. Charles Dickens, Clarkson Stansfield, the painter, and Mark Lemon often made excursions of this kind in company, conversing with any persons whom they might care to know, and thus gaining a fund of information which was afterwards profitably employed.

Many passages in Dickens's works, considered far-fetched and overdrawn, may be traced to scenes in real life witnessed during these London rambles. It was Lemon who planned the excursions, as is shown by Dickens's letters. When Dickens lived at Tavistock House, Lemon lived close by in Gordon Square; and notes, letters, and reminders of appointments were continually passing from one house to the other.

In later days, owing to Dickens's business severance from Bradbury and Evans, and certain family troubles, a coolness rose between Lemon and his illustrious neighbour; but there was a revival of something like the old friendship a year or two prior to Dickens's death. To-day *Punch* counts among its newly recruited staff, the youngest son of Gilbert A'Beckett, author of "The Comic History of England," and the eldest son of Shirley Brooks, Mr. Burnand's predecessor in the editorial chair.

IV.

At No. 10 Crane Court the *Illustrated London News* was first printed. That remarkable journal will be dealt with in due course. It was the project of Mr. Herbert Ingram. He was a news-agent at Nottingham, and he noticed that whenever the local journals introduced a picture into their pages, the sales were enormously increased. "How popular a paper full of pictures would be!" was the thought that sunk deep into the enterprising mind of the shrewd and observant countryman. He did not rest until he had put his idea to the test; and he died prosperous, and with a seat in the House of Commons.

Mark Lemon was Mr. Ingram's chief adviser in the early days of the *Illustrated London News*, acting very much as his private secretary. There were few prominent journals with which Mr. Lemon had not some association, and looking back, one might count up several important properties that slipped through the

fingers of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. With the keen instinct of business-men they saw the possible great value of *The London Journal* and *The Field.* They were for a short time proprietors of the latter paper. Mr. Lemon edited it for them, and he also conducted *The London Journal.* He sent down the circulation of the latter with a reprint of the Waverley Novels, and the former did not prosper under his management. *The Field* and *The Journal* are now among the most valuable properties of the day. *The London Journal* is not a newspaper, and it is only mentioned here incidentally as connected with the miscellaneous work of the first editor of *Punch,* who was not less industrious than his hard-working successors. The editors of *Punch* have all been dramatists, and they have also written excellent ballads both comic and sentimental. Douglas Jerrold fired off one of his shafts at Lemon's expense in regard to the title of a volumne "Prose and Worse;" but Lemon wrote several ballads that will live, notably "Old Time and I," and "When we were Boys together." He was not a man of high educational acquirements, but he had the journalistic instinct, and his judgment was held in the highest respect by the *Punch* staff. *Fun* and *Judy* are the only rivals of the popular satirist which have proved successful. Mr. Tom Hood, junior, was the editor of the former, Mr. Charles Ross conducts the latter. *Fun* is Liberal, *Judy* Conservative. They have both drifted from their original owners into the hands of Messrs. Dalziel, an eminent firm of engravers. They are published in neighbourly proximity to *Punch. Funny Folks* and *Moonshine* are the latest additions to the comic press. *Funny Folks* has been an established success for some years under the editorship of Mr. William Sawyer, the author of a charming volume of verse, entitled "Ten Miles from Town." Mr. Proctor, who helped to make *Funny Folks* popular, is now engaged upon *Moonshine.* His style is modelled upon the master, John

Tenniel, and he has given to the world some well conceived and eminently artistic cartoons. Mr. Matt. Morgan, a clever draughtsman who struck out a new vein in the way of satirical caricature, is now drawing "art posters" in Philadelphia for a great firm of printers. Mr. Herkomer, who is anxious to reform this branch of printing, will be glad to hear that America pays special attention to "black-and-white" work for the purposes of "bold advertisement." There is a remarkable satirical journal published in New York called *Puck*. The conductors have brought to perfection the French system of coloured cartoons which has once or twice, in a small way, been introduced into London rivalry with *Punch*, but without success. It is not improbable that at no distant day Fleet Street may add to its many other periodicals a similar weekly, since the public is so pleased with coloured illustrations that it buys up the Christmas editions of *The Illustrated London News* and *The Graphic* long before the numbers can be printed. Two safe forecasts of the future would be *Punch* (or a powerful rival), with its cartoons printed in colours; and a daily illustrated newspaper. *The Times* and *The Telegraph* have both encouraged this latter idea—the one with maps and diagrams, the other with a portrait of the murderer Lefroy.

Fleet Street has seen many and strange developments, journalistic and otherwise. There is nothing more remarkable in its modern history than the rise and progress of the daily and penny press, of which it is the head-quarters.

II.

PROVINCIAL OUTPOSTS WITH METROPOLITAN WIRES.

London and New York Centres of Journalism—Provincial Journals at Head-quarters—Notable Country Papers and Editors—Press men in Parliament—Mr. Joseph Cowen—Cobbett and Forbes—A Period of Scurrility—Mr. Gladstone's theory that the Provincial Press is better informed than the London Press—Country Editors, Past and Present—Election Forecasts—The Political Change of 1880—The Gin-and-Water Bohemia of Former Days—Lord Palmerston's Defence of Mr. Delane—Political Jibes at leading Journals—Lord Beaconsfield's repudiation of his early connection with the Press—A Liberal Journal on the statesmanship of the Tory Chief—Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli.

I.

As the City Hall marks the centre of journalistic activity in New York, so may the middle of Fleet Street be taken as the point around which, within about half-a-mile, beats and throbs the newspaper machinery of London. Within this radius are located the offices of nearly all the great journals ; many of them, as in the case of *The Times*, *The Tribune*, *The Herald*, *The World*, of New York, being almost next-door neighbours, notably *The Telegraph*, *The Standard*, *The Morning Advertiser*, and *The Daily News*. Around them cluster the head-quarters of many famous weeklies, and the London offices of great provincial journals, such as *The Manchester Examiner and Times*, *Newcastle Chronicle*, *Irish Times*, *The Scotsman*, *Leeds Mercury*, *Liverpool Courier*, *Liver-*

pool Daily Post, *Dublin Freeman*, and many other organs of influence and position.

Several leading provincial journalists have had the advantage of the double training that belongs to London specialism and the variety of work which is expected from pens engaged on country newspapers. Mr. Edward R. Russell, the accomplished editor of *The Liverpool Daily Post*, was born within the sound of Bow Bells. He was educated in Yorkshire, and his journalistic career may be said to have commenced on *The Morning Star*. He wrote leading articles for that journal, and at the same time contributed to *The Scotsman*, *Sheffield Independent*, *Norfolk News*, *Liverpool Post*, and *The London Review*. During Mr. John Morley's editorship of *The Morning Star*, Mr. Russell frequently took charge of the editorial department in his chief's absence. While he was associated with *The Star*, he received great kindness from Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Otway, and the late Lord Clarendon. He also enjoyed the personal friendship of Mr. Gladstone. This experience has, no doubt, proved of great value to Mr. Russell as editor of *The Liverpool Daily Post*, the duties of which he entered upon in 1869. The editor of a high-class provincial journal is not the semi-anonymous person who rules in the journalistic high places of London. He is expected to take part in the public work of the town, and he is invariably an active centre in all the political movements of his party. Mr. Russell is no exception to this general rule, nor is Mr. Thomas Wemyss Reid, editor of *The Leeds Mercury*. Mr. Reid's first connection with the press began in the office of *The Preston Guardian*. In 1867 he was appointed London correspondent of *The Leeds Mercury*, and three years later took editorial charge of the paper. *The Biograph* credits Mr. Reid with being the "first among English provincial editors to abandon the practice of writing only upon events which had already been criticised by the London press; and *The Leeds*

Mercury, from the time of his becoming the editor, dealt with public questions as they arose; its criticisms appearing simultaneously with those of the London journals." Mr. Reid has written in the leading magazines, and is the author of a clever volume of critical sketches, entitled "Cabinet Portraits."

Mr. William Black, both as novelist and journalist, began his literary life in his native town beyond the Tweed. His earliest stories appeared in *The Glasgow Herald*. At one time he was editor of *The London Review*, a critical journal which, having all the good points of the paper it rivalled, died, it may be supposed, for lack of its bad ones. The public likes its authors "cut up," and the *Saturday* evidently enjoys the work of mutilation. Mr. Samuel Smiles, whose "Self-Help," and kindred works, have made his name a household word in all English-speaking countries, was early in life editor of *The Leeds Times*. Mr. Hill, of *The Daily News*, is a native of Lincolnshire, but matriculated in journalism on *The Northern Whig*. During many years, and long after his connection with *The Times*, Mr. Tom Taylor contributed a weekly summary of news to a Sunderland paper. Mr. Shirley Brooks wrote London letters for *The Bristol Mirror* and *The Bath Chronicle*. Mr. Hepworth Dixon was editor of a Cheltenham newspaper.

Of late years journalism has not only been a power of the State outside Parliament, but in the House of Commons itself. Among the members who were elected at the last general election were many gentlemen of the press, some of whom have distinguished themselves both in debate and in office. Mr. Macliver, proprietor of *The Western Daily Press*, sits for Plymouth; Mr. Labouchere, of *The Daily News* and *Truth*, for Northampton; Mr. E. D. Gray, of *The Freeman's Journal*, for Carlow; Mr. T. D. Sullivan, of *The Nation*, represented Westmeath; Mr. Justin M'Carthy, of *The Daily News*, sits for Longford; Mr. Finigan, for Ennis; Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for Galway; Mr.

O'Donnell, for Dungarvan ; Mr. Arthur Arnold (formerly editor of *The Echo*), for Salford ; Mr. Passmore Edwards, the present director of *The Echo*, for Salisbury ; Mr. John Walter, chief proprietor of *The Times*, for Berkshire ; Mr. Courtney, a member of *The Times* staff, for Liskeard ; Sir Charles Dilke, proprietor of *The Athenæum*, for Chelsea, and with a seat in the Cabinet ; while Newcastle-on-Tyne is represented by Mr. Joseph Cowen, proprieter of *The Newcastle Chronicle*, and Mr. Ashton Dilke, proprietor of *The Weekly Dispatch.*

One of the most interesting individuals in this band of legislating journalists is Mr. Cowen. The London offices of his paper are within the Fleet Street radius ; his own personal influence is a great factor in Northern politics, and his first speech in the House of Commons was a revelation of oratorical power even in that assembly of famous talkers.

The son of a north country father, Joseph Cowen has all the best qualities of a typical northerner. Frank, stubborn, clear-headed, tender-hearted, slow to wrath, but being roused an ugly customer, your north countryman has a special individuality which is characteristic of the hon. member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. His father found the Tyne a shallow stream, and to his personal exertions the town chiefly owes the fact that it is now an important navigable river. With a similar persistence of effort the son took up an insignificant local journal, and converted it into the present prosperous and powerful *Daily Chronicle.* The Cowens for generations have been Radical reformers and co-operators in production as well as distribution. A writer in *The Weekly Dispatch* recently mentioned that the Cowens were in reality the first genuine English co-operators. They were members of a society instituted about the middle of the 17th century by one Crowley, a manufacturer—the *Sir John Anvil* of Addison's *Spectator*—whose members were a sort of commune, living in common and sharing the fruits of their labour.

The society was disrupted in 1814, while Mr. Cowen's grandfather was alive. In the little town of Mr. Cowen's birth, and where he still lives—Blaydon-on-Tyne—is to be found one of the oldest and most successful examples of modern co-operation. Though little more than a village, Mr. Holyoake, in his "History of Co-operation," says next to Rochdale it has the most remarkable store in England. From a single house it has grown into a street. Its library contains 2000 volumes of new books, and the profits were over £16,886 in twelve months three years ago. It has an Educational Fund of £400 a year. In this, in the sports and pastimes of the county, in the promotion more particularly of local boating-clubs, in town improvements, in Liberal organisations, in social reforms of all kinds, Mr. Cowen has taken an active part continually, and for many years he has had the advantage of backing his views with his own and other congenial and well-trained pens in the *Chronicle*. It was no astonishment to the people of Newcastle when he rose up in the House of Commons and electrified it with his eloquence. They had heard many a speech as brilliant and as telling as that which he made on the imperial addition to the grand old title of the Queen of England. But it made his reputation in the House. It was the talk of clubs and drawing-rooms. It set the Liberals thinking what position the great Northumbrian Radical would have in the Ministry when the Queen should send for Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, or some other of the leaders of the divided House. The discovery that oratory is not dying out was dwelt upon by editorial pens, and Cowen was the hero of the hour. The House of Commons was glad, for it has, collectively, a pride which is above party. Both sides of politics receive a reflected glory in the united possession of great speakers, but the independent Radicals and Liberals of Her Majesty's Opposition of the time were especially proud of Joseph Cowen, until he turned against them on what the Conservatives consider their weak point

—foreign politics. Yet they ought to have known that Cowen was not the man to sell his convictions for a mess of pottage; they ought to have known that the friend of Mazzini and Garibaldi, the active ally in purse and sympathy of the Polish leaders and the Russian Liberals, the companion of Orsini, Kossuth, Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc was not going to bind his faith to the Russian emancipation of Christendom; they ought to have known that Joseph Cowen would not be likely to see in the Czar a "divine figure from the north," in whose hands were to be entrusted the interests and honour of England; and yet, one of the most striking passages in his speech against the Liberal Opposition's proposal to censure the Beaconsfield Ministry for its defence of British interests during the Russo-Turkish war was quoted by a leading Radical journal, not for approval, but for condemnation. It may be repeated here as an example of his oratorical method and convictions: "I ask English Liberals," said Mr. Cowen, "if they have ever seriously considered the political consequences of an Imperial despotism bestriding Europe—reaching from the waters of the Neva to those of the Amour—of the head of the Greek Church, the Eastern Pope, the master of many legions, having one foot in the Baltic, planting another on the Bosphorus. When icebergs float into southern latitudes, they freeze the air for miles around. Will not this political iceberg, when it descends upon the genial shores of the Mediterranean, wither the young shoots of liberty that are springing up between the crevices of the worn-out fabrics of despotism?" It was prior to this and to his vote against Russia that, asked to attend a political meeting in regard to the war, he had written the following reply: "I have not been able to join many Liberals in their somewhat rancorous attacks on the foreign policy of the ministers. It has not at all times seemed to me faultless; but upon the whole, in my judgment, it has been fair and temperate. I willingly give Russia credit for every effort made towards improvement, but it surprises me as much as

it does you to see honest English Liberals throwing up their hats and shouting 'Hosannah!' in the wake of a conquering and corrupt despotism. Dislike of the Turks is intelligible, perhaps, not quite justifiable, but how Liberals can forget Siberia and Poland, and the sorrows that cluster round their names, is more than I can understand." Or any one else who remembers the traditions of the party, its professed hopes and aspirations, the victories that are inscribed on its banners, and the peoples for whom it has drawn the sword.

Mr. Cowen has always courageously upheld the dignity of England. It was nothing new, his opposition to the dictation of foreign powers. During the heat of the Franco-German war his paper, the *Chronicle*, uttered a protest that awoke the government of the day to a sense of their duty in regard to an insult offered by Prussians to the British flag. Pestered, day after day, by the northern journal, ministers found themselves compelled to ask the conquering Prussians for an explanation. When Mr. Gladstone found he must do something he did it, and did it well; and as usual when Prussia saw the English were in earnest Prussia explained and apologised.

Born in July, 1831, Joseph Cowen, after a course of education in a local school, went to the University of Edinburgh, where Christopher North was still lecturing, while Lord Macaulay represented the city in Parliament. Young Cowen, having no profession in view, simply sought culture here, and became popular both in the University and the city. He was president of the University Debating Society. He met Mazzini in the northern city, and established a life's friendship with the illustrious exile. Sir James Graham and the Post Office officials were exposed and denounced by Cowen for tampering with Mazzini's correspondence, and Mazzini addressed his last dying words to his friend and defender. Returning home, Cowen

worked at his father's business, and took an active part in the politics, local and imperial, of Newcastle, and is still president of the Northern Reform League, a position he has held for twenty years. A town councillor he declined to be mayor, but after he entered Parliament the citizens obtained a local Act and made him an alderman. On the death of his father, Sir Joseph Cowen, he was elected to succeed him as the representative of Newcastle in the House of Commons, and although he has disappointed some mere party men in London by opposing a large section of the Liberals in regard to their views of foreign policy, he is none the less popular and respected at Newcastle, where they know the man and love him ; they know that what a Russophile critic has called "Jingoism" in Cowen is simply a strict adherence to his old-time Radical ideas—the Radicalism of the men of Cobbett's day. It is morally certain that had Cobbett been living Mr. Gladstone and his followers would have been mercilessly tomahawked by the editor of *The Weekly Register*, which reflection recalls the fact that Cobbett was a countryman. He was born at Farnham in Surrey, on the 9th of March, 1762, and there is nothing more charming in the range of biography than his own epistolary reminiscences of boyhood, which are published in Mr. Edward Smith's two volumes narrating his life. His training for political warfare was similar to the education of Archibald Forbes's for war correspondentship—the hard labour and discipline of soldiering. His first literary work had a similar motive to that of Mr. Forbes's contribution to *The Cornhill*. "The very first thing I ever wrote for the press in my life," says Cobbett, "was a little pamphlet, entitled *The Soldier's Friend*, which was written immediately after I quitted the army in 1791 or early in 1792. I gave it in manuscript to Captain Thomas Morrice (the brother of that Captain Morrice who was a great companion of the Prince of Wales) ; and by him it was taken to Mr. Ridgway, who then lived in King Street, St. James's Square,

and Mr. Ridgway (the same who now lives in Piccadilly) published it." The first number of his daily paper, *The Porcupine*, was published at No. 3, Southampton Street, Strand. Its price was sixpence, and its motto "Fear God, honour the King." "The newspapers of that day," says Mr. Cobbett's biographer, "were largely occupied in throwing dirt at one another, and one column was often taken up by a string of paragraphs, containing laboured sarcasms directed toward public men or the other public prints." Even half a century ago this practice was in full vogue, and glancing at the newspaper files of the period, one realises how *The Times* obtained the *sobriquet* of "The Thunderer," though its genuine thunder, it must be admitted, was occasionally very much like the tea-board thunder of a "penny gaff"; for example on July 26th, 1838, *The Times* refers to *The Morning Post* as follows:— "This kitchen-stuff journal," "this cockney out of livery," "flippant and foolish as its brother blockheads," among whom it is described as leading, or proceeding "the entire swine," while *The Courier* is denounced as "that abject slave and unprincipled fool of the ministers." *The Porcupine* was a financial failure, and Cobbett's hint of the troubles and anxieties entailed upon the conductor of a new daily paper, and more particularly a non-paying one, will be keenly appreciated by many who read these pages. "He who has been the proprietor of a daily paper for only one month, wants no Romish priest to describe to him the torments of purgatory."

II.

It is one of Mr. Gladstone's favourite theories that the provincial press is better informed and more powerful than the contemporary journalism of London. There can be no question that the country press has been far more constant in its devotion to Mr. Gladstone as a statesman than the London papers have. An astute writer in *The Nation* (New York) says Mr. Gladstone's

preference for the provincial over the London journals lies in the fact that he is criticised by the newspapers of London, and flattered by the newspapers of the provinces It is interesting to find in an American journal articles so well informed about the inner life of English journalism as those which have appeared in *The Nation.* But I have seen nowhere a true estimate of the remarkable change which has taken place in the influence of the provincial press since the complete development of telegraphic intercourse between the country and the metropolis. A few years ago, before the establishment of news associations and special intelligence wires, the provincial editor was far more in accord with London opinion than now, and for this reason: when the great Parliamentary and other speeches of the day came to him, he had also before him the editorial opinions of the leading London daily journals. The Queen's Speech, the Budget debate, and other important political manifestoes, proposals, and discussions reached him simultaneously with the editorials thereon of the metropolitan press. Before he expressed the opinion of his journal to his readers, he was informed and fortified with the views of London. Some country editors were content to adopt the opinions of certain papers which belonged to their party. Others weighed up the points of two or three journals, and combined what fitted their opinions with such a line of advocacy or denunciation as they deemed most suitable to their constituency. Thus the metropolitan press exercised a strong influence on the pens of country writers, and in those days the London papers had a much larger circulation in the provinces than they have now. The position of the country editor and leader-writer has entirely changed with the concurrent telegrams of Reuter, and the use of special London wires. He now receives the Queen's Speech almost as soon as the London dailies get it. The Budget and all other great debates are telegraphed to him as they occur, so that the editorial opinion of the country

editor is now-a-days a more individual and independent one than that of his London contemporary.

With the proofs of the Parliamentary debates or important international news before him, sometimes with only the telegraphic flimsy itself to guide him, he must write his "editorial" upon the subject reported. As a rule, the country editor is a writing journalist. He has assistants, but he himself contributes to his paper its most important editorials. He must write on the spur of the moment. There is no club where he can gather the prevailing opinion. He cannot go outside his office and tap the sentiments of the crowd. He has no colleagues with whom to consult. No minister is interviewed for him as to the probable course of the government under certain circumstances. He has no proprietary chief picking up ideas in the lobbies of the Commons, or sitting within "the magic portals" of the House itself, who will slip out and guide him with a special "tip."* The very atmosphere of London seems instinct with the opinion of the hour on great questions. In the clubs you hear a hundred opinions and comments while great debates are in progress. The telegraphic desks at the Reform, the Carlton, and at many minor clubs are centres of opinions as well as news. The country editor has none of these advantages. Long after Leeds and Manchester and Birmingham have gone to bed London clubs and coteries are reading and discussing the nightly telegrams. Moreover, only the principal provincial daily papers receive full telegrams of great events, the baldest summaries being supplied to the local clubs ; so that the editorial writer, who is to influence the local views of the next morning, distinctly expresses his own individual opinion. It will, no doubt, smack of

* There are a few exceptions to this, which may be noted. Mr. Cowen writes a parliamentary letter for his paper. Mr. Russell often visits London during exciting debates, and telegraphs editorial articles to Liverpool. Other proprietors and editors, who have seats in the House, keep up private telegraphic communications with their provincial colleagues.

the party flavour of his paper, but it will be free from the sudden impulses of London opinion. Sitting in his office alone, with the facts to be discussed fresh before him, he has written his article ; and whether for good or evil, it is the outcome of an independent mind, unbiassed by outside information, unchecked by ministerial or other influence ; and in this way, having to exercise its own judgment, the provincial press has come to employ high-class talent, which has been further improved by having to rely upon its own resources, and by the constant exercise of the courage of expressing its opinion. It is natural that under these conditions the provincial writer should be cautious in his language and consistent in his views. There is more active political life in the country than in London, because politics represent recreation as well as duty in provincial towns and cities. Therefore the local journal cannot afford to be otherwise than consistent. Its policy is watched with jealous eyes, and chiefs such as Gladstone on the one hand and Salisbury on the other are gods not to be lightly criticised. At the same time *The Nation* is hardly fair when it says that the country press merely re-echoes Mr. Gladstone's opinions ; for touching the Russo-Turkish war there were some notable examples of Liberal journals that went over to the other side, as *The Daily Telegraph* did on the question of foreign politics.

The Sheffield Daily Telegraph, under Mr. W. C. Leng (who exposed the Broadhead tyranny, a pen in one hand, a revolver in the other), risked an established Liberal position to follow the Conservative Premier. It is true that on the whole question, if we may judge by the result of the general election, a tremendous percentage of country opinion was with Mr. Gladstone. "The metropolitan journals prophesied defeat; they were wrong. The provincial journals prophesied success ; they were right. Therefore Mr. Gladstone's conclusion is that the provincial journals understand and reflect public opinion while the metro-

politan mistake and mislead it. But Mr. Gladstone confines himself to the year 1880; he does not look back to the year 1874, when the provincial journals prophesied his victory at the polls, and he found out they were completely wrong. The fact is, the great majority of the provincial journals are Liberal, and the wish being father to the thought, they always prophesy a Liberal victory."

This is a plausible explanation, and is admirably put, but it does not, I think, truly gauge the situation. In the 1874 election there was no particular division of opinion between London and the provinces. Mr. Gladstone had made many mistakes, more particularly the one of arrogance toward his party and its leaders. A feeling had spread that he had neglected to maintain the foreign influence and dignity of his country. The Continental press had flouted England over and over again with having sunk to the position of a third-rate power. The national pride was roused with the stigma cast upon Mr. Gladstone's government by the Opposition, that its policy was "peace at any price." The Premier's popularity fell; it went down under the common instinct of the people that there was foreign trouble ahead, and that neither he nor his cabinet were the persons to cope with it. This is not an expression of opinion, it is a matter of fact. Mr. Gladstone's majority, in spite of his election promise to reduce the income tax, was cast to the winds, and Mr. Disraeli was returned. But on that occasion there was no marked division of opinion between the London and provincial press. At the last general election there was. The London journalists were not in accord with their country contemporaries either on the question at issue or in their forecast of the results. Whether the country opinion was the right one as to the imperial policy of Lord Beaconsfield is an open question, which it is not necessary to discuss here. But there can be no question about the Gladstonian victory being far more of a surprise to London than

it was to the country. The London papers interpreted the result by the unanimous expression of the opinion of intellectual and moneyed London being against the government. They took the views of the city on 'Change and at the banks, and the opinions of Mayfair and Clubland at the West, as the opinion of London. But it turned out not to be the opinion of voting London; while the sanguine forecasts of the Liberal press of the country were the outcome of the discontent of the masses, and the general rallying of a great party stimulated by the desire for a change of government. Mr. Gladstone may take a good deal of credit to himself for the marshalling of these forces. What Lord Beaconsfield called a "pilgrimage of passion" was the trumpet call of a great chief. Mr. Gladstone's famous tour of oratory did much to realise for the country press their forecast of the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield.

Mr. Gladstone is often said to be more of a politician than a statesman, and there may be a certain amount of diplomacy in his flattery of the provincial press. It is provincial England, not journalistic London, that makes and unmakes Parliaments, but country journalists themselves will not agree with the Premier's statement that they are better informed than their brethren of the metropolis. London is the centre of the world, the half-way house of travellers from America, the Colonies, and often from the East on their way to the continent of Europe. It is the pivot upon which the financial operations of the world move. The head-quarters of the Anglo-Saxon race, it is the capital of capitals. All the knowledge of creation past and present is collected here. The seat of government, it is the starting-point of great events, the receptacle of news and opinions from abroad. What the country learns by wire, London learns by word of mouth. The ambassadors from distant courts, the famous explorer, the diplomatic intriguer, the foreign scientist, the soldier from warlike camps, the Queen's messengers going to

and fro, in London we meet them face to face ; we hear their stories from their own lips. Ministers of State, members of Parliament, government officials, the special correspondents of great newspapers, they are here on the spot ; and official intelligence of current movements and changes, of facts and opinions, filter from these sources through society and down to the streets, and give to the formation of public opinion information which cannot possibly reach the country. London is always in a position to form a more reliable opinion on foreign politics than Edinburgh, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, or Birmingham. It would be easy to build up a mountain of reasons to refute Mr. Gladstone's assertion as to the superior knowledge of the provincial over the London press, and without for a moment disparaging the scholarship and power of the country editors, from whose ranks London continually recruits its own ; but it is more to the purpose of these sketches that we now turn our undivided attention to the newspapers of the metropolis.

III.

Although it has its head-quarters in and around Fleet Street, it is hard to say where journalistic London begins and ends. Time was when the "writer for the press" did not consider that his calling made it necessary for him to "mix in society," to belong to the best clubs, and have an establishment of his own where the greatest in the land should not be ashamed to visit him, but should gladly grace his board and interchange family courtesies at his wife's receptions. The Potts of Dickens would be as hard to find in the country to-day as the Shandon of Thackeray in London. As Bohemia has laid aside its long pipe and "two of gin," its sawdust floors and pewter pots, so has journalistic London advanced from the tavern corner, the

sponging-house, and the gutter, to take a foremost place in the best society of the time, combining with literary London to make an intellectual aristocracy that bids fair to hold, in general estimation, a standing equal to that of hereditary rank and fortune. Liberal Premiers and Liberal Cabinets are credited with showing a more genuine respect for journalism than their Conservative opponents, though both have long since ceased to keep the London editor where Lord Chesterfield detained Dr. Johnson—a patient and despised waiter on greatness among the lackeys in the hall. Now and then a London journalist unconsciously reveals the old state of things when he scoffs at some successful rival who has ventured to speak familiarly of a distinguished person, just as Mr. Lawson in some past controversy was attacked for mentioning the Premier as his "friend Mr. Gladstone." Remembering the proverb that hawks do not eat hawks, journalists should not disparage the social distinction of their class. A great journal like *The Daily Telegraph* wields as powerful an influence as Mr. Gladstone, and to suggest that the director of such a power has not sufficient social standing to meet Mr. Gladstone on equal terms, is to discount the general status of the journalist, and depreciate the very power which the press claims for itself as the Fourth Estate of the realm. Besides, who does not remember the rebuke administered to Mr. Disraeli by Lord Palmerston when the caustic leader of the Tory Opposition suggested, in a Parliamentary debate, that there were London editors who were politically influenced by their reception in "the gilded saloons" of the wives of ministers?

The sneer was aimed at Mr. Delane, who was constantly invited to Lady Palmerston's parties. The House of Commons did not see this more quickly than Lord Palmerston did. The fine old Englishman at once denounced the slight attempted to to be put upon the integrity of journalism, and amidst the

cheers of the Commons he paid a splendid tribute to the character of Mr. Delane, the editor of *The Times*, concluding by saying that it was a source of pride and gratification to possess the personal friendship and enjoy the society of a man of Mr. Delane's high honour and varied acquirements. In press circles the late Lord Beaconsfield is credited with other personal slights of journalists; and this is strange, seeing how intimately his career was at one time bound up with literature and the press. He was the "Runnymede" of *The Times*, and he must have contributed many a brilliant article to the papers in his early days. But when he was one of the gilded youths of London, press men were "poor devils," to be sneered at and contemned; and in his later days the brilliant statesman and satirist was not able to shake off the social traditions, axioms, and customs of the time when he was a beau of the first water, and the centre of a fashionable set that wiped its feet on journals and journalists. How bitterly some of the newspapers and "newspaper writers" (as Burke called them, when he said, "they are for the greater part either unknown or in contempt") have avenged their dead and gone brethren, the future historian of the Fourth Estate may illustrate by extracts from the present press files for the information of a future generation. At the same time, the public men of the present day have had "big stand-up fights" with the newspapers—notably the encounter between Mr. Cobden and Mr. Delane, when Cobden spoiled his opening letter by the hackneyed pretence that he was not in the habit of reading *The Times*, but that his attention had been called to it; notably when Mr. John Bright jibed at the Beaconsfield ministry for allowing themselves to be influenced by the warlike tendencies of a section of their supporters, and by "the raving lunacy of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and, if the House would pardon the alliteration, the delirium tremens of *The Daily Telegraph*."

IV.

Though Lord Beaconsfield, for some curious reason, ignored his early connection with the press, and wished to have it understood that he had not written in newspapers for money, press men and literary toilers are proud of the man who raised himself from the desk to the peerage of intellect and aristocracy—his first stepping-stones to fame being his literary work. No career more remarkable than that of Benjamin Disraeli is to be found in biographic history. He began life as an articled clerk to the firm of Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse & Hunt, of No. 6, Frederick's Place, Old Jewry. They were friends of his father, whom they advised to let the young clerk study for the Bar, this advice being founded upon the evidence he gave of ability and earnestness in the work committed to his charge. The advice was not acted upon. It may be that the boy's father could not afford to pay the fees of law crammers and the sum necessary to enter at the Temple. But literary work freed the young fellow from the drudgery of conveyancing, and he was writing novels and social sketches when his great rival Gladstone was a youth studying classics at Oxford. It is hardly possible for a writer to find a more romantic theme than the history of Benjamin Disraeli from this time to the moment when in dying he half rose from his bed—the last movement of his life being just the action that men noticed in him when he rose in Parliament to make an important speech. In his coffin, it is said, his appearance was little changed, except that there was a faint smile about his mouth, and he looked younger than his years. The characteristic lock that hung upon his brow pathetically suggested the days of his youth. The familiar face in life had a strange fascination for any person of an imaginative turn of mind; and the most unobservant of mortals once seeing it could hardly forget it. *Punch* drew that

face in many aspects, but in none so truthfully as the sphinx in Mr. Tenniel's adaptation of Poynter's famous picture. His face was a mask, but a mask that suggested a great power behind it. There was also something sad about the mask's eyes, as if it had dark sorrowful secrets. Nobody can doubt that the famous statesman had cultivated the power of concealing his emotions; that the expressionless character of his face was the result of self-repression; it was part of his tactics of warfare to have no "tell-tale" lights and shadows of feeling in his countenance. He had no moustache as Napoleon III. had to hide indications of emotion in the mouth—Napoleon prided himself upon the inscrutability of his face at trying and great moments—but the keenest judges of character have failed in their efforts to interpret Disraeli's thoughts in his face when "behind the mask" the heart and soul of the man must have been passionately moved. It was not a handsome face in the general acceptation of beauty; but it was very remarkable, and the brow was certainly poetical in its breadth toward what phrenologists call the regions of "ideality." That he was a man of strong emotions and of an ardent, loving nature none can doubt: his domestic life proved this, his personal devotion to the Queen belonged partly to his poetic nature; but his pathetic request, "Let him come to me gradually," when he learned at last that his friend, Lord Rowton, had arrived, speaks volumes for his tenderness and his capacity for affectionate friendship.

Among the many great speeches of Mr. Disraeli, America will not forget that, of all the orations delivered upon the death of Abraham Lincoln, it has been generally admitted none equalled in its touching eloquence that which Mr. Disraeli delivered to the British House of Commons. Says one of the current historians of the time: "It brought tears into the eyes of men to whom before that moment the President of the United States had been a mere abstraction." Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, a

Liberal of the Liberals, in one of his "Cabinet Portraits," defends Mr. Disraeli from the charge of being "no statesman," and he takes in illustration of his point on the contrary the question of the American war. "Upon that topic," says Mr. Reid, "we were nearly all in the wrong—all but Mr. Disraeli. Lord Palmerston —clever, experienced, worldly-wise old man as he was—would have gone in unhesitatingly for a recognition of the Southern States. Earl Russell declared that we saw in the New World that which we had so often seen in the Old—a war on the one side for empire, and on the other for independence. Mr. Gladstone was bursting with zeal—even when official restraints ought to have tied his tongue—on behalf of Mr. Davis and the 'nation' he had made. Mr. Disraeli was in Opposition, and therefore at liberty to act entirely in accordance with his own sympathies; his party were enthusiastic adherents of the South. It would have seemed to an ordinarily acute person that the safest and most profitable game he could possibly have played would have been that of the Confederacy. But Mr. Disraeli himself knew better. A cool judgment and clear foresight had led him to see the inevitable end." Mr. Reid goes on to show how Mr. Disraeli was superior to his own party in this, and far in advance of the Liberals, and he declares that had those who are put forward as his superiors in statesmanship possessed his sagacity, we should never have had an "American difficulty"; while, at the same time, he credits Mr. Disraeli with doing much to save England from "immeasurable evils." This is the opinion of a Liberal writer and a politician of no small merit, a shrewd Scotchman, and the trusted literary chief of the Baineses of Leeds. The action of a certain section of the English people during the war was long the source of considerable irritation between the two peoples. The bitter memories are dying out now. It was a Liberal Government that suffered the building of the Alabama: it was a Liberal Government that covered

itself with honour in its settlement of the Alabama claims; but it is a fact, which has been greatly ignored by American critics of Benjamin Disraeli, that his influence, in whatever direction it was used, was in the interest of the North and the Union, and that his tribute to Abraham Lincoln is a classic in modern oratory.

No more interesting chapter could be added to Isaac D'Israeli's gossip about the wives of great men than an account of his own son's domestic happiness and the good influence of his wife upon his fortunes and career. The literary and studious father held that few great men have flourished, who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of women. From all one has heard of the late Viscountess she might come into the famous list of "unlettered wives," who have done so much to foster and strengthen the genius of their husbands. "The Professor of the Breakfast-table" is eloquent upon this theme. "Many a blessed woman," he says, "who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering in the houses of so many men of genius." Mrs. Disraeli had money. It was her fortune which first enabled her husband to fight his way into the House of Commons, and kept him free from the worries of "working to live." She was a simple-minded, honest, earnest woman. She loved her husband and was proud of him. He responded to her affection with a happy personal devotion. She was not what North-of-England people call "a fine lady;" she was not even "a woman of society." Every night, whatever the hour at which the House of Commons adjourned, she sat up for her husband. The Queen made a friend of her, and no one knew better than her Majesty the

peaceful, happy life which her illustrious subject led at home. Some clever journalistic pen, in a notice of her death, wrote: "It was a pretty sight, that of the remorseless parliamentary gladiator, who neither gave quarter nor asked it, who fought with venomed weapons, although he struck fair, and shot barbed darts, which clung and rankled in the wounds—it was a pretty sight to see him in the sunshine of domestic life, anticipating the wishes of his wife with feminine tenderness of consideration, and receiving her ministering with the evident enjoyment which is the most delicate flattery of all. The secret of the spell she held him by was a simple one. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, she believed in him above all other men; and he appreciated at its real worth that single-minded, self-sacrificing devotion." In his latter days, after her death, he always did everything he could to get leisure to wander about the grounds at Hughenden—to roam in the paths he and she had walked together; and it was no cynical remark that which he made on his defeat at the last election: "Ah, well, I shall be able for once to see the roses bud and bloom at Hughenden."

III.

THE DAILY NEWS.

Merely Chatting about a Great Subject—First Number of *The Daily News*—Charles Dickens in the Editorial Chair—The Paper disagrees with Cobden and Bright—Early Struggles—The American War—Harriet Martineau and Queen Victoria—Mr. Robinson's new Plan of War-Correspondence—The Staff of *The Daily News*—Career of Mr. Forbes—Famous Feats of Writing and Telegraphy—"King of Correspondents"—Mr. Justin McCarthy and the Irish Agitation.

As these papers make no pretence to a systematic history of journalism, the writer proposes to himself rather to give prominence to new and authorized facts in connection with the great newspapers of the time than to set out the ordinary and oft-repeated histories which have become familiar. In selecting his subjects, he lays aside the customary marshalling of dates of priority, and does not consider it necessary to parade the precedence which has been given to journals according to age, circulation, or position. He is anxious that it shall be considered he is merely chatting with his readers about a great subject, while neither he nor they have any more time to spare than is necessary for a gossip, which he hopes will, however, be both pleasant and instructive.

Among the stories of the projection and establishment of London papers, that of *The Daily News* has never been completely told. The first number is dated January 21, 1846. It is curious to see

a daily paper without any telegrams. It was thought a great thing to have received from Paris on the 21st of January advices as late as the 19th. A day or two previous to the issue of the first *Daily News* a specimen-number was written, printed, and published in due form to test the efficiency of the organisation and machinery. Notwithstanding this, it appears from the good-humoured protest of "A Subscriber," in the second number, that the arrangements were by no means perfect. The letter is interesting since it is known that Mr. Charles Dickens wrote it, as well as the editorial rejoinder by which it was accentuated.

"*To the Editor of the 'Daily News':*

"SIR,—Will you excuse my calling your attention to a variety of typographical errors in your first number? Several letters are standing on their heads, and several others seem to have gone out of town; while others, like people who are drawn for the militia, appear by deputy, and are sometimes very oddly represented. I have an interest in the subject, as I intend to be, if you will allow me,

"YOUR CONSTANT READER.

"21st *January*, 1846."

"We can assure our good-humoured correspondent that we are quite conscious of the errors he does us the favour to point out so leniently. The very many inaccuracies and omissions in our first impression are attributable to the disadvantageous circumstances attending the production of a first number. They will not occur, we trust, in any other.—ED. 'DAILY NEWS.'"

Dickens, during the six months of his editorship, was active in engaging contributors right and left. Money flowed from the proprietary coffers "like water." A railway editor was engaged at two thousand pounds a year. There were foreign, colonial, and heaven knows what editors besides. Bradbury and Evans supplied the capital. Ultimately Mr. C. W. Dilke (grandfather of the present Sir Charles, and a man of great energy), on becoming manager, reduced things to order, though, if it was upon

his recommendation that the price of the paper was lowered to 2½*d.*, his wits must have been asleep for once. In those days the heavy paper and advertisement duties made it impossible for a journal to be sold profitably under 5*d.* per copy. The object of *The Daily News* for some time seemed to be to constitute itself a popular *Times*. The leading journal was not then the champion of freedom it is now.

The Daily News espoused the cause of the nationalities of Italy and Hungary, as of the Parliamentary reformers at home. In this work, however, it quarrelled with Messrs. Cobden and Bright, whose "peace-at-any-price" doctrines were not to its taste. Mr. Bright openly sneered at *The Daily News*, and has never been a very cordial friend to it. Such contributors as Douglas Jerrold, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Lardner (who was the correspondent in Paris), and John Forster, gave the paper a high literary standing. Mr. Forster made an excellent editor, but the forces against him were too strong for him to prove successful. Mr. Knight Hunt, a busy, energetic little doctor, who wrote a history of the newspaper press, worried himself to death in the effort to bring the paper to live upon a farthing a day without actual extinction. He was succeeded by a worthy Scotchman—a tall, gray-haired, canny gentleman, who was as deaf as a post, and into whose ear Lord Brougham said it was impossible, though he often tried, to pour a confidential communication. For this reason poor Weir was excluded from the political clubs, greatly to his annoyance. There was a chorus of praise from the press when he died, despite the hostility which had reigned between them. No one was a better "hater" than old Weir. *The Times* of September 17, 1858, had the following paragraph: "'The late William Weir.' Under this title *The Daily News* publishes a well-earned tribute to the memory of its late editor—a gentleman to whom the public is greatly indebted for the able and honest conduct of

that journal. We have often differed with it, but never without sincere respect for the ability and the gentlemanly spirit in which it was conducted—a spirit which made it, the youngest of our contemporaries, a worthy representative of the English press." Harriet Martineau discussed all sorts of topics in *The Daily News* with the utmost freedom. She wrote three articles a week by agreement, and this was continued long after she had retired to her Westmoreland home. She delighted in her work, and contributed greatly to the literary reputation of the paper. Her style was always clear and forcible, and her views were enlarged and humane. One story which she was fond of telling after she had ceased to write (only a few years before her death), was that she once enabled the paper to make an announcement of the first importance, viz. the sailing of the fleet for the Baltic during the Crimean war. She was on visiting terms with a lady who was anxious to get an appointment on one of the ships for her son, and having claims upon her Majesty, she had asked the royal interposition. The Queen called upon her one morning to tell her "to set her mind at rest," for the fleet was "going to the Baltic," and her boy "should go with it." In the afternoon Miss Martineau called to see her friend, and was told of the circumstances. With true journalistic aptness, she drove back to *The Daily News* office with her news, and the paper had all the credit of having exclusively received an official notification. In 1869 Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager, persuaded Miss Martineau to let him collect from *The Daily News* the various biographic sketches which she had written for the paper. They were published, and secured a large sale. She was delighted, as she fancied the world had forgotten her. The praises which the critics lavished on the essays gave her especial pleasure. The profits amounted to some hundreds of pounds, and were to her the least part of the gratification derived from the publication of the work.

Mr. Thomas Walker, who was for some time sub-editor of the paper, has a claim to the respect of the American people, for it was during his editorship that *The Daily News* fought the cause of the North. In 1855 the present manager of the paper, Mr. J. R. Robinson, joined *The Daily News*, taking the post of editor of its evening edition, called *The Express*,

J. R. ROBINSON.

which, under his direction, was considered among journalists to be the best evening paper for news and general make-up that had ever been published. Mr. Robinson was an enthusiastic supporter of the North. For many years he had been the London correspondent of *The Chicago Tribune* and *The Boston Advertiser*. The Southern sympathies of the wealthy classes tended to injure the paper, and certain large auctioneers, publishers and other

advertisers declared they would have nothing to do with "such a rascally Yankee print." It was even reported that the journal had been subsidised by the North. A facetious gossip went about vowing he had seen a cart-load of greenbacks at *The Daily News* door. The proprietors at that time were two gentlemen unknown to fame. They bore up under the external pressure for some time, but at length grew nervous, and one of them insisted that the paper should "rat." The story goes that one day, when the fortunes of the North were at their darkest, and Mr. Roebuck had postponed in Parliament a motion for the recognition of the South, simply because, as he said, "events would have answered it" before the week had passed, Robinson and his co-editor were confronted with the suggestion that the policy of the papers must be altered. Both vowed they would stand fast so far as each was concerned, and "go out into the wilderness" together if need be; but before a week had passed events *had* settled the question, though not in the manner indicated by Mr. Roebuck.

In 1868 it was decided to take the revolutionary step of transforming *The Daily News* into a penny paper. A few gentlemen, including Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P., Sir Charles Reed, M.P. and Mr. H. Oppenheim, bought the property, and the experiment began. Mr. Walker, who will be remembered with esteem by Mr. Adams and other American friends, obtained the comparative sinecure of the editorship of *The London Gazette*, which he still hoids; and Mr. Frank H. Hill, who, while editing *The Northern Whig* at Belfast, had contributed much valuable matter on the American question to *The Daily News*, and had subsequently joined it as assistant editor, became editor-in-chief. An accomplished and scholarly writer, Mr. Hill has an incisive and telling style, which is aided by a broad and extensive knowledge of the world. One of his colleagues, a man of universally acknowledged power, in reply-

ing to a letter addressed to him for some notes touching the journalistic career of Mr. Hill, whose acquaintance the writer had not made, says: "You are aware, of course, that Mr. Hill is the author of that collection of masterly and, I think, unrivalled personal 'Political Portraits.' He is also, there can be no doubt, the author of the 'Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield,'

F. H. HILL.

which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review*. He is one of the most accomplished scholars I know, and his reading, both in solid and light literature, is very varied. He is a wonderfully good talker, with a strong tinge of the sarcastic in his manner and his way of looking at things and men. I do not know any one who has a happier gift of touching off a character in two or three phrases, and seeming to get to its very depths, and illus-

trate its weak points as if by a flash. The number of happy things he has said about people in public life is surprising. At the same time, like many or most persons who have a liking for the satirical mood, he is a man of singularly kind nature, about whom one hears nothing that is not to his credit." Mr. Hill, before he came to the editorial chair of *The Daily News*, was a leader-writer on *The Saturday Review*.

For two years, however, the new penny paper was carried on at a loss. In 1870 there came a change. "You and Bismarck," said the late Shirley Brooks to Mr. Robinson, "are the only persons who have gained by this war; *you* deserved it." Awaiting his opportunity, the far-seeing manager had seized this war as the one to be used. His first theory was to substitute at every point the electric telegraph for the post. "You mean," said the correspondents to him, "that we are to telegraph bits of our letters." "No," was the reply; "you are to telegraph the whole of them." Given the right men, this was the way to succeed. Money was spent so freely that the coffers must have become very low before the tide turned. A happy alliance was contracted with *The New York Tribune*, the two papers exchanging each other's dispatches. Mr. Smalley is held in great respect by his former associate, who declares him to be "a very Napoleon of journalism."

It was said of my illustrious predecessor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Cave, whose publication I ventured a few years ago to reconstruct on modern lines, that he never thought of anything else besides his magazine; that if he "looked out of window" it was to seek for some new means of increasing its excellence and advancing its interests. Those who knew him best would, I fancy, be inclined to say something similar of Mr. Robinson in regard to *The Daily News*. The life and soul of its enterprise, he is the backbone of its business arrangements. He not only has the wit to conceive new journalistic methods, but the ability

to carry them out. Standing by the policy of the paper during the American war, almost to the verge of despair, in later days he backed his idea of telegraphic war-letters to "the last shot in the locker." A thoughtful and earnest man, continually scheming for the advancement of his paper, he seems never to have been wrong in shaping its policy, and his friends are glad to know that success means to him something more than fame, since he holds a substantial share in the property. A singularly modest man, Mr. Robinson, who knows good work when he sees it, and is not backward in recognising it, both in words and money, is very popular with *The Daily News* staff. Similarly it may also be said that he has the entire confidence of his co-proprietors, who have had ample reason to endorse his managerial judgment in regard to all the great undertakings of "the largest circulated Liberal paper."

The remarkable war-telegrams in *The Daily News* rapidly changed its fortunes. In one week the circulation increased from 50,000 to 150,000, and everywhere abroad *The Daily News* dispatches were recognised as the best. Collected afterwards into two volumes, they still form the most complete record of the actual war operations. As indicating the influence of the paper, it may be said that in the midst of the war the directors suggested the collection of a fund for the relief of the peasants in the occupied districts of France. So rapidly was this taken up that in a few weeks £27,500 were forwarded in various sums to the office. This represented a tremendous addition to Mr. Robinson's labours, as he was treasurer, committee and secretary all in one. Collections were made at Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and in many churches and chapels throughout the land.

The number of correspondents on *The Daily News* staff during the recent wars was seventeen. Mr. Archibald Forbes was the chief, and his brilliant adventures and successes have

surrounded his name with what one may be forgiven for speaking of as a halo of journalistic romance. While the stage fights hard and bitterly against recruits who have not been literally born in the profession, the press has open arms for talent, whatever its training. The Bar, the Church, the Laboratory, the Barracks; no matter where the pen has tried its earliest flights, the press

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

has no prejudices. Its first great test is work, its next integrity. Mr. Archibald Forbes, though he commenced life as a student of the University of Aberdeen, was practically trained and educated in the harder school of a barracks. We owe it probably to his love of adventure that he ran away from college and enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, in which service he may be said to have fitted himself for the great work of his manhood. Says a writer who sketched his biography not long since in *The World*, "His

career is a remarkable example of the French proverb, *Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop.* As a scholar, he burned to be a dragoon ; as a dragoon, he could not forget his literary tastes." He wrote an essay on a military subject, and sent it to *The Cornhill.* It is often thought by young beginners in the very hard field of literature that "influence" is the chief secret of the editorial consideration of manuscripts sent to them by persons who have yet to make a name. They think they have only to obtain a good personal introduction to the director of a famous publication, for their essays to be accepted and paid for at that high rate which is supposed to be the reward of the fortunate possessors of the key to editorial patronage. Mr. Forbes was a private soldier when he sent his contribution to *The Cornhill,* and he invoked no other influence than that of his work. *The Cornhill* accepted his manuscript, and this led to his giving up the sword for the pen. He became editor of *The London Scotsman,* and, after a time, correspondent for the *Morning Advertiser* in the early days of the Franco-German war. "His letters thereon," says *The World's* biograph, "attracted the notice of Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager of *The Daily News,* who, with the quick eye of an accomplished journalist, recognised a fresh and strong hand. Accident soon brought him and his future correspondent together. Returning from Metz to reassume the editorship of *The London Scotsman,* Mr. Forbes, being possessed of much accurate information respecting the position of the contending armies, endeavoured to 'place' a letter on the subject in a leading journal. The communication was discouraged, and he stood in Fleet Street hesitating which of the three daily newspapers in the immediate neighbourhood to offer his 'copy' to. He decided, by tossing up, on *The Daily News,* and on the following morning made his first appearance in the columns of the journal with which he has since been so intimately associated."

The next day he called at the office of *The Daily News,* and,

despite some natural clinging to *The Scotsman*, he was on his way to Metz the same night, destined to revolutionise war-correspondence, and make the fortune of *The Daily News*, which only required some special fillip to land it well in the foremost ranks of success. *The World* thus chronicles the new correspondent's first *coup* :—

"It is perhaps hardly so well known to the public as it deserves to be that it is one thing to be present at a battle, yet another thing to choose the best spot for forming an accurate idea of what is going on; yet a third requisite to possess the nimble brain to comprehend, and the rapid hand necessary to record it as it developes; and yet another quite distinct gift to organise the communications for getting the information swiftly from the battle-field to London. From the battle-field to the nearest telegraph office the ex-dragoon was well fitted to be his own courier; and his great physical power of endurance enabled him to perform feats of an extraordinary kind. Capable of resisting the desire to eat and to sleep for a great length of time, he fairly electrified the public by the letters which he either contrived to get telegraphed or brought with his own hand from the scene of action. This new style of war-correspondence astonished and delighted the readers of *The Daily News*, and the reputation of Mr. Forbes was finally established by his adroitness in being on the spot when the late Emperor of the French surrendered his sword to the Emperor of Germany. All this good work was eclipsed at the surrender of Paris. The correspondent of *The Daily News* was the first newspaper man in Paris after that eventful day, and conveyed his impressions by means of a long concerted scheme. Riding into Paris from the north side, he saw all that was to be seen, and, after surmounting various difficulties, contrived to get out again, rode to Ligny, and travelled by train all the way to Carlsruhe, whence he forwarded his letter of three columns by telegraph to London, and then returned to Paris, to find a couple of special correspondents there to laugh at his apparently tardy arrival, and tell him—all in a good-natured fashion—that at last they had got the better of him, and left him "out in the cold." He did not reply. There is a Northern proverb to the effect that "It's a canny thing to say nowt;" and on this he acted, until *The Daily News* arrived in Paris, and his three friendly rivals were thunderstruck to find that they had been anticipated by three days."

During the short and sanguinary reign of the Paris Commune he had some narrow escapes both in captivity and as a free agent.

Compelled to assist in the defence of a Communist position, he escaped, and hiding himself in an adjacent house, determined the next day on a desperate effort to carry his news to London.

"Armed with one official envelope directed to the Queen of England, he escaped from the burning city, and by means of another dummy letter addressed to Lord Granville, obtained precedence at the crowded ferry. Thence he rode to St. Denis, and, writing by the way, came on to England by train and mail-boat, on which he was the solitary passenger. At Calais he telegraphed to *The Daily News* to keep space, and arrived at the office, with his account of Paris in flames, at six A.M. At eight appeared the special edition of the newspaper, and at a quarter to ten Mr. Robinson found his correspondent asleep in his room, with the *Post-Office London Directory* for a pillow. As Mr. Forbes's letter was the first intimation of the state of Paris received in this country, the excitement was great. In the afternoon a question was asked of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons whether the Government had any information of the condition of the French capital, as set forth in *The Daily News*. He replied that he had no information, and sincerely hoped that the statements in that journal were exaggerated. Subsequent information proved that the account of Mr. Forbes was rather under than over stated."

These examples of Forbes's fertility of resource and his courage proved to be generally characteristic of his journalistic work in later days. Since the fall of Paris he has assisted to tell the stories of all the wars of our time, and both in the saddle and at the desk, in the field, and at the elbow of a telegraphic operator, I believe his contemporaries, and even his enemies, if he have any, acknowledge that he has headed the achievements of all other correspondents. Not the least remarkable feature of his work is that not only has he frequently been the first to narrate a great event, but writing it under the most trying and difficult circumstances, he has invariably put his news into graphic and masterly shape. "Night editors" and other attachés of great daily journals could tell of many a bald dispatch from seats of war "written up" in the office; but the sharp, clear-cut, incisive sentences of

Forbes come through the wire with a sort of photographic reflection of the situation described, and have rarely required more than the ordinary editing of telegraphic dispatches. His word-picture of Plevna, and his famous ride during the Zulu war will go down to history among the romantic events of the heroic defence of the Turkish stronghold, and the smaller, but not unimportant one of the fall of Ulundi.

Mr. Forbes looks his character. Stalwart in build, strong-limbed, square-headed, he has the bearing of a soldier, with a strong development of those perceptive and receptive faculties which make journalists.

Mr. Labouchere's "Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris" is among the brightest and cleverest of newspaper correspondence. Other distinguished "war pens" on *The Daily News* were Messrs. J. A. MacGahan, F. D. Millet, E. Pease, E. O'Donovan, T. H. Skinner, and V. Julius. Among the eminent men who have contributed to *The Daily News* may be mentioned Sir Joseph Arnold, afterward judge at Bombay; Professor T. Spencer Baynes; Mr. E. Pigott, Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's department; Drs. Warren, Mackay, and Westland Marston; Professor Nichol; and Mr. William Black (the novelist), John Hollingshead, J. N. Lockyer, A. Lang, and Mr. E. L. Godkin, the latter gentleman known in New York as the accomplished editor of *The Nation*, which has been not inaptly called "an improved *Saturday Review*." Mr. Moy Thomas, a writer of rare acumen and large knowledge of books, plays and actors, is the dramatic critic; and Mr. Justin McCarthy, an industrious journalist and author, and a writer of great and varied gifts, is still properly credited with a good deal of the incisive editorial matter in *The Daily News*. Novelist, journalist, historian, lecturer, member of Parliament, Mr. McCarthy is a representative man in all the branches of literature and politics, which he has explored with courage and success. Some of his friends lament

that he has been drawn into the whirlpool of Irish agitation; but despite his thirty years' residence in England, he is Irish, "native and to the manner born"; and, master of his own destiny, it is

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

not for friends nor admirers to limit or select the field of his labours, or the political and personal objects of his sympathies. Journalistic London has reason to be proud of counting among its ranks men whose talents command alike the respect of friends and foes.

IV.

THE TIMES.

Inside the Office—Mr. John C. Macdonald—The Composing Room—Kitchen and Cloak Rooms—Reporting Debates through the Telephone—The Type-setting Machine—Origin of *The Times*—The "Walter" Press—Chiefs of the Staff—Mr. Delane and his successor, Mr. Chenery.

I.

The Times has often been called the Jupiter of the Press. As emblematic of its power, the title is well chosen. Among all the newspapers of the world, none has wielded so wide and extensive an influence as this great English paper.

If buildings have a physiognomical character of their own, those of *The Times* are peculiarly representative. Face to face with *The Times* office, you confront a sturdy, immoveable institution. Enter and make a tour of the premises, and you are impressed with the air of order and repose that pervades every department. There is no hurry in *The Times* office. Even when the last "forms" go down to press, they go in a calm systematic fashion. No rushing, no calling, no noisy hammering, accompanies the operation. Now and then something nearly approaching a fuss attends the insertion of the weather chart or a war map into the latest pages, but this is of rare occurrence. It is as if the entire establishment, with its employés, belonged to a machine manipulated by unseen hands.

Another source of surprise is that there appear to be but few

people in the place. You might reasonably expect to meet an army of compositors, stereotypers, machinists, clerks, reporters,

'THE TIMES' BUILDING.
[After a photograph by F. York, 87 Lancaster Road, London.]

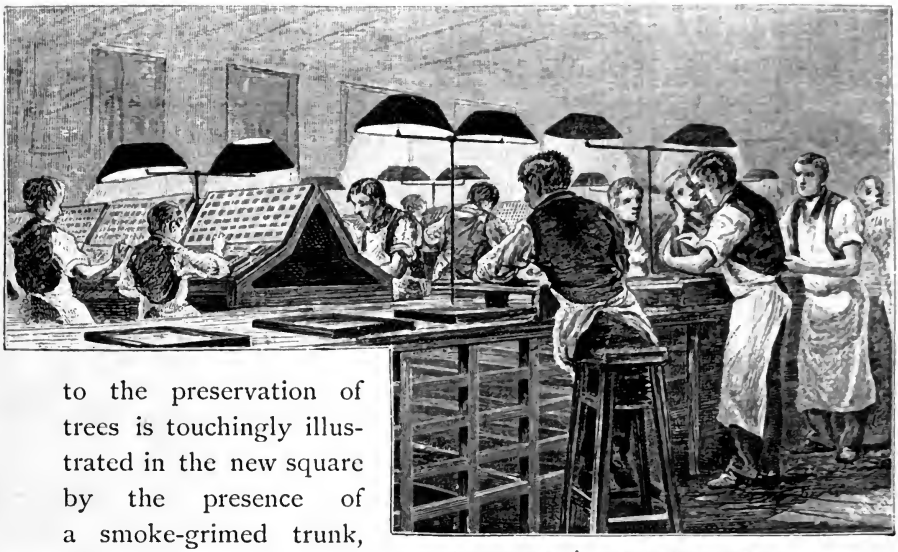
messengers; you only see a few persons going about their work with quiet unobtrusiveness, though *The Times* does employ quite an army of men. They are disciplined, however, as

carefully as an army should be, and they go about as if they were always conscious of the responsibility of serving "The Thunderer." Just as the artists and "supernumaries" at the Lyceum Theatre seem to move as if under the constant eye of the presiding genius of that establishment, so the persons employed in *The Times* office always appear to feel that they are in an exceptional and distinguished service.

This sense of order and regularity in Printing-house Square is not disturbed, even though the proprietors invariably occupy the van of mechanical progress in regard to the production of a newspaper. The first to use machine presses, the first to drive them by steam, the first to introduce type-setters, the first to adopt the telephone and the electric light, there is no proposed change or improvement in connection with their business that, seeming to them worthy of consideration, the proprietors of *The Times* have not tested, and adopted when experience has approved the change. Mr. John C. Macdonald, a capable gentleman, with the natural shrewdness and perseverance of his nationality, has for many years been the practical manager of the paper. Most of the changes and improvements have been carried out under his supervision; many of them have been inaugurated by him. With his permission, little as this is to say, it would not have been said, for it is hard to tell which most predominates in Mr. Macdonald's character, the wisdom of practical experience or the unostentation of native modesty.

A short time since, when I accompanied my friend, Mr. Ridley, to make a pictorial sketch of Printing-house Square and the old doorway with the testimonial inscription over it, the square, the doorway, the whole place, had been transformed. *The Times* offices had been rebuilt. The change was not in any way typical of the Phœnix rising from the ashes of a conflagration (as at Chicago, where the very site of its *Times* office was lost in the flames), for there was no suggestion

of ashes, no débris of fire, no track of destruction. Cleanliness and order reigned as before. Calm, steady-looking compositors were setting up types near the new windows, as they were doing in years past; though, in place of the old grimy bricks, new offices looked down upon us on all sides radiant with plate glass windows. The English sentiment in regard



'THE TIMES' COMPOSING-ROOM.

to the preservation of trees is touchingly illustrated in the new square by the presence of a smoke-grimed trunk, which in the winter stretches withered-looking arms toward the new building, and in the summer puts forth a few green leaves that whisper to the printers, as they come and go, suggestions of woods and meadows and quiet rural landscapes.

II.

The ordinary public that reads its morning newspaper over breakfast has a very vague idea of the tremendous organisation of men and means and machinery necessary to the daily journal's

production. Apart from the correspondents, the telegraphists, the steamers, the railway trains, that are engaged in its service abroad, there are at home the editors, leader-writers, critics, reviewers, reporters, messengers, a multitude of persons, men of the highest culture and learning, down to the nimblest of chroniclers, telegraph clerks, and messengers. These, formidable as is their power, simply supply the pabulum, the manuscript, the material for manufacture. How great and how little all this is an outsider can hardly appreciate until he has seen a leading newspaper establishment at work. *The Times* office is a vast machine-shop and factory. Everything in the place, except the paper, is made on the spot. The "Walter" machines, which are shown at work in the illustration on page 74, were made here, as were also those which print *The Daily News*, *The Scotsman*, *The Liverpool Post*, *The New York Times*, and other papers. Indeed, the whole of the appliances in the printing of the paper and lighting of the rooms (even the electric lamps) are manufactured on the premises, which embrace machine-shops, type, stereotype, and electrotype foundries, electricians' laboratories, &c. The whole of the new buildings were designed and erected by Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald, without the aid of architect or contractor. The very bricks were made on Mr. Walter's estate at Bearwood, and brought to London by his own people. The intervention of third parties, such as contractors outside the control of Mr. Macdonald, would have made the reconstruction of an establishment like *The Times*, during its business hours, almost an impossibility. The top-floor of the building is devoted to the bound files of the paper. Descending to the next, you come to dining-rooms and kitchens; one department for the clerks, another for the compositors and workmen generally. The service is conducted on canteen principles, and as a rule all the work-people are glad to have the opportunity of taking their meals here. The kitchens are fitted up with every modern

appliance. The meats are not baked, all kinds of joints together in one oven, as is the case in most English restaurants, to the utter destruction of their individual character and flavour; they are roasted before open fires. I noticed that there is a complete staff of cooks, with a *chef*, who appears to take an especial pride in his art. On this floor there are also store-rooms and other apartments. As you descend you come next to broad and high composing-rooms, lighted with electric lamps. Cloak-rooms are provided for the men, each article of clothing being

TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.

"checked" by an attendant, after the manner of New York club-houses. Here and there are quiet offices, with telephonic and other machines in use and on trial. One room is devoted to the special Paris wire. By the side of the telegraph, which reels off its message on the now quite familiar roll of paper, is a type-setter, so that the Paris letter is put into type, hot as it comes in from the slips themselves. In another apartment are telephones connected with the reporters' rooms at the houses of Parliament. During last session all the night reports were sent to the office through this medium. The stenographer writes out his notes as heretofore, then the manuscript is read off through the telephone. The recipients of the messages at *The Times* office dictate them to the type-setters, and so they are put into type. The manuscript comes up from the Houses as heretofore, and goes into the reading-room, so that the proofs are read by the original copy, thus checking the telephonic dictation. The type-setting machine is made in *The Times* office, and is as near perfection as it is likely to be in our time. In a corner of one of the great composing-rooms there are six or seven of these little machines. They are capable of "composing" three-parts of the news portion of the paper, each putting up five or six columns a night. The editorial and writing rooms occupy the next story below, and convenient to the chief's desk is a telegraph in direct communication with Mr. Reuter's office.

A pneumatic tube is used right through the premises for the distribution of "copy," proofs, and messages. On the ground-floor are the machines, engines (the latter in pairs in case of accident), foundries, and publishing offices; so that the last operation of production, the printing of the forms, is conducted with the added facilities of approximation of departments. The forms come down; they are stereotyped; they pass to the machine; the paper is printed, and goes forth into the publishing office, which opens its doors, at about four o'clock each

morning, to the carters and porters of Smith and Son, who are the chief distributers of the leading journal. In front of these busy rooms, cut off from the heat of the machinery, and having an outlet upon Queen Victoria Street, are the advertising offices, and the "Letter and Inquiry Department." From the aspect of a manufactory and governmental bureau in one, the establishment now assumes the appearance of a bank. The similarity is not without point, for here come in "the sinews of war." In this department there is a telephone in communication with the Royal Exchange, which can be switched off to the offices of all the leading advertising agents in the City.

The inquiry department is for the use of persons who choose to have their letters addressed to *The Times* office, for consulting the files, and other purposes—a convenience which the public evidently appreciates. *The Times*, with all its ramifications and influences, reaching from Printing-house Square to the uttermost ends of the earth, constitutes one of the modern wonders of the world; and nothing about it is more remarkable than the fact that it may be said to have grown up in our day. The art of printing has been literally revolutionised by the present Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald.

The Times was started in 1785, under the title of *The Daily Universal Register*, and adopted its present title three years later. It was originated by Mr. John Walter (grandfather of the present chief proprietor, Mr. John Walter, M.P. for Berkshire), who earned for his paper the *sobriquet* of "The Thunderer" by his bold and fearless attacks upon national abuses, his defence of the Right, and his defiance of all obstructions which the Wrong might plant in his way.

The obstinacy with which the conductors of *The Times* have prosecuted every new mechanical contrivance, to a conclusion of success or failure, was an early characteristic of this establishment. It began with an attempt to introduce and perfect

the system known as logographic printing, a joint invention of the first Mr. Walter, and a Mr. Johnson. It is even said by some that *The Times* owes its existence to logographic printing. These persons say that *The Daily Universal Register* was started to exploit the new invention, which was after all a clumsy method of casting familiar words, terminations of words, and even commonly used expressions, in one piece. The idea was not good to begin with, and it failed, but not

JOHN WALTER, M.P.
[Photographed by Windon and Grove.]

until it was literally fought out to the death. *The Register* progressed nevertheless, and as there were other papers with similar titles, this famous one was changed for one destined to become still more famous. The first number of the paper appeared under its new heading on January 1, 1788, with an elaborate and somewhat humorous address of explanation for the change. The following extracts from the leading article offer an interesting study of the changes which have

taken place in the editorial method of the past and the present :—

"*The Times!* What a monstrous name. Granted—for *The Times* is a many-headed monster that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters, and in the course of its transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours.

"The critical reader will observe we personify our new name ; but as we give it no distinction of sex, and though it will be active in its vocation, yet we apply to it the neuter gender.

"*The Times* being formed of and possessing qualities of opposite and heterogeneous natures, cannot be classed either in the animal or vegetable genus, but like the Polypus is doubtful, and in the discussion, description, and illustration, will employ the pens of the most celebrated amongst the literati.

"The heads of *The Times*, as already has been said, are many ; these will, however, not always appear at the same time, but casually, as public or private affairs may call them forth.

"The principal or leading heads are :—The Literary, Political, Commercial, Philosophical, Critical, Theatrical, Fashionable, Humorous, Witty, etc., etc., each of which are supplied with a competent share of intellect for the pursuit of their several functions ; an endowment which is not in all cases to be found, even in the heads of the State, the heads of the Church, the heads of the Law, the heads of the Navy, the heads of the Army, and, though last not least, the great heads of the Universities.

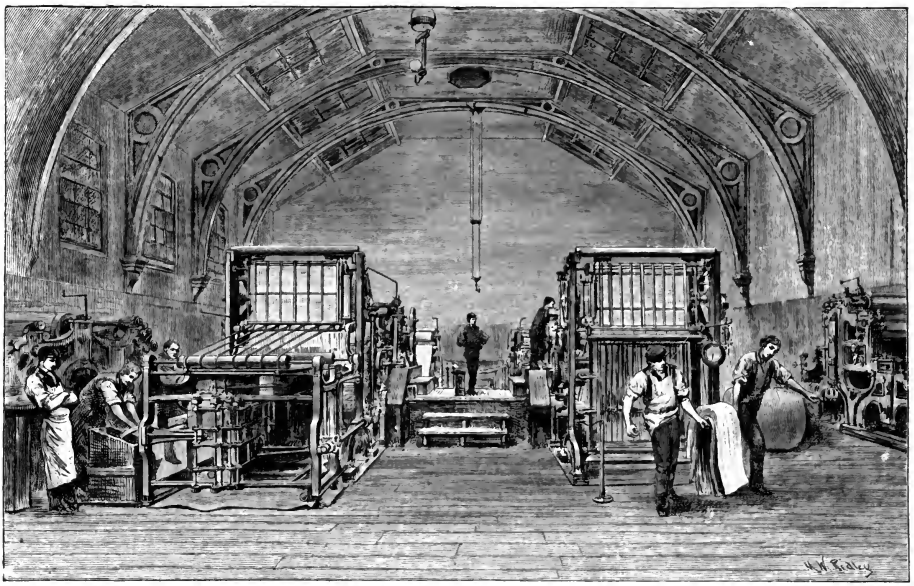
"The political head of *The Times*, like that of Janus the Roman deity, is double-faced ; with one countenance it will smile continually on the friends of Old England, and with the other will frown incessantly on her enemies.

"The alteration we have made in our paper is not without precedents. *The World* has parted with half its *caput mortuum* and a moiety of its brains ; *The Herald* has cut off one-half of its head, and has lost its original humour. *The Post*, it is true, retains its whole head and its old features ; and as to the other public prints, they appear as having neither heads nor tails.

"On the Parliamentary head every communication that ability and industry can produce may be expected. To this great national object, *The Times* will be most sedulously attentive, most accurately correct, and strictly impartial in its reports."

On the 29th of November, 1814, *The Times* was printed by steam, which is the first instance of steam being applied to

printing. "The Book of Days," Mr. Grant's "Newspaper Press," and "British Manufacturing Industries," contain details of this notable change in the production of newspapers, and the reader who desires to investigate it is referred to these and kindred works. *The Times* is still a high-priced journal, is printed on superb paper, and its staff includes some of the ablest men in Europe. It pays princely salaries to its departmental chiefs



'THE TIMES' PRINTING-ROOM.

and foreign correspondents, and stands by its writers with a loyal tenacity.

The "Walter" printing-press, which is capable of printing 22,000 to 24,000 an hour, is the invention of the present Mr. Walter, who supplements his scientific studies and journalistic duties with the onerous labours that belong to a seat in Parliament. The "Walter" machine was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Macdonald, who is constantly engaged

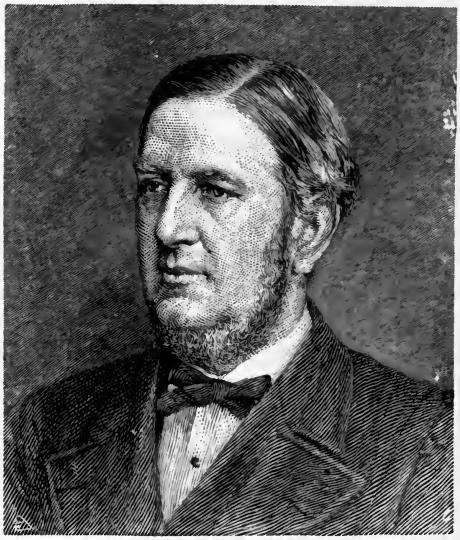
in working out some new scheme for the reduction of labour and the perfection of the art of printing. It would be too great a tax upon these pages to say in how many directions *The Times* management is engaged; but the Walter succession in Printing-house Square is wonderfully maintained.

When a stamp duty was enforced upon advertisements, *The Times* paid £70,000 in one year (1830) to the government. If this enactment had been continued, as well as the penny stamp on each paper, *The Times*, on its present sale and its present number of advertisements, would have had to pay the government over £450,000 a year. I am not in a position to say what the income of *The Times* is, but taking Mr. Grant's figures for advertisements, and a minimum sale of 70,000 copies, its returns amount to quite £1,036,000. Touching the *profits* divided on other leading journals, the following figures, while they are not authoritative, are pretty generally accepted in journalistic circles as approximately correct: *Daily Telegraph*, £120,000 a year; *Standard*, £60,000; *Daily News*, £30,000. Thirty years ago, *The Times*, whose conductors are not given to boasting, stated in an editorial article that its gross income was equal to that of the most flourishing of the German principalities.

III.

The chiefs and writers of *The Times* have little or no personality in connection with Printing-house Square. This is a tradition of the paper, which is jealously maintained. Yet great names crop up in its literary history. Lord Beaconsfield wrote for it under the signature of "Runnymede"; Sir William Vernon Harcourt was "Historicus"; the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne wrote above the initials "S. G. O." a number of valuable letters on social and philanthropic subjects which excited a great deal of interest. Some of them lent valuable aid

in the promotion of important reforms which have since been brought about. The reverend and noble writer is the author of "Lady Eva: her Last Days," "Scutari and its Hospitals," "Hints to the Charitable," and "Hints for the Amelioration of the Moral Condition of a Village," and "Letters on the Education of Young Children." Some years ago, in a correspondence between myself and this famous letter-writer of *The Times*,



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.
[Photographed by Palmer, Ramsgate.]

the reverend and noble author referred to his work in "the leading journal" merely as associated with the deep personal interest he took in the subjects upon which he wrote. He mentioned it almost in a tone of disparagement, and appeared to think himself under an obligation to *The Times* that the editor considered his articles worthy of publication, though they were undoubtedly among the wisest and best letters that have ever appeared in *The Times*. Mr. Delane thought so

highly of them that he always had them set up in "leaded" type and printed in a prominent part of the paper. Sir Austen Henry Layard was a constant contributor to *The Times;* Dean Milman wrote for it; so also did Dr. Croly, Jones Loyd, Horace Twiss, and Mr. Roebuck (Tear 'em), the famous member for Sheffield. Gilbert A'Beckett, of *Punch*, was on the regular staff, as was also another London magistrate, Mr. Alexander Knox. To these names of regular and occasional writers may be added Sir George Dasent, James Caird, Wingrove Cooke, and the late illustrious Dean of Westminster. Mr. Edward Sterling was at one time the principal leader-writer, and he is mentioned by Mr. Grant as having had Thomas Carlyle for his biographer. In some histories of the early days of *The Times* Sterling is spoken of under the title of Captain, a distinction acquired in the militia service, from which he and his company were received into the reserve force of the army, whereupon he retired, and so far as he was concerned dropped his military title. His eldest son (the late Sir Anthony Sterling, K.C.B.) was the only Captain Sterling recognised by the Sterling family. Carlyle's "Life of the Rev. John Sterling" contains some notes on Mr. Sterling of *The Times*, and is worth consulting by readers who are interested in his career.* Lord Sherbrooke, while he was ascending the social and political scale, first as member of Parliament, then as Cabinet Minister, and next as peer of the realm, wrote editorials for *The Times*. Mr. Leonard Courtney, who represents Liskeard in Parliament, is a member of its staff. So also is the Hon. George Broderick, M.P., known among his

* "An amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man this Captain Whirlwind! 'By Jove, Sir!' Thus he would swear to you, with radiant face—sometimes, not often, by a deeper oath. With persons of dignity, especially women, to whom he was always very gallant, he had courtly, delicate manners, verging towards the wire-drawn and elaborate. On common occasions he bloomed out at once into jolly familiarity of the gracefully-boisterous kind, reminding you of mess-rooms and old Dublin days."—*Carlyle.*

friends as "Curius Dentatus," from his prominent teeth. The late Mr. John Oxenford, the most accomplished and scholarly dramatic critic of his time, has been succeeded by Mr. Mowbray Morris, whose father was for many years one of the best known managers of *The Times*. Mr. Oxenford's colleague, Mr. James Davidson, still holds office as musical critic, having in these latter years of his veteran service the assistance of Dr. Francis Hueffer, a musician and critic of considerable distinction. Mr.

JOHN OXENFORD.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

Abraham Hayward, Q.C., is supposed to be Mr. Chenery's "right hand" in the editorial room. Mr. Hayward is a Wiltshire man, educated at Tiverton, the son of a father well known as an authority on the science of horticulture and agriculture, upon which subjects he wrote several practical treatises. Mr. Chenery's lieutenant was born in 1803, articled to a solicitor, went to the Bar, and was made Queen's Counsel in 1845. Ten years before this last mentioned event he had made a distinguished literary mark by a prose translation of Goethe's "Faust," with notes. He

projected and established *The Law Magazine*, and is the author of many excellent works in various departments of study, including those of gourmandise and cards. "Judicial Tracts," "Biographical and Critical Essays," "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," "The Art of Dining," "Whist and Whist-players," and "More about Junius," are among his numerous works. Mr. Hayward, prior to joining *The Times*, was connected with *The Morning*

M. BLOWITZ, PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF 'THE TIMES.'

Chronicle, and is credited with what in those days was "a great feat in journalism." On the night of the second reading of the bill for the repeal of the Navigation Laws, he followed the debate, pencil in hand, making notes more particularly of a reply to Lord Derby. At two in the morning he took his "copy" to *The Chronicle* office, and the Protectionist speech of Lord Derby was answered, point for point, in the next morning's paper. Leader-writing of this kind is done every night in these days; but Mr. Hayward was the first to essay this concurrent work of editorial reporting. The late Mr. Tom Taylor was for many years the

art critic of *The Times*. M. Blowitz is intimately known by the modern governments of France as its Paris correspondent. In one of Sardou's most recent plays, the Anglo-French journalist is said to be represented on the stage, at an exciting period of the drama, plying his vocation under difficulties. Since Mr. Gladstone himself has been burlesqued on the English Stage, M. Blowitz will hardly feel that he is dishonoured by similar attentions in Paris. Famous men are not always walking upon paths that are strewn with roses. Mr. E. Dallas, an accomplished Scotchman, who died, comparatively young, a few years ago, was a notable member of Mr. Delane's staff. His association with *The Times* arose out of a casual contribution in literary criticism forwarded to the editor without any introduction except the author's card. The article impressed Mr. Delane so favourably that he sent for his correspondent, and gave him constant employment. Mr. Dallas will be remembered as the author of "The Gay Science," "Kettner's Book of the Table." He conducted *Once a Week*, after the resignation of Mr. Lucas; and he edited a clever condensation of "Clarissa," published by Messrs. Tinsley. He married Miss Glyn the actress. Colonel Lawrence W. M. Lockhart, who died at Mentone, March 23, 1882, greatly distinguished himself as a *Times* correspondent during the Franco-German war. He was author of "Double or Quits," "Fair to See," and several other popular novels. *The Times* has the credit of keeping in hand a collection of biographies of prominent men, continually posted up to date, in order that they may be ready for publication in the event of death rendering them necessary. It is possible that the completeness of this preparation for contingencies is somewhat exaggerated in the gossip of press circles, seeing that the death of Charles Dickens found *The Times* quite unready with a biographical sketch. Mr. Edward Walford, author of "The County Families," wrote the notice for *The Times* between midnight and four in the morning, with mes-

sengers at his elbow all the time to carry the MS. to the printer. Mr. Walford has written the majority of the long obituary articles for *The Times* since 1868. He wrote the *Telegraph* memoirs of the Prince Consort and Earl Russell.

In these days there are two names more popularly known in connection with *The Times* than any others. One is that of the late Mr. Delane, and the other that of Dr. William H. Russell. No man in our day wielded a greater power, no man of any day

JOHN DELANE.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

exercised his strength with a higher sense of responsibility, than Mr. John Delane, for thirty-six years editor of *The Times*, and whose death the press generally regarded as one of the calamities of 1879. Though a hard worker both in society and at his office, and accustomed to keep late hours, nearly always staying at Printing-house Square until *The Times* went to press, Mr. Delane was a florid, healthy-looking man, more like a country gentleman than a laborious journalist. Lord Palmerston had a similar fresh, "breezy" face, and it is notable that many of

England's hardest-worked men are bright, active, stalwart examples of humanity. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, how ruddy his cheeks were, how bright his eyes, to the last! Mr. Anthony Trollope has the appearance of rural health, though he is up at five o'clock every morning, and at his desk Mr. Sala, who often writes more in a week than some of his contemporaries do in a month, is "rosy as the morn," and as full of cheerfulness as a stripling. His "copy" ought to be exhibited

DR. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL.
[Photographed by Charles Watkins.]

for the emulation of young journalists. The late Tom Taylor's manuscript was as undecipherable as Sala's is neat and distinct. When Mark Lemon was editing *Punch*, writing novels, and speculating in joint-stock companies, he was a picture of Falstaffian cheerfulness. Mr. Burnand, with white hair and gray beard, is boyish in the exuberance of his animal spirits. Work agrees with well-balanced constitutions. Mr. Gladstone, Charles Dickens, Lord Palmerston, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Gladstone's "match-box Chancellor of the Exchequer," were Delane's intimate

friends. He was a frequent visitor at Broadlands; and the Countess of Waldegrave did not think a great reception at Strawberry Hill complete without him. He was respected by all, and beloved by many. When his health compelled him to withdraw from the editorial charge of *The Times*, many of his hardest-headed colleagues, who had worked for him and with him for years, could not keep back their tears as he shook their hands and bade them good-bye. Mr. Delane was the son of the previous financial manager of *The Times*, who died in 1858. The late famous editor was born October, 1817, and was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1839, and was called to the Bar in 1847. He joined *The Times* in 1839 as assistant editor under Mr. Barnes, and succeeded him on his death in 1841. Mr. Delane followed his chief in 1880, having on his resignation a year before been succeeded by Mr. Chenery. The new chief, one might imagine, from the paragraphs that have been published as to his personality, to be a dry-as-dust philosopher in word and deed and appearance. On the contrary, he is a pleasant conversationalist, and has a good deal of that freshness of complexion which characterised his predecessor. He is gray to whiteness, and wears his beard and moustache. Of medium height and build, he looks younger than his age by some years. He was born in Barbadoes in 1826, was educated at Eton and at Caius College, Cambridge, and was afterwards called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, appointed him the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Oxford in 1868; he took his degree of M.A. about the same time; and a year later the Sultan of Turkey nominated him a member of the second class of the Imperial order of the Medjidie. In 1870 he was appointed by the committee of the Convocation of Canterbury one of the revisers of the authorised translation of the Old Testament. He is honorary secretary of the Royal Asiatic

Society. The works that make his name respected among Oriental scholars are his translation of "The Assemblies of Al Hariri," with notes historical and grammatical, and his edition of "Machberoth Ithiel," by Jehudah Ben Shelomo Alkharizi.

Dr. William Howard Russell, "the pen of the war," will always be remembered as the first special war-correspondent of the English press, and for his graphic journalistic history of the Crimean war. The story of Dr. Russell's career has often been told. *Men of the Time* even devotes half a dozen columns to it, and his biography is familiar to the general reader on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the leading objects of these chapters is to deal more particularly with journalists who do not yet belong so much to fame as Dr. Russell, or to put the idea more gracefully, whose exploits have not yet become part of the biographic history of the day. By omitting as much as possible of "twice told tales," and collecting facts which belong to the current story of "Journalistic London," these sketches can be brought within the compass of a reasonable space; and it will be both to reader and writer pleasanter to deal with that which is new, than to be occpieud with a mere *réchauffé* or condensation of a history that has already been told, and a story that has become familiar.

V.

CHIEFLY CONCERNING *THE WORLD* AND *TRUTH.*

Personal Journalism—Mr. Yates's Training for *The World*—Success—Various Society Journals—Amenities of the Press on both sides of the Atlantic—The Lady with the Lamp—Sketch of the Career of Mr. Labouchere—Crimping American Citizens—The Attaché in Office—Playing the part of Meagher—Good Cards, and How to use them—"The Besieged Resident in Paris"—Below the Gangway—Mr. Labouchere as a Theatrical Manager—A Free Lance in Journalism—Mr. Grenville-Murray—*Truth's* account of the Editor of *The Queen's Messenger*—Diplomacy and Journalism—What might have been.

I.

TAKING up the point of the closing sentence of the previous chapter, a leading principle of this gossip about journalism is to keep out of the rut of classification of subjects, dailies in their order, weeklies in theirs. Variety, at least, will be obtained by sandwiching between the great morning papers, notable weekly and other journals that peculiarly belong to the subject under review, and give character and distinction to the period. For example, within the past few years a complete change has taken place in the high-priced journalism of London. *The World* is among the most successful of the new weekly papers. An editor and writer of much varied experience, a *flâneur* on a daily paper, an official of the Post-office, the intimate friend of Dickens, a novelist and a playwright, Mr. Edmund Yates is a conspicuous

figure of these journalistic days. The idea of a newspaper like *The World* had been in his mind for fifteen or twenty years before he was able to carry it out. He always believed that the supposed horror of the British public for what is called "personal journalism" was a sham, and that, provided it was not vulgar nor scurrilous, kept free from mere tattle about women and from anything like a rowdy element, it was certain to be acceptable. This opinion was the result attending Mr. Yates's early effort in

EDMUND YATES.
[Photographed by W. and A. H. Fry.]

that school of public journalistic gossip of which he is the English founder. His column, "The Lounger at the Clubs," commenced in *The Illustrated Times* in the year 1855, and continued for many years—until, in fact, he quarrelled with the proprietor—his Monday feuilleton ("The Flâneur") in *The Morning Star*, and the constant extracts which were made by the general press from his weekly letter to *The Belfast Northern Whig* or *The Inverness Courier*, convinced him that a paper on the lines of *The World* would be popular. "Not," said he,

frankly, in reply to some questions I ventured to ask him the other day, "that I ever thought that fribble of this kind was sufficient in itself to constitute a newspaper—that is the error which has been fallen into by more than one of the imitators of *The World*—but I felt sure that if this wholesome chat and gossip were backed by good political and social articles, with first-rate dramatic, literary, and musical criticism added, and the whole combination formed an amusing miscellany, a great success would be the result. The popularity of my contributions to *The Illustrated Times* and *The Star* would have been far greater had I been allowed my full scope, but the conductors of both those periodicals were in the habit of toning me down. In my official duties by day, and in novel-writing and journalism by night, my time was fully occupied. I had no funds of my own to start a journal, and no inclination to seek for a capitalist who would have profited by my ideas. It was not until the spring of 1874 that, then enjoying a large salary as the principal European correspondent of *The New York Herald*, I found myself in a position to devote a little time and a little money to carrying out the desire of my life. I mentioned my plan to Mr. Grenville-Murray, then Paris correspondent of *The New York Herald*, whom I had known for some years, and received from him the warmest encouragement and the pleasantest co-operation. The paper was started in July, 1874, Mr. Murray and myself being the sole proprietors, and was so successful that when Mr. Murray retired, six months afterward, in consequence of his residence in Paris preventing him from taking his due share in the direction, his moiety, for which he had paid less than £400, was assessed by the official valuer at £3000. The paper became a success directly it was seen and known; but we could not afford to advertise it, and the general public may be said to have had no knowledge of its existence until the report in the newspapers of a police charge made by Mr. Labouchere

at the Mansion House against Mr. Abbot, a stock-broker, for assault. This drew public attention to the paper, and its merits were recognised. A summons for libel taken out against me by a certain firm of usurers, and heard at the Guildhall, lasting two days, and resulting in a complete triumph for *The World*, completed the success."

Such is Mr. Yates's brief story of *The World*, a journal which now pays an income sufficient to enable him to gratify those

HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.
[Photographed by Van der Weyde Light, 182 Regent Street, London.]

instincts of hospitality and good-fellowship which have always been among his best characteristics. In addition to a pleasant town house, Mr. Yates has a cozy and well-appointed residence on the Upper Thames, and his steam-launch is a familiar and busy craft on the river. In his Atlas-like occupation of keeping up *The World* to its original "go" and sparkle, Mr. Yates is ably assisted by Mr. Escott, who first wrote under his editorship in *Temple Bar* fifteen years ago. Mr. Escott contributed to the first number of *The World*, and his pen has been employed upon

it ever since. It is generally believed that Mr. Labouchere was once Yates's partner, or advanced money to start *The World*. This is not so. Mr. Yates had only one partner, and since his retirement the paper has been his sole property. Mr. Labouchere was a paid contributor, and took a personal interest in the department over which he presided. *The World* is very largely quoted by the American press, and its "Celebrities at Home," reprinted and bound up into several volumes, constitute a work of entertaining and valuable biographical literature.

During the publication of these papers in *Harper's Magazine*, the author received letters concerning them from all parts of the world. It will be appropriate to give attention to one of them in this place. It is from Mr. Charles Augustus Cole, who claims to have originated "journalistic gossip such as gentlemen use and convey" in *The Leader* of 1854, under the heading "Private and Confidential." It is so long since *The Leader* died, and events move so rapidly now-a-days, that in regard to the existing light and gossiping journalism under notice, Mr. Yates will be generally credited with its origin. That "there is nothing new under the sun," is, however, singularly exemplified in *The World* type of journalism. The modern weekly which seeks to combine a little of *The Saturday Review's* power of criticism, with a good deal of the best style of "London Letter" writing, is only repeating some of the more entertaining features of the old *Apollo, Grub Street Journal, Gentleman's Magazine*, and annexing the strength of *The Age* and *The Satirist* without their grossness and vulgarity. Latterly in *The World* something of the spirit of Junius has been infused into certain letters to public men, the tone of which is considered to be more or less in good or bad taste, as you may happen to agree or disagree with the views of the writer. That one or more of them may be unjust, and indeed libellous, is quite possible; apart from their fairness or unfairness they are notable as masterly examples of scholarly and piquant vituperation.

But touching this question of personal gossip in English journals, the reader will probably remember Charles Lamb's account of the employment of his pen in that kind of work. He wrote for *The Morning Post*, and although his evidence on the subject is tinctured with some exaggeration and a little genial satire, it is not far wide of the truth. "In those days" (he was writing about 1820 of "Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago"), says the gentle essayist,

"Every Morning Paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal, but, above all, *dress*, furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines. Shorter they might be, but they must be poignant. A fashion of *flesh*, or rather *pink*-coloured hose for the ladies luckily coming up at the juncture when we were on our probation for the place of Chief Jester to S.'s Paper, established our reputation in that line. We were pronounced a 'capital hand.' Oh, the conceits which we varied upon *red* in all its prismatic differences! from the trite and obvious flower of Cytherea to the flaming costume of the lady that has her sitting upon 'many waters.' Then there was the collateral topic of ankles. What an occasion to a truly chaste writer, like ourself, of touching that nice brink, and yet never tumbling over it, of a seemingly ever approximating something 'not quite proper'; while, like a skilful posture-master, balancing betwixt decorums and their opposites, he keeps the line, from which a hair's-breadth deviation is destruction; hovering in the confines of light and darkness, or where 'both seem either'; a hazy uncertain delicacy; Autolycus-like in the Play, still putting off his expectant auditory with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man!' But, above all, that conceit arrided us most at that time, and still tickles our midriff to remember, where, allusively to the flight of Astræa —*ultima Cælestûm terras reliquit*—we pronounced—in reference to the stockings still—that MODESTY TAKING HER FINAL LEAVE OF MORTALS, HER LAST BLUSH WAS VISIBLE IN HER ASCENT TO THE HEAVENS BY THE TRACK OF THE GLOWING INSTEP. This might be called the crowning conceit; and was esteemed tolerable writing in those days."

It may be gathered from this "confession" of "Elia," and more completely from a glance at the files of some of the most powerful newspapers of the past, that "journalistic gossip such as gentle-

men use and convey" varies with the times; but the current talk, and the scandals of society and the clubs, have always in one shape or another, in a lesser or greater degree, found their way into the press. Although it must be confessed that an age which, among other things, has created "the Professional Beauty," lends itself to somewhat heated gossip and satire, even *The World's* most severe competitors steer clear of the sort of paragraphs which made *The Age* and *The Satirist* a curse and a tyranny. Lord Palmerston's preliminary resistance to the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers arose out of a fear that the absence of this check on journalism would revive an *Age* and *Satirist* era, of which Mr. Grant says: "The present generation can know nothing of the terror which they caused," nor "the misery which their insinuations of moral conduct" created in many "good families."

II.

Among the weekly journals which Mr. Yates's success encouraged into existence may be mentioned *The Whitehall Review*, *Mayfair*, *Life*, *Pan*, and *Society*. *Mayfair* was started, as *The Whitehall Review* was, by one of the contributors to *The World*. It had, however, literally no *raison d'être*, and it died in spite of the bright and capable pen of its editor, Mr. Lucy, a member of the staff of *The Daily News*. It is noticeable that journalists who make respectable incomes in these days are busy men, who do not confine their work to one groove. "Too many irons in the fire" is a proverb that has been considerably discounted by the versatility of clever men of the Victorian era. With a great poet, who loses none of his dignity in the estimation of critics because he is a shopkeeper, men of letters may take courage, for it is no longer considered *infra dig.* to have an interest in the commerce of the world, that lies outside journalism and the writing of books. Two of our leading novelists supplement their

incomes, one by growing fruit for Covent Garden, the other by managing a department of a famous publishing house. Mr. Lucy's work is within the journalistic lines, but it is various, and he may be taken as an example of the versatility of the best of his class. He is manager of *The Daily News* Parliamentary corps, special correspondent of a dozen provincial newspapers, author of "The Cross Benches" in *The Observer*, successor of Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor on *Punch* so far as the "Essence of Parliament" is concerned (it is now called "Toby's Diary"); and at the present time he is also engaged upon his first novel, which is to appear in the Provincial press, and afterwards in the traditional form of three volumes. *The Whitehall Review* first made its mark through a series of portraits of feminine "Leaders of Society." It has latterly launched out into the field of caricature with spirit, and now and then with success. Founded in 1876, its proprietor and editor is Mr. Edward Legge, who commenced life as a provincial reporter, and left a position on *The Morning Post* to devote himself to *The Whitehall*. The paper is violently Conservative in politics, and it has made a point of declaring war against the supposed atheistical tendencies of the age. "Ouida" is one of its special contributors, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is its dramatic critic. On several occasions *The Whitehall* has obtained important political, social and fashionable intelligence ahead of both the daily and weekly press. *Life* has published some of the most artistic portrait-cartoons of the day. *Pan* died while these papers were being published. It was started by Mr. Alfred Thompson, formerly the cartoonist on a clever paper called *The Mask*, which was edited by Mr. Leopold Lewis. The new venture was backed by Mr. Davis, a solicitor, and the paper made an artistic show with a couple of illustrations in its first Christmas number by two famous painters. In a short time Mr. Davis and Mr. Thompson separated, and Mr. David Anderson took the helm. He wrote

each week for *Pan* a "word-portrait" of an eminent statesman. Mr. Anderson is one of the newest of *The Daily Telegraph's* recruits, and is credited with very excellent journalistic work. *Society* appears to be flourishing. It is a bi-weekly paper, price threepence. The editor is Mr. George W. Plant, who also conducts *The British Mercantile Gazette.* If there is really, as some great literary toilers have said, recreation if not rest in a variety of work, Mr. Plant's life must have fallen on pleasant lines. What could afford greater contrasts of journalistic labour than that of Society and Commercial journalism? From the hard financial consideration of City business to the frivolities of Mayfair; from the sober ways of trade and commerce to the thorny paths of theatrical criticism; from the counting-house to the studio; these changes must represent as much variety as any editor can possibly desire.

The origin of *Society* is curious. *The British Mercantile Gazette* had a news feature which proved so popular that Mr. Plant decided to print it separately as a cheap weekly journal, outside the interests of trade. Changing its first prosaic title, while the front page was in the engraver's hands, he called it *Society.* The price was a penny, and the paper sold as fast as it could be printed. Nobody was more surprised at its success than Mr. Plant. In a few months he was enabled to issue a second paper, and his Saturday edition is a brightly illustrated journal, and includes among its contributors some well-known pens and pencils.

The pioneers of some of the features of to-day's high-priced gossiping journals were *The Figaro* and *The Hornet,* which in their turn had their prototypes in both French and English journalism, past and present. It was upon these two papers that some of the smartest of the "light horsemen" of the new weeklies were trained.

The Figaro once prospered exceedingly. Its founder, Mr.

James Mortimer, an American with a French training in journalism, first introduced it to London as a daily paper. He was unfortunate in challenging attention for a light, chatty, and serio-comic treatment of current news and literature at a time when the public mind was excited with the tragedies of a great war. Otherwise the daily *Figaro* might possibly have been alive now. A weekly edition reached an enormous circulation. Its chief leader-writer was Mr. John Baker Hopkins, a journalist who for many years was associated with *The Law Journal*. Mr. Hopkins is the author of "Nihilism; or, The Terror Unmasked," and several works of fiction. "The Smiff Papers" did much to extend the circulation of *The Figaro*, as did also the dramatic criticisms signed "Alma Viva." Mr. Doughty was the author of the first mentioned feature, Mr. Clement Scott of the second. Recently the paper has been taken over by a limited liability company, and Mr. Mortimer appears to be giving more attention to play-writing than to journalism. *The Hornet* was started as a suburban paper under the title of *The Hornsey Hornet*. Promoted to London, it was purchased by Mr. Shaw, the respected Treasurer of the Temple, and thence it passed into the hands of Mr. Stephen Fiske (formerly one of the foreign correspondents of *The New York Herald*), who now drives two journalistic teams in the Empire city, namely, *The Star* and the dramatic department of *The Spirit of the Times*. Mr. Fiske originally came to England on board Mr. Bennett's yacht, in the first great Atlantic race, which he graphically described for *The Times* and *All the Year Round*. He was entertained at Gad's Hill by the late Mr. Dickens, and he wrote a series of clever sketches in *Tinsley's Magazine*, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Yates. It was Mr. Fiske who, in order to obtain control of a telegraphic wire during some work of foreign correspondence, astonished the editor of *The Herald* with the first few chapters of Genesis. New York critics who do not love *The Herald* say

that these telegrams were "news indeed to Mr. Bennett's staff." This was one of those passing pleasantries which American journalists occasionally permit each other. They serve to make what might otherwise be a dull page sparkle, and they are also calculated to depress undue journalistic pride. Recently, *The World* of New York announced that it had made arrangements to have a reporter go over to New York in the steerage of an Atlantic steamer, in order that he might give a true account of the accommodation of emigrants. *The Sun* rejoined, "There is nothing new in this; *The Herald* reporters have always come over in the steerage." Whether Ireland would consider *The Sun's* retort a slight or a compliment it is hard to say. Americans will look in vain for badinage of this kind in London dailies, though time was when the metropolitan press was scurrilous and personal in the extreme. Without venturing for a moment to contrast the merits of the journalism of either country, there is, it seems to me, this essential difference between the two: the leading requirement of an American newspaper is that it shall be entertaining. The reader is all the better satisfied if he is amused as well, and even made to laugh. The great London dailies leave the business of tickling the risible faculties of the public to the comic papers, though of late years they have successfully competed with the magazines in their publication of essays and sketches, which once upon a time would have been considered quite outside the pale of daily journalism. *The Times* of New York publishes every day, as a relief to the general seriousness of its excellent editorial page, a humorous article; and *The Evening Standard* has frequently drawn prominent attention to the brightness of the writer's wit. Recently there has appeared a growing desire to lighten the leader-pages of the London dailies, both by short articles and in a modification of a certain academic style, which is more particularly characteristic of *The Times*. The success of several weekly journals, which deal mostly in "leaderettes" and a

current kind of "table talk," has, no doubt, had an influence upon the dailies in this direction. There is evidence here and there that the time is near at hand when daily columns of gossip and chat will also form features of the more serious press. *The Daily News* has its Monday column of theatrical notes. *The Times* even "makes up" together its semi-official and other announcements, so that they only require a heading to conform to the arrangements of the weeklies. *The Standard* pushes its literary and art gossip away into its evening edition, as if it were ashamed of it. On the other hand, *The Globe* has entirely adopted the method of the so-called Society journalist in an established column called "By the Way." English institutions change slowly, but they do change, and very often for the better. Sometimes the change turns out to be only the revival of a forgotten custom.

III.

At the head of *The World's* rivals stands one whose success began with its first number, in this respect eclipsing *The World* itself. With a pictorial cover representing an attractive female symbolism of Truth, bearing aloft in one hand the lamp of knowledge, and in the other a mirror reflecting the Ciceronian motto, "Veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici," *Truth* made a novel show on the book-stalls. Its proprietor and editor was known as a daring and caustic writer, and also as a capitalist with plenty of money to back his daring, and plenty of courage to back his money. The public, knowing that it did not matter to Labouchere whether his paper paid or not, hastened to fill his treasury. The British public hates your struggling journal and your needy editor. It likes power, and money is a greater power than knowledge. Bitter, personal, brilliant, chatty, impudent, sometimes reckless, always amusing, *Truth* is liked and feared. It is printed in a convenient readable size, cut and

stitched—an advance in convenience of form and shape which would be a welcome addition to the attractions of such widely read and popular many-paged papers as *The Field*, *The Queen*, and *Land and Water*.

A representative man in journalism, diplomacy, politics, and finance, a leading proprietor of *The Daily News*, editor of *Truth*, and member of Parliament for Northampton, with the famous Pope's villa as his country residence, and a town house overlooking St. James's Park, Mr. Henry Labouchere fills a prominent position in the ranks of London notabilities. He has had an interesting, not to say romantic, career. Born in London, 1831, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge. During his two years at Trinity he had perpetual rows with the dons. Discipline did not sit easily on his shoulders. On leaving Cambridge he went travelling. Mexico was a country he desired to see. Having resided in the capital some little time, he rode off on his own horse, and with fifty dollars in his pocket. After a ramble of eighteen months he returned to the capital, and fell in love with a lady of the circus. He travelled with the troop, a sort of "Ouida"-ish hero, and took money at the doors, or rather oranges and maize, the equivalents for coin. By-and-by he tired of this occupation, and went to the United States. He found himself at St. Paul, which was then only a cluster of houses. Here he met a party of Chippeway Indians going back to their homes. He went with them, and lived with them for six months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces, and living what to Joaquin Miller would have been a poem in so many stanzas, but which to the more prosaic and eccentric Englishman was just seeing life, and passing away the time. He went to New York, and making that city his headquarters, visited the towns round about. It occurred to him to go into the diplomatic service. He had influence, and he went into it. "There were no examinations then," he remarked, as he

related this incident in his career to me the other evening, smoking a cigar at his comfortable house at Queen Anne's Gate. The inference conveyed was that if there had been an educational ordeal to pass through, he would not have entered the service; but Mr. Labouchere, in spite of his political audacity and his journalistic arrogance, is quite a modest man, and is full of deprecation of his many accomplishments, except when he thinks he is jarring the sensibilities of some especially moral person by relating incidents in his gaming and theatrical experiences (all of which have been harmless enough, as the world goes), and then he suddenly remembers rather startling episodes of his varied career. He was appointed attaché at Washington, and could not be found. Picking up a newspaper during a journey westward, he read the announcement of his appointment to the position he desired. Eventually he turned up at Washington, where he lived for two years. During the Crimean war he aided and abetted the crimping of American citizens for the English army, and was kicked out of the Legation. It was this young attaché who excited the ire of a certain American citizen who called to see Mr. Crampton. "I want to see the boss." "You can't; he is out; see me," replied Labouchere. "You are no good to me; I must see the boss; I can wait." "Very well," said the attaché, going on with his letter-writing, "take a seat." The visitor waited for a considerable time. At last he said, "Stranger, I have been fooling round here two hours; has the chief come in yet?" "No; you will see him drive up to the front door when he returns." "How long do you reckon he will be before he comes?" "Well," said Labouchere, "he went to Canada yesterday; I should say he'll be here in about six weeks."

The English attaché was fond of gambling, and he takes pleasure, when in a conversational mood, in relating his troubles and adventures over cards. He once nearly starved, he says, owing to his passion for gambling. "While I was attaché at

Washington," he says, "I was sent by the minister to look after some 'Irish patriots' at Boston. I took up my residence at a small hotel, and wrote down 'Smith' in the hotel-book as my name. In the evening I went to a gambling establishment, where I incontinently lost all the money that I had with me except half-a-dollar. Then I went to bed, satisfied with my prowess. The next morning the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all the guests were requested to pay their bills and to take away their luggage. I could not pay mine, and so I could not take my luggage to another hotel. All that I could do was to write to Washington for a remittance, and to wait two days for its arrival. The first day I walked about, and spent my half-dollar on food. It was summer, so I slept on a bench on the Common, and in the morning went to the bay to wash myself. I felt independent of all the cares and troubles of civilisation. But I had nothing with which to buy myself a breakfast. I grew hungry, and toward evening so exceeding hungry that I entered a restaurant and ordered dinner, without any clear idea how I was to pay for it, except by leaving my coat in pledge. In those days Boston restaurants were mostly in cellars, and there was a bar near the door, where the proprietor sat to receive payment. As I ate my dinner, I observed that all the waiters, who were Irishmen, were continually staring at me, and evidently speaking of me to each other. A guilty conscience made me think that this was because I had an impecunious look, and that they were discussing whether my clothes would cover my bill. At last one of them approached me and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir; are you the patriot Meagher?' Now this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States. It was my business to look after 'patriots,' so I put my finger before my lips, and said, 'Hush!' while I cast up my eyes to the ceiling, as though I saw a vision of Erin

beckoning to me. It was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things, I approached the bar, and asked boldly for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said, 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake you by the hand.' I allowed him. I further allowed all the waiters to shake hands with me, and stalked forth with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescendingly dismal air, which I have seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again I slept on the Common, again I washed in the bay. Then I went to the post-office, found a letter for me from Washington with some money in it, and breakfasted."

On leaving the United States, the young diplomat was ordered successively to St. Petersburg, Munich, Frankfort, Stockholm, Florence, and finally to Constantinople. Wherever his post might be, that, it seems, was the last place at which to find him. Once he received notice that he had been promoted to be first secretary of legation at the republic of Paraná. He did not go thither; for, unknown to the Foreign Office, the republic in question had ceased to exist. At the end of six months he was indignantly asked by Lord Russell why he was not at Paraná. Labouchere replied that he had imagined that he had been appointed a secretary *in partibus infidelium* on account of his exemplary services, and that he might enjoy the salary in Europe. The official reply was a command to start at once. Labouchere asked "whither," whereupon the Government discovered that the republic to which they had appointed him had collapsed some ten months before. He was ordered to go to St. Petersburg. Six months afterwards he was heard of at Homburg. Lord Russell was once more very indignant. Labouchere replied that his means were small, but his zeal great, and that as neither his purse nor the Government liberality

ran to the cost of trains, he was walking to Russia, and hoped to reach St. Petersburg in the course of the year. The scapegrace who worried the dons at Cambridge, it will be seen, led the Government a dance during his employment in the diplomatic service. There is a certain air of mischief to-day in his journalistic exploits, but he has brought to his work, as a writer and an editor, an amount of worldly experience and knowledge which serves him well and enriches his chatty criticisms of men and things with a variety of wayside illustration and incident which is the secret of his popular style. For example, when Khalil Pasha was recalled from being ambassador in Paris because he had been posted at a club for 40,000 francs which he had lost at *écarté*, Labouchere bubbled over with sympathy for him in *Truth*, and related how Khalil had begun life with £50,000 a year, but having his (Labouchere's) passion for gambling, had frittered most of it away. When he was Turkish ambassador at St. Petersburg, he lost several million francs at whist to the Russians about the Court, which he paid like a gentleman. "He once saved me," said Labouchere, "from a heavy loss, and that is why I take an interest in him. He, a Russian, and I sat down one evening to have a quiet rubber. The Russians have a hideous device of playing with what they call a zero; that is to say, a zero is added to all winnings and losses, so that 10 stands for 1000, &c. When Khalil and the Russian had won their dummies, I found to my horror that with the zero I had lost about £4000. Then it came to my turn to take dummy. I had won a game, and my opponents had won a game, and we were playing for the odd trick in the last game. If I failed to win it, I should lose about £8000. Only two cards remained in hand. I had marked up six tricks, and my opponents five. Khalil had the lead; he had the best trump and a thirteenth card. The only other trump was in the hands of the dummy. He had therefore only to play his trump and

then the thirteenth card to win the rubber, when he let drop the latter card, for his fingers were of a very 'thumby' description. Before he could take it up I pushed the dummy's trump on it, and claimed the trick. The Russian howled, Khalil howled; they said that this was very sharp practice. I replied that whist is essentially a game of sharp practice, and that I was acting in accordance with the rules. The lookers-on were appealed to, and, of course, gave it in my favour. Thus did I make, or rather save, £8000, against Russia and Turkey in alliance, through the fault of the Turk; and it seems to me that the poor Ottoman, now that he is at war (1877) with his ally of the card-table, is losing the game much as Khalil lost his game of whist to me. To have good cards is one thing, to know how to make use of them quite another thing."

In 1864, Mr. Labouchere contested the honour of representing the royal borough of Windsor in Parliament. He got in, but was rejected, on petition, for hiring too many committee-rooms. In those days the judges had no jurisdiction over election inquiries, and there was supposed to be a broader margin allowed than there is now in the matter of expenses. A committee of the House of Commons tried the cases. The Windsor tribunal found that no bribery had taken place, which did not prove them to be over intelligent investigators; for it was pretty well understood in the borough that a good deal of money had been unduly expended. There is a story told of how Mr. Labouchere eluded the examination of the opposing counsel upon the question of his expenditure. Asked whether he had directly or indirectly paid money for corrupt purposes, he replied that he had not. While the committee were consulting as to their judgment, Labouchere, in his quiet cynical fashion, observed to the counsel that he should have pushed his question as to expenditure. "Why?" said the learned counsel. "You asked me if I had paid money," said Labouchere. "Being obliged to answer strictly on oath, I was

compelled to say I had not, as I wished to be quite correct." "How do you mean?" asked the embarrassed counsel. "You asked if I had given money. No; I had given bonds to be sold, and not being a legal tender, they were not money." After his defeat he went once more abroad, travelling in Italy and other parts of Europe, and living for some time at Nice. He occasionally wrote letters for *The Daily News*, of which he had become part proprietor. He was in Paris during the siege. A correspondent of *The News* wanted to go home, had a wife and family in London, and other excuses for leaving. Labouchere offered to stay in his stead, and to this fortunate circumstance the public is indebted for one of the raciest and most realistic accounts of the siege of Paris from a resident's point of view that has yet been published. The "Diary of a Besieged Resident in Paris," published by Macmillan, still realises to the reader, better than any of the histories, the condition of Paris, its heroism, cowardice, frivolity, devotion, self-denial, and suffering during its investment and up to its final capitulation. The letters appeared in *The Daily News*, and with the graphic work of Mr. Forbes, lifted the paper from a losing property into the haven of fame and prosperity. "How did you get your letters to London with a marked regularity that surprised everybody?" I asked the "besieged resident" one day. "Jules Favre," replied Labouchere, "kindly told the correspondents that if they gave letters to the balloon man, he would take special care of them. I guessed that the care would be special, so I used to give dummies to the Government messenger, and slip my letters into the post, addressed to a lady, who used to take them to *The Daily News* office. There was no time to overhaul all the private letters that went out, and mine, not being open to the distinction of journalistic correspondence, got through all right."

When *The World* was started, Mr. Labouchere wrote its City articles. His first success in this new position was one that he

would probably relate to you with a chuckle if you were on sufficiently familiar terms to ask him questions. It was in this way. He learned on good authority that the chiefs of *The Times* had resolved to force Mr. Sampson, their City editor, to resign his position. Labouchere at once denounced him in *The World*, and ordered *The Times* to dismiss him. He called upon *The Times* not to delay this performance of duty, but to get rid of Sampson at once. The resignation of Sampson following quickly on *The World's* authoritative strictures and arrogant demands, impressed the city and the general public, and considerably enhanced the paper's reputation. Then followed *The World's* campaign against the money-lenders. One of the persons attacked brought a criminal prosecution against *The World*, but the case was dismissed. It was at this time that *The World* became a profitable institution. Having "an eye to business," Labouchere withdrew from *The World* and started *Truth*. The paper paid from the first. It was bright, personal, and, one might add with fairness, impertinent. The gossip was fresh, careless, well-informed, and fearless. Society is cruel. It enjoys the misfortunes of its neighbours. People bought *Truth* with a desire to see who was "going to get it next," who or what institutions would be marked down for exposure. City men who were shaky trembled, snobs who were chary of their supposed dignity opened the paper with nervous fingers. Labouchere hit out right and left, sometimes fairly, sometimes unfairly, but always cleverly, always with skill, always with courage. He was threatened openly and privately with physical punishment, but his pen never wavered, and he dipped it the deeper into gall the more he was opposed.

It is not the province of the present writer to discuss the *morale* of what may be called personal journalism; he only knows that those who profess to condemn it are frequently its most constant readers. *Truth* has had to fight several formidable

libel suits, but as a rule it has come out of court with flying colours, the Robertson and Lambri suits being, in their way, celebrated cases. Just prior to the last general election a deputation from Northampton waited upon Mr. Labouchere and asked him to stand in the Liberal interest for that borough. He went down and fought the borough side by side with Mr. Bradlaugh, and was returned with that other candidate. Mr. Labouchere sits below the gangway among the ultra-Radicals. He is a firebrand among the firebrands, but there is a certain educational polish in his style and manner when addressing the House that wins for him always a respectful and ready attention. His defence of his colleague Bradlaugh, when the junior member for Northampton was excluded from the House, was characterised by great moderation and discretion; and whatever his views may be in regard to Mr. Bradlaugh's theology and unwholesome "philosophy," he carefully avoided any expression of opinion in regard to them.

Incidental to his other ventures and adventures, the honourable member for Northampton has had interesting theatrical experiences. He owned the Queen's Theatre. Sometimes he let it, and sometimes brought out plays himself. He generally lost by them, but now and then had a success. Occasionally in the midst of the preparations for a new production he would go abroad. When particularly wanted by the management, he could not be found. The work went on, however, all the same, and so did the loss. Once he was advised to cram the house for a week with "orders" so that nobody could get in. The traditional "Full" was posted at all the entrances. He did this on condition that after a week everybody should be compelled to pay. When the second week came, the house was empty. Then the actors complained. They could not act to empty benches. "Why don't you draw?" was Labouchere's reply to their grievance. "Draw!—confound it! Why don't you draw?" He announced

Shakspearean revivals, proposing to produce one new play of the bard's in splendid style every year. Notices were put up at all the entrances, inviting the audiences to vote on the piece. For a long time he worked up quite an excitement by posting up the results of the voting. "This was a capital idea; it increased the number who paid at the doors immensely." Nevertheless, the Queen's did not prove a financial success, and it has lately been converted into a co-operative store.

IV.

The name of Mr. Grenville-Murray has been mentioned in connection with the early days of *The World.* It might be associated with clever work on many other English as well as French journals. The free lance *par excellence* of journalism was laid to rest early during the last days of 1881. A French *littérateur* called upon me one day to propose arrangements for the publication of *Journalistic London* in France. "I have only one suggestion to make," he said in regard to the matter, "and that is some extended reference to Mr. Grenville-Murray." The next day the Anglo-French journalist died, and the justice which he had not received in these papers was awarded to him in obituary memoirs on both sides of the Channel, and also in the United States. Mr. Murray was a prolific writer, and a restless and busy man. Had he desired popularity, he had the ability to command it; but he appeared to seek rather to ostracise himself from Society than to court its good opinion; and he invariably wrote as though he cherished a bitter spite against English officialism and the ruling powers. Mr. Labouchere, in an "Anecdotal Photograph" in *Truth*, relates Mr. Murray's connection with diplomacy, and reveals some of the causes of Mr. Murray's evident bias against English ministers, though the more than kind treatment which he received at the hands of

Lord Palmerston might, in a more genial nature, have covered the multitude of sins which he conceived were afterwards committed against him.

According to *Truth's* story of its contributor's career (Murray wrote many of *Truth's* "Queer Stories," and contributed similar matter to *Pan* until its death) Mr. Murray "attracted the attention of Lord Palmerston when a mere lad," and his connection with diplomacy was the work of that famous minister. He sent Murray as attaché to Vienna, with a private understanding that he might act as correspondent of *The Morning Post*, which was then a Palmerstonian organ. This was carefully concealed from Lord Westmoreland, the English ambassador. Murray sent his letters to London in the Foreign Office bag. The editor of *The Post* had changed his residence. The epistles were opened, and returned as "dead letters" to the Embassy. Lord Westmoreland read them, and indignantly reported the attaché to Lord Palmerston. But Murray was not dismissed, and he earned the hatred of Lord Westmoreland, as he did later of Sir Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople. Transferred to that capital, he was ordered to replace the Vice-Consul at Mitylene, where he remained for a year.

"He employed his time in writing the "Roving Englishman," which first appeared in the columns of *Household Words*, then in the first flush of its success under the editorship of Charles Dickens. For graphic description and biting sarcasm these sketches have never been excelled. They made Murray's name known in the literary world, for, although published anonymously, the name of their author was an open secret. The rage of Sir Stratford at seeing himself held up by one of his own attachés to European ridicule as Sir Hector Stubble may better be imagined than described. But what could he do? The sketch had appeared in *Household Words*, and although Murray took care that he should not be in ignorance of the writer's name, the great Eltché could not adduce one iota of proof. "He shall rot in Mitylene," he went about grumbling, and in order to revenge his lacerated feelings, he treated the attachés and secretaries that were about him rather worse than dogs. Ambassadors propose and the Foreign Office disposes. A dispatch was received at Constantinople, informing Sir Stratford that the vacant Vice-

Consulate at Mitylene had been filled up, and that Mr. Murray would return to fulfil his official duties at the Embassy. This was soon followed by the bland attaché reappearing and reporting his arrival to his Excellency. He was at once sent home with dispatches. Having delivered them, again he returned. Again he was ordered home with dispatches. "Tell him," said the frantic Eltché, "that there is a fever raging in the Principalities. If he comes back again, I will keep him there until the fever delivers me of him." When Murray reported this at the Foreign Office, it was thought that if he and Sir Hector Stubble remained tied to each other by official bonds, either Sir Hector would murder him, or would himself die of rage, and as neither of these alternatives seemed desirable, Murray was transferred to the legation at Teheran. Before, however, starting for his new post, he received the appointment of Consul-General at Odessa. There he remained for ten years, and it may be said that he waged a ten-years' war against the English residents, the bone of contention being certain fees, which he claimed as his right, and which the residents said that they ought not to pay. For ten years the residents and he indited letters and dispatches to the Foreign Office, and for ten years he held his ground against them. Finally, Lord Derby, who had become Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, decided the issue in favour of the residents, on which Murray, shaking the official dust from his shoes, ceased to give his services to his country, and on his return to England re-entered the profession of journalism."

He appeared at head-quarters, and started *The Queen's Messenger*. It was satirical, personal, unfair, and disloyal. In a short time Mr. Murray involved himself in a dispute with Lord Carington, which culminated in a police court prosecution, the result of which is thus chronicled by the previously quoted writer in *Truth*, than whom no one knew the subject better :—

"Mr. Murray, in a series of sketches of politicians of a former day, had dealt severely with Lord Carington's father, the friend and banker of Mr. Pitt. This his son resented. Both the disputants were, to a certain extent, wrong, and to a certain extent right. Mr. Murray pleaded that the first Lord Carington had become an historical personage, and that all connected with his career was open to historical research ; Lord Carington pleaded that the memory of his father was dear to him, and that he could not allow it to be assailed with impunity. After the hearing of the case at Bow-street, Mr. Murray withdrew to Paris, where he resided until his death. His life in Paris was quiet and uneventful. Most of his time was occupied in writing.

He lived with his family, and was not very accessible to acquaintances. He had married a lady with a Spanish title, by which he himself became possessed of the title, and was known as the Comte de Rethel d'Aragon. When in the humour, he was a brilliant conversationalist—humorous, caustic, and full of anecdote. In person, he was slim, and rather below medium height, with well-cut features, exceedingly bright eyes, and with a face that lighted up when he was animated ; but few of those who may have seen him in an old felt hat and a still older shooting-jacket, strolling along the Boulevards or in the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, would have imagined that they were in the presence of the ablest journalist of the century."

Though journalists and the critical public will disagree with this judgment, nobody will question the writing ability of Mr. Grenville-Murray ; but this is not the only qualification that goes to the making of a great journalist. Mr. Murray had a light and bracing style, and was a rare example of industry. Novelist, essayist, leader-writer, gossip, he contributed to every department of the current literature of his time. He wrote several books under the *nom de plume* of "Trois Etoiles." His "Member for Paris" is eminently entertaining, as his general work invariably was when free from personal animosity and spite. "Young Brown," which originally appeared in *The Cornhill*, was, it is said, "bought up" on the Continent by Prince Bismarck. A transatlantic critic says of it, "The duke from whom the author got his name of Grenville was ruined by his own and his ancestors' extravagance, and the sale of his effects at his magnificent seat, Stowe, created an extraordinary interest at the time. In 'Young Brown,' the situation of the duke, penniless amid his magnificence, is finely and forcibly described." Touching this said duke the writer (one of the literary authors of the "nonpareil editorials" in *The New York Times*) says, "Whoever Mr. Grenville-Murray's ostensible father may have been, he was generally regarded as a son of the late Duke of Buckingham, whom he has graphically delineated in 'Young Brown,' a book

republished here and extensively read. His father's interest early secured him a position under the Foreign Office, but his own waywardness, perversity, and want of principle led to his being ultimately compelled to quit the service, and his main object then became vengeance on all those whom he believed to have been in anywise connected with his expulsion. He published with this end an exceedingly scurrilous paper, which involved him in difficulties and led to his compulsory residence for the rest of his days out of England." This is the American view of the blank which appears in most of the English obituary notices as touching his parentage; though Mr. Murray himself would hardly have approved of this squeamishness, more especially when so many great family names flourish, in honour and dignity, in spite of the bar sinister. So far as intellectuality goes, those who argue strongly in favour of the hereditary inheritance of ability, may possibly see an example of the truth of their theory in the capacity of Mr. Murray, of whom it may be said that under favouring circumstances (had he not wittingly or unwittingly raised the ire of Lord Westmoreland, or had not his first letters to *The Morning Post* gone astray) he might have established for himself a worthy and comfortable fame both in diplomacy and in journalism. Judging from the description of the restfulness and repose of his last days he was perfectly content with his position. He had many admirers and a few devoted friends; and his death was regarded as a calamity by many an editor, French and English, accustomed to the regular supply of his contributions, which, whatever their other merits or demerits, were always readable and never dull.

VI.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH AND EDWIN ARNOLD.

A Holiday that led to Serious Work—"Leader-writer Wanted"—Mr. Arnold and the Eastern Question—Discussions with the Premier—"Theodore the King"—Mr. Arnold's Literary Labours—The Expeditions to Assyria and Africa—"The Light of Asia"—Mr. Arnold's Reputation in America—The Order of the White Elephant—The Iliad of India—Mr. Arnold at Home—Anonymous Journalism from Different Points of View—Critics and Criticism—A Word of Advice to Beginners in Literature.

I.

ONE summer day, some twenty years ago, a young author and his wife were enjoying a fishing excursion on the river Dart. A friend had sent them a copy of *The Athenæum* containing a review of the author's first translation from the Indian classics. Turning over the pages of the critical journal, his eye fell upon an advertisement which announced that a leader-writer was required for a new daily newspaper. The character of the journalistic enterprise was hinted at, and the political principles of the services of the gentleman who was wanted were clearly defined. "That is the very position I should like," said the young Anglo-Indian to his wife; "the idea is new, the cheap press is a splendid and important experiment, the object one with which I heartily sympathise. I think I will write about it." And so the young couple sauntered home amidst scenes of sunshine utterly in contrast with the surroundings of a Fleet Street printing-office.

He was no inexperienced scholar, no mere seeker after employment, the young author who had accidently stumbled upon his destiny on that summer day by the sea. Educated at the King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, he had won a scholarship at University College, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on "The Feast of Belshazzar," and in the year following he was selected to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. He graduated in honours in 1854. On quitting college he was elected second master of King Edward the Sixth's School, a famous midland counties educational institution at Birmingham. He resigned this position for the appointment of Principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona, in the Bombay Presidency, with a fellowship of the University of Bombay, which offices he still held when the words "Leader-writer Wanted" attracted his attention. He was taking a vacation in his native country. In 1861 the young Sanskrit Principal bade farewell to Poona. He had accepted the appointment on the editorial staff which he and his wife had discussed in a vague kind of way that very year off Portsmouth. The paper in question was *The Daily Telegraph;* the volunteer for journalistic work was Mr. Edwin Arnold, perhaps the most unselfish enthusiast that ever attached himself to politics and the press.

II.

Although in many respects Oriental in his tastes, Edwin Arnold may be regarded as a typical Englishman. He has never allowed his literary labours to overcome his love of out-door life. A master of field-sports, he has a thorough knowledge of horses, dogs, and guns, and is particularly fond of yatching. Few men living have a more thorough acquaintance

with Indian affairs. The first editorial he ever wrote in *The Telegraph* was on the British Empire in the East. Since that time he has written upwards of six thousand leading articles. During the two years and a half of the Eastern Question which is stained with the blood of the great war between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Arnold wrote between four and five hundred consecutive articles—leaders that were looked for with interest and anxiety by all classes of the people, the more so that *The Telegraph* found itself at variance, on foreign politics, with the party it had hitherto supported decisively, and in favour of the maintenance of British prestige and power in the East. Edwin Arnold did this great work at white heat, his "editorials" being usually written at the last moment, on the very latest points of the controversy. It is not too much to say for the influence of *The Daily Telegraph* at this time that it was an important agency in sustaining the Beaconsfield Government in office. Mr. Edward Levy Lawson, who had a proprietor's control of the policy of the paper, entered heart and soul into its action in regard to the national policy of the time, and is entitled to the highest consideration for his patriotic self-denial. Holding large proprietary rights in *The Telegraph*, he ran great financial risks in taking up arms against the Gladstonian succession, which his paper had hitherto supported. But in direct sympathy with Mr. Joseph Cowen, of *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Leng, of *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, his policy was first English, and then political; first for the empire, and then for the party. And so this great journal, strongly Radical in home and domestic politics, became Conservative in regard to the duty of holding the empire, which is a legacy from England's heroic travellers, statesmen and soldiers. There must be a good deal that is worthy in a cause which attracts to it, from the very centre of the Radical faith, such journalists as Cowen, Leng and Arnold. It is pleasant to hear the great leader-

writer of *The Telegraph* speak of his proprietor and colleague Lawson, whose political tact and wisdom have proved of incalculable benefit in the guidance and administration of the establishment, both in regard to its editorial and its mechanical and commercial management. It has been said out-of-doors that there is a bitter personal feud between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Arnold. There is not. The Premier amicably discussed with him and Mr. Lawson the Eastern policy of Beaconsfield in a long interview at the office. They differed in the friendliest manner. After a long interview they parted, the Liberal chief to follow one political path, the journalist another. Each expressed honest regret at their divergence of views, but there was no rancour in their political leave-taking. Friendly then, they are friendly now, though separated in a matter of public policy by a wide and deep gulf. Mr. Gladstone's portrait and bust adorn the editorial sanctum in Fleet Street, while Mr. Arnold only speaks of the brilliant Premier with respect and honour, but at the same time with regret at Mr. Gladstone's imperfect knowledge of the East.

When Mr. Arnold gave up India he accepted the tradition of the anonymous, which is the weakness and the strength of English journalism—a bad thing for the writer, a good thing for the newspaper. He effaced himself, as it were, and not for considerations of money, but out of a real love for the work, and an earnest desire to be practically useful in his generation—to advance the interest of a great cause, to exercise an influence in the work of popular education, to instruct the people, to make the world better than he found it, and, if possible, to inculcate gentler manners, higher beliefs, happier ideas of life. This was the sort of inspiration that, no doubt, stirred him on that long past summer day's vacation, and I have never met in our grand profession of journalism one who has a more earnest or exalted conception of the duties, privileges, responsibilities and power

which belong to the conduct and administration of a great daily newspaper. Coupled with this is a singular modesty. Mr. Arnold, like George Eliot, has never been photographed, and his biography has never been written. A few facts and dates, landmarks in his career, appear in "Men of the Time." The present necessarily brief sketch of him is the only important tribute to his genius in current literature, outside the reviews of his books and the splendid acknowledgment of his learned muse by America. In 1868, I remember, when I wanted a characteristic contribution for *The Gentleman's Magazine* upon the victorious trophies, *spolia opima*, of his late Majesty King Theodore of Abyssinia, I obtained it from Mr. Edwin Arnold. How the eloquent writer began his paper I am reminded to-day when I have the pleasure of talking with him about the work of journalism. "*Annulus ille Cannarum vindex!*" was his text. How brilliantly and impressively he moralised upon it, gazing upon the Kensington show-case, is not to be forgotten. "Theodore the King" is one of the literary gems, in some twelve volumes of the popularised *Gentleman's*, upon which I look with the pride of one who successfully adapts to a new order of things the best parts of an old and decaying institution.

"I should like to mention one thing," said Mr. Arnold to me the other day, during an interview I had with him in his cosy but unpretentious room at *The Daily Telegraph* office—"the value of a classical as well as a general training for editorial work. I have found immense advantage arising from my academical studies. Greek and Latin have been of infinite service to me in the commonest work of a cheap press. I think it impossible for a newspaper man to be too widely read and trained."

"How many dead and living languages do you speak or read?" I asked.

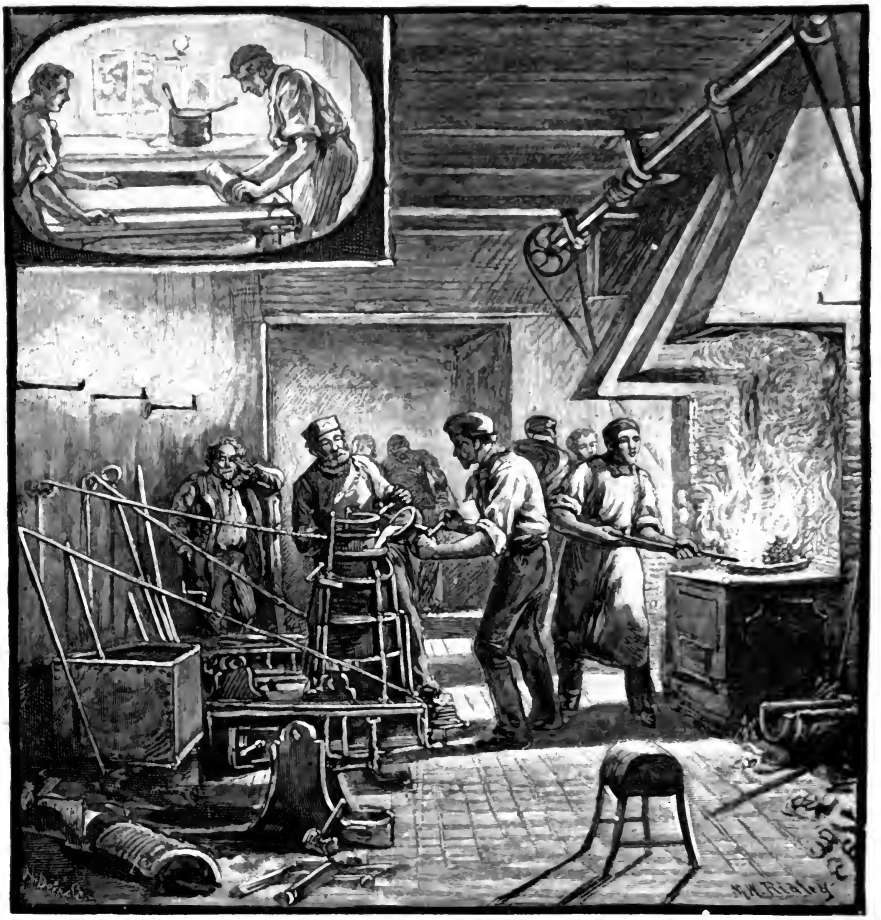
"Ten," he said; and then going back to the theme he had

started, he added: "No knowledge is wasted in journalism; sooner or later everything you know or have seen, every experience of life, every bit of practical knowledge, is valuable. You spoke just now of Mr. Edward Lawson. He is one of the most naturally capable and quick-thoughted men I know. It is probably from his father that he inherits that instinctive sense of public sentiment and opinion, of national feeling, which is a rare quality, and important as rare, in the conduct of a newspaper. Just now you were speaking of the relationship of a newspaper staff, the one to the other; I may tell you that in this office we live together more like close friends than mere comrades; we always meet on a familiar and hearty footing; it is impossible to imagine more comfortable relations."

This had struck me before, and it is apparent in every department of the establishment. The personal features of "Journalistic London" crowd too much upon one's attention to leave room for technical essays. It must be sufficient in this respect to say that the mechanical appointments of *The Daily Telegraph* office are of the completest kind. The paper is printed on ten Hoe's machines, which turn out an average of 120,000 copies per hour, this number having been increased by a new patent roller composition that does away with frequent "cleaning up," retains its "face," and is not influenced by heat or cold. Similar to *The Times*, and indeed all the other papers, are the arrangements for setting the type, casting it into semicircular forms, and machining it. Though the stereotyping foundry is a far less imposing apartment than the composing and machine rooms, it offers interesting features for pictorial illustration.

The Telegraph has new and magnificent offices on the north side of Fleet Street, and its advertising signposts point to that locality from nearly every street and turnpike in the United Kingdom. The total cost of the new building has been something like £100,000, including the value of new ground,

temporary offices, &c. The editorial rooms are of extensive dimensions, the editor's sanctum including a fine library



'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH' STEREOTYPING-ROOM

surrounded by a gallery. All the rooms are connected by pneumatic tubes, through which "copy" and "proofs" are driven between the editor's, sub-editor's, and printer's depart-

ments, thereby abolishing to a large extent that constant source of delay and annoyance—the "printer's devil."

The record of Mr. Arnold's literary labours is an eminently distinguished one. He is the author of "Griselda, a Drama;" "Poems, Lyrical and Narrative;" "The Euterpe of Herodotus" (a translation from the Greek text, with notes); "The Hitopades'a" (with vocabulary in Sanskrit, English and Mahratti); and a metrical translation of the classical Sanskrit, under the title of "The Book of Good Counsels;" "The Poets of Greece;" the "Indian Song of Songs;" and "The Light of Asia." In addition to these and other poetical works, he has written a book on "The Education of India," and "The History of the Administration of India under the late Marquis Dalhousie (1862-64)," in two volumes. In regard to the latter work, it has been said that the author had a quarrel or misunderstanding with Lord Lawrence. This is not so. On the contrary, he had the co-operation of his lordship in the entire work. Many of the notes are, indeed, Lord Lawrence's own, and he helped the author with much information, and to the last was on most friendly terms with him.

One day Mr. Lawson said to Edwin Arnold, "What shall we do—something new?" "How much will you spend?" asked Arnold. "Anything you like." "Very well," said Arnold; "send out and discover the beginnings of the Bible." This was the origin of Mr. Smith's expedition to Assyria, which Mr. Arnold arranged, and for the results of which he was publicly thanked by the trustees of the British Museum. A similar characteristic inquiry, "What again shall we do?" led to the Stanley expedition, in conjunction with *The New York Herald*, to Africa in search of Livingstone, and for the completion of his work. These and other equally notable services might well help to earn for Mr. Arnold the distinction of "Companion of the Star of India," which he was named on the

proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India, January 1, 1877. In 1879 he was elected a resident member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. His other distinctions include a second class of the imperial order of the Medjidie, honorary member of the Société de Géographie, Marseilles, and recently the order of the White Elephant of Siam, which remains for further mention. "The Light of Asia," published in 1878, met with a reception of general praise from the English critics, but in America it enjoyed an immediate popularity which no modern poem has obtained in England, and few in the United States. A noble poetic interpretation of a lovely life, and a great philosophic reformer, "The Light of Asia" is a work which will keep for its author a high place in the foremost rank of modern English poets. It rapidly went into six editions in the United States, and has sold 70,000 copies. To the American edition of his "Indian Song of Songs" the publishers append the following extract from a letter written to them by Mr. Arnold, February 16, 1880, in which he says: "Nothing could have given me profounder pleasure than the favour shown me thus by the transatlantic English, and I hope some day to make suitable acknowledgment of the immense distinction conferred on me by your public." Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation stands as high with the English as with the Americans, has written as follows of "The Light of Asia" in *The International Review:* "It is a work of great beauty. It tells a story of intense interest, which never flags for a moment. Its descriptions are drawn by the hand of a master, with the eye of a poet, and the familiarity of an expert with the objects described. Its tone is so lofty that there is nothing with which to compare it but the New Testament. It is full of variety, now picturesque, now pathetic, now rising to the noblest realms of thought and aspiration. It finds language penetrating, fluent, elevated, impassioned, musical always, to

clothe its varied thoughts and sentiments." Perhaps, however, the highest compliment Mr. Arnold has received is from the King of Siam, who may be styled "the Defender of the Faith" of Buddhism. His Majesty has read the book through with critical care and delight. It is the first English poem he has read, though he has a fair knowledge of our prose literature, many examples of which he has translated into Siamese. He has sent Mr. Arnold, in recognition of his splendid interpretation of the gentle, humane, and noble spirit of Buddhism, the first class of the exalted order of the White Elephant, with an autograph letter in English, of which the following is a copy:—

"GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK, *December* 5, 1879.

"SIR,—My father devoted much time to the study and defence of his religion, and although I, being called to the throne while young, had no time to become a scholar like him, I, too, have interested myself in the study of the sacred books, and take a great interest in defending our religion, and having it properly understood. It seems to me that if Europeans believe the missionary preaching that ours is a foolish and bad religion, they must also believe that we are a foolish and bad people. I therefore feel much gratitude to those who, like yourself, teach Europeans to hold our religion in respect. I thank you for the copy of your poem, 'The Light of Asia,' presented to me through my Minister in London. I am not a sufficiently good scholar to judge English poetry, but as your book is based upon the similar source of our own information, I can read it through with very much pleasure, and I can say that your poem, 'The Light of Asia,' is the most eloquent defence of Buddhism that has yet appeared, and is full of beautiful poetry; but I like Book II. very much, and am very much interested in the final sermon. I have no doubt that our learned men would argue with you for hours or for years, as even I can see that some of your ideas are not quite the same as ours; but I think that in showing 'love' to have been the eminent characteristic of the Lord Buddha and Karma, in Siamese Kam, the result of the inevitable law of Dharma, the principles of existence, you have taught Buddhism, and I may thank you for having made a European Buddhist speak beautifully in the most wide-spread language in the world.

"To mark my good opinion of your good feeling towards Eastern peoples, and my appreciation of your high ability and the service you have done to all Buddhists by this defence of their religion, I have much satisfaction in

FACSIMILE OF DIPLOMA APPOINTING MR. EDWIN ARNOLD AN OFFICER OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

appointing you an officer of our most exalted order of the White Elephant, of which you will soon hear further from Mr. D. K. Mason, my Consul-General in London.

"I am yours faithfully,

"(Manu Regia) CHULALONKORN, King.

"*To Edwin Arnold, Esq., C.S.I., &c.*"

The diploma is engrossed on parchment in black, red and gold, and the following is a translation of this curious and interesting document:—

"Somdelch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalonkorn, Phra Chula Chom Klao, King of Siam, fifth sovereign of the present dynasty, which founded and established its rule at Katana Kosindr Mahindr Ayuddhya, Bangkok, the capital city of Siam, both northern and southern and its dependencies, suzerain of the Laos and Malays and Koreans, &c., &c.—To all and singular to whom these presents shall come. Know ye, we deem it right and fitting that Edwin Arnold, Esquire, author of 'The Light of Asia,' should be appointed an officer of the most exalted order of the White Elephant, to his honour thenceforth. May the Power which is most highest in the universe keep and guard him, and grant him happiness and prosperity! Given at our palace Parama Raja Sthit Maholarm, on Tuesday, the 11th waning of the lunar month Migusira, the first month from the cold season of the year Toh Ekasok, 1241 of the Siamese era, corresponding to the European date 9th of December, 1879, of the Christian era, being the 4046th day or 12th year of our reign.

"(Manu Regia) CHULALONKORN, R. S."

The International Review for January, 1881, contains the first fruits of a stupendous work, the inspiration of which possesses Mr. Arnold at the present time, and which has occupied his thoughts for years. Like Mr. Gladstone in this respect, what would be a great labour to most men is to him a great relaxation. He has discovered, under peculiar circumstances, the Mahá-Bhárata, which is the Iliad of India, in which are enshrined "the stories, songs, and ballads; the history and genealogies; the nursery tales and religious discourses; the art, the learning, the philosophy; the creeds, the moralities, the modes of thought; the very phrases, sayings, forms of expression, and daily ideas of the Hindoo people." What the

Old Testament is to the Jewish race, the New Testament to the civilisation of Christendom, the Koran to Islam, so are the two Sanskrit poems to that unchangeable and teeming population which her Majesty Queen Victoria rules as Empress of India. Their children and their wives are named out of them; so are their cities, temples, streets and cattle. They have constituted the library, the newspaper, and the Bible, generation after generation, to the countless millions of the Indian people. It replaces patriotism within that race, and stands instead of nationality, to possess these two precious and inexhaustible books, and to drink from them as from mighty and overflowing rivers. The value ascribed in Hindostan to these remarkable epics has transcended all literary standards established in the West. They are personified, worshipped, and cited from as something divine. Mr. Arnold has given an example of the Mahá-Bhárata in stirring blank verse, which, as in "The Light of Asia," demonstrates alike the power of the poet and the learning of the scholar.

It is an Oriental education to converse with Edwin Arnold on Eastern subjects; and as he comes out of his world of romance to talk of Fleet Street, there is a sympathetic expression of admiration and regret in his voice and manner as he calls to mind, for the information of the present writer, the brilliant men whom the press has absorbed without the world knowing a word about them. Notably he gives as instances Prouse and Purvis, both of whom were counted among the most brilliant of *Telegraph* writers. In spite of Edwin Arnold's serious and responsible labours, this distinguished scholar, journalist and poet looks some years younger than his age. He was born in 1832. Of medium height, and medium figure, he suggests activity both of mind and body. Studious, thoughtful, grayish eyes, his face has an expression of kindly geniality, though it is easy to see that his nature is as sensitive and enthusiastic as it

is gentle and self-denying. He is a man who makes you at home at once. There is no affectation of superior wisdom, no self-consciousness, to hold you in check. He has the pleasant repose of a travelled man, and an easy familiarity of conversation which one meets with, perhaps, more frequently in the United States than in England. By his colleagues he is not so much liked as beloved. His delicate consideration for all around him, his kindness to them in sickness and in trouble, and his uniform sweetness of temper, combined with a quiet firmness, are spoken of by his associates in enthusiastic terms. At home and in his editorial room he usually wears an ordinary gray suit and cap, such as might be donned for a boating excursion, or for a holiday scamper into the country. Mr. Arnold has been twice married, his present wife being a niece of Dr. Channing, of Boston, United States.

III.

I again recall the circumstance that during a recent conversation with Mr. Arnold, his sympathetic nature took in the lot of certain brilliant colleagues who had gone down to the grave, unknown men, under cover of the anonymous press. *The Saturday Review*, in a notice of a recent work which contrasted journalism on both sides of the Atlantic and noted the personal prizes that fall to newspaper men in France, took exception to the author's high estimation of the intellectual power that is used up by the great English journals. One of the author's sins, which offended *The Saturday*, was the terrible crime of quoting himself. It was asked what could be expected of an author who was guilty of such an offence. Nothing I suppose but villainy. Treasons, stratagems and spoils would, no doubt, come naturally to such a knave. In deference to *The Saturday* I am willing to admit all this before I repeat the outrage and sink self-condemned in the judgment of this journalistic

beadle of the universe. "To-day in America" has the following note upon a subject which is of interest to the student of journalism :—

"Mr. Bright, in a speech on the Land Bill, naïvely remarked that he is not a land owner, and therefore he is strongly on the side of the tenant. I am not a capitalist, and my sympathies are strongly with men who live from hand to mouth. In England, capital dominates intellect somewhat unduly. . . . . There is nothing more sad in the history of intellect than the fact that the anonymous press of England has literally ground up, body and soul, some of the brightest and most capable men of the country. Statesmen, philosphers, novelists, poets, whom the world has never heard of, have gone down to their graves poor and unrecorded, broken on the wheel of the daily press. The great leader-writers know this. They know they are effacing themselves under the Juggernaut Car of the Anonymous in the interest of the proprietor.

"In France, it is the writer who keeps the paper, not the paper that keeps the writer. The Americans associate names with journals, so that powerful and popular writers become known there as well as the papers they serve. In England, the great papers absorb the writing power of the time like sponges. Some of the brightest and wisest brains are exhausted in the editorial pages of the daily newspapers, to die and be succeeded by others, without their names ever being known to the public. They have, however, contributed their bricks and mortar to the proprietory edifice of the capitalist, and the more giants that are effaced in the work the firmer is the golden basis of the newspaper-owner's property."

The Saturday joins issue. It contends that "there is very little of the anonymous about the work of good men in the profession," which argues a want of knowledge of the inner working of a great daily newspaper, *The Times* in particular. It declares the journalist to be presumptuous in believing "that his talent is worth more than that of the lawyer, the physicist or the engineer," which is not the question. The paragraph under discussion did not claim for journalists that they are dissatisfied; it was merely the sympathetic statement of a fact; though in a comparison as to the value of journalistic work and its recognition financially and otherwise it would be easy to show that the lawyer, the physicist and the engineer receive far greater

rewards and advantages than the leader-writer on a daily newspaper. "And forsooth," exclaims *The Saturday*, "we are called upon to pity the journalist because he is anonymous." Not at all. He would be the last to claim pity, the first to repudiate it; and I should retire abashed at the notion that I had had the audacity to put myself forward as his champion, though this is the light in which the writer in *The Saturday* is pleased to regard my notes on the differences in the position which journalists occupy in England, America and France. The unnecessary harshness of *The Saturday's* rejoinder supplies another illustration of the curious anomaly of "journalism denouncing journalism," or of "rook eating rook," which largely obtains among a certain class of newspaper writers. This probably arises from the fact that the journalistic ranks are continually recruited from other professions, the small incomes of which are supplemented by contributions to the press; and it is quite natural that some of the gentlemen to whom literature is only a crutch, should resent the notion of regular journalists arrogating any importance to their work or their class. "Journalism of a kind," says *The Saturday* reviewer, "may be taken up by anybody who knows how to spell." He probably knows; for men often put their own experiences into their criticisms of others; but one would hardly have expected *The Saturday* to lend itself to a spirit of detraction in regard to the status of journalists and journalism. It may be that the author of "To-day in America," rather than his premises, provoked the ire of the critic, and if this be so I am sorry, not for myself, but that the merits of an interesting subject should be thereby discounted in an influential journal.

IV.

While I am writing, the mail brings me a cutting, dated December 27, 1881, from *Bradstreet's*, an influential American

journal, referring to a recent address on newspapers by Mr. Dudley Warner, who it seems "dissented from the assertion that the American newspaper is the best in the world." The editor, however, contends that "the American newspaper, like the American government, is the best in the world—for the American people." I mention this matter here chiefly for the sake of the bearing of what follows upon the question of anonymous journalism, and also in order to quote some figures of international interest. "Not long since," says *Bradstreet's*, "a writer in one of the English reviews lamented the melancholy occupation of turning over a newspaper file, and contemplating the vast amount of admirable writing, wit, sagacity and practical common sense imbedded in its pages. He did not, however, refer to the news columns of American newspapers, but to the editorial columns of the great English papers, in which appears nearly every day some essay or leading article worthy of a place among the English classics. It has been said that English journalism is the grave of genius, and it is often a surprise that such a supply of really excellent literary work should be available when those who produce it are fully aware of the ephemeral character of all they write. The newspaper is bought and read and forgotten in an hour; it is gone and we regret it not; or, as Bunthorne would say, the dust of an earthy to-day is the earth of a dusty to-morrow." Thus it will be seen that the fact denied with curious heat by *The Saturday* reviewer is one which is pretty generally accepted; and the question of surprise, interpolated by the American writer, may be answered by the desire of journalists to live, as well as lawyers, physicists and engineers.

The article in question deals with a recent number of the journal of the Statistical Society, "which brings out the fact that however much England is ahead of us in the character of its editorials, it is very far behind in number." It is then shown

that up to the end of 1881 the newspaper and periodical press of the United States numbered 11,418, whereas "the following table shows the number and distribution of newspapers issued in the United Kingdom:

	No.
"Metropolis	549
England	1,098
Wales	65
Scotland	183
Ireland	163
British Isles	18
Total	2,076

"The accompanying table shows the periods of their publication:

	No.
"Daily, morning	88
„ evening	78
Five times a week	12
Three times a week	28
Twice a week	123
Monday	19
Tuesday	61
Wednesday	129
Thursday	144
Friday	528
Saturday	679
Sunday	10
Twice a month	13
Fortnightly	16
Monthly	129
Quarterly	2
Irregular and miscellaneous	17
Total	2,076"

The Press Guide is quoted as calling attention to the fact that two or three days of the week are regarded as days of publication, and also to the large number of monthly newspapers issued in London—the increasing number of trade journals accounting in a great measure for the latter. "The growth of the inde-

pendent newspapers will be a great surprise to many American readers, and is fully set forth below :

	No.
" Liberal	594
Conservative	369
Liberal-Conservative	66
Independent or neutral	1,047
Total	2,076

" We have before shown that there are 572 religious publications in this country.* In the United Kingdom there are but 54 which may be classed as religious. The publishing price of papers is much lower in England, where the penny press predominates, than here, as the following table brings out :

	No.
" Halfpenny	137
One penny	1,161
Three halfpence	87
Twopence	257
Twopence halfpenny	6
Threepence	109
Threepence halfpenny	8
Fourpence	52
Fivepence	19
Sixpence	103
Sevenpence	4
Eightpence	3
Ninepence	2
One shilling	19
One shilling and sixpence	2
Two shillings	5
Gratis	12
Total	1,986 "

Having been led away into an aside excursion from the main track of *The Daily Telegraph*, one may as well close the episode with a reference to press men in England and America from the

* The quotation is from an *American* paper.

article already mentioned, seeing that it illustrates the difference between the two :—

"Judging from an editorial in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of November 23, there is still about the London press something of mystery and concealment that has always characterised the English press, but which is almost unknown in the United States. Says the *Pall Mall Gazette*: 'Many circumstances have combined of late years to destroy the anonymity which was once the characteristic of our press, but enough of the anonymous still lingers to whet the public curiosity to see and to hear the men who in the daily and weekly prints essay to form the judgment and guide the opinions of their fellows. The impersonal and authoritative "we" has lost much of its former force, but still the invisible wielder of the sceptre of the Fourth Estate is a power in the land, and when he is dragged from his cloudy Olympus to take his stand in the witness-box, to be seen and heard of all men, the Court is usually crowded, and the law reports next day command more readers than the most effective leading articles or the most brilliant foreign correspondence."

It is not improbable that the journalistic papers in *Harper's* owed their popularity to this public interest in the institution which so greatly influences the destiny of the nation, and in the men who chiefly wield its power. I would, if I dared, like to present this view to the critics of "Journalistic London" as a sort of lightning-rod protecting the author; and also in the hope that it may stimulate discussion upon the question of anonymous journalism and the desirability of a closer fraternisation than has heretofore existed among "gentlemen of the press."

VII.

ON *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH* STAFF.

History of *The Daily Telegraph*—Mr. Sala and his work—Leader-writers and Special Correspondents—Mr. Kingston—Mr. Edward L. Lawson, Editor-in-Chief—Competing with *The Times*—Stories of News—The Sensation Shipwreck—Twenty-one Tons of Paper used every Day.

I.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH was started by Colonel Sleigh in 1855, under the title of *The Daily Telegraph and Courier*. It had a miserable existence for some time, an infancy cradled in debt and difficulty. One of its principal creditors was Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, a printer in Shoe Lane, and also proprietor of *The Sunday Times*, which is at the present day a thriving and prosperous journal. For some years it was edited by Mr. Henry N. Barnett, preacher at South Place Chapel. In this latter capacity he succeeded Fox, while Mr. Moncure D. Conway has succeeded Barnett. Colonel Sleigh ran up a printing bill at Mr. Levy's office, and borrowed money as well. Finally, as a bad debt, Mr. Levy took over the paper, which was pronounced by the shrewdest newspaper people to be the worst payment he could receive. Mr. George Augustus Sala joined *The Telegraph* about this time. Soon afterwards Mr. Thornton Hunt was appointed chief of the staff. Mr. Edwin Arnold accepted a post as leader-writer. The present Mr. Edward L. Lawson (he took the name of Lawson

by the desire of his uncle, Lionel Lawson, who, at the same time, made a handsome settlement on his two sons) was then completing his apprenticeship in his father's office. The entire Levy family bent their backs to the hard work of dragging *The Telegraph* out of the slough of despond in which Colonel Sleigh had left it. Success crowned their perseverance and energy. They were apt as they were industrious, showing a surprising

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
[Photographed by Elliott and Fry, 55 Baker Street, London.]

capacity for journalistic work, and a certain administrative prescience, which is spoken of among those who thoroughly know the history of *The Telegraph* with great admiration. Mr. George Augustus Sala has done much towards popularising *The Telegraph*. His graphic and industrious pen has produced for it miles of manuscript upon every conceivable subject under the sun. He has written for it in almost all lands, and about almost all countries. With "the wages of an am-

bassador and the treatment of a gentleman," he has travelled for it to and from the uttermost parts of the earth, describing battles, festivals, royal marriages and state funerals; and always describing them with point and brilliancy. In addition to his correspondence, he has held a foremost place among the leader-writers of the paper, and his social articles have helped to give *The Telegraph* an individuality which has greatly contributed to its success. Mr. Sala is so well known, not only as a journalist, but as a writer of books and a public speaker, that it is hardly necessary to do more than mention his connection with *The Telegraph.* A friend and contemporary of Dickens and Thackeray, he is still as busy as ever he was, and his work possesses all the vitality and verve which belong to "Twice Round the Clock," "The Seven Sons of Mammon," and to his early letters from the Continent and from America. If Mr. Sala had not given himself up to journalism, he would have enriched the permanent literature of his country. His "Life of Hogarth," written for Thackeray in *The Cornhill,* is unsurpassed in modern art-biography. But his journalistic life has been of national value. He has hit a good many shams on the head, and he has contributed to the general knowledge a fund of curious and interesting information, which future historians will find as valuable in facts as in suggestions.

Mr. Sala began life as an engraver. His training in that profession has, no doubt, influenced his caligraphy. His manuscript is the delight of printers. It is as clear and legible as the writer's oracular utterances, when called upon to speak at a public dinner, or address a minister in his private room. The gift of oratory is either denied to men of letters as a rule, or they fail as speakers because they do not practise the art of thinking on their legs. But Mr. Sala is not only a delightful conversationalist; he is an orator. Douglas Jerrold, who said so many bright and witty things at table, could say nothing when elevated

a few feet above it. He once broke down ignominiously in response to a toast. Mr. Sala seems to be just as much at home on his legs as at his desk. A year or two ago, when a deputation of literary men and women waited upon Mr. Disraeli to discuss the unsatisfactory condition of the law of copyright, Mr. Sala, at five minutes' notice, delivered an address upon the status of journalism which not only drew forth the warm applause of a critical deputation, but evidently aroused Mr. Disraeli, who had previously sat before the deputation with a cold, expressionless countenance, a mask behind which the owner had possibly retired to think over some question of state policy. It was left to Mr. Sala to bring back the mind belonging to the mask, and the mind looked out of two eloquent eyes, and smiled approvingly.

II.

One of the principal writers on *The Daily Telegraph* is Mr. George Hooper, a competent critic of military affairs, as well as an able political controversialist, who was formerly associated with Mr. George Henry Lewes and other distinguished men on *The Leader*, and was for a time editor of *The Bombay Gazette*. Among other members of the staff of "leader-writers" may also be mentioned Mr. J. Herbert Stack, one of the brightest journalists of his time among the writers of *The Saturday Review*; Mr. David Anderson, a gentleman who has the reputation of being one of the best "all-round" men on the press; the Hon. Francis Lawley, brother of Lord Wenlock, formerly private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, who writes on many themes, but is most noted for his articles on turf and other sporting subjects; and Mr. H. F. Lester (a kinsman of Mr. Arnold), who though very young has already made his mark in journalism, and has written some capital political skits in *Punch*. The City editor is Mr. Alexander Harper, whose authority on financial matters stands

as high as his character for integrity and straightforwardness. Mr. William Beatty Kingston, who was for many years *The Telegraph's* resident correspondent in Berlin, has, since he quarrelled with Prince Bismarck, and withdrew from the German capital, occupied himself chiefly in writing leading articles on foreign and social topics. Many of the capital little stories to be found in what are called the sub-leaders of *The Telegraph* are from his pen. Mr. Kingston is a singularly accomplished man, speaking many foreign languages as fluently as his own tongue, and being, among other things, perhaps the best amateur pianist in Europe. Mr. J. Drew Gay joined *The Telegraph* some ten years ago in a subordinate capacity, but rose rapidly to a prominent position on the staff. He has distinguished himself as a special correspondent in India, Turkey and Canada. Whenever there is work in hand requiring especial daring and enterprise, Mr. Gay is usually the man selected for the task. The Paris correspondence is ably conducted by Mr. Campbell Clarke, a son-in-law of Mr. Levy; and the Vienna wire is "worked" by Mr. Lavino, who is noted for the accuracy of his political "tips."

The editorial organisation of *The Daily Telegraph* is somewhat peculiar, but it is found to work excellently. The supreme editor of the paper is, and has been for at least twenty years, Mr. E. L. Lawson. His ability is not generally known, but those who have been in the habit of working with him bear testimony to the fact that he possesses that very rare gift, the editorial faculty, in a high degree. He is singularly endowed with what is called the journalistic instinct, which has been described as "a sort of genius prompting a man to do exactly the right thing at the right time." While not pretending to the higher attainments of scholarship, Mr. Edward Lawson is a well-educated man, having received his training chiefly at the London University; he has written many able articles in *The Telegraph;* but it is rather in directing the pens of others than by

his own that he is distinguished among his colleagues. Many a leader remarkable for its grasp and vigour is said to have owed its "backbone" to his inspiration. As a young man Edward Lawson acquired a knowledge of newspaper-work down to its minutest details. He was regularly taught the business of type-setting in his father's office. He understands the mechanical branches of journalism as thoroughly as its higher departments. Of late Mr. Lawson has not taken an active part in the editorial direction of *The Telegraph.* In his absence Mr. Edwin Arnold is editor-in-chief, and with him is associated Mr. J. M. Le Sage (formerly special correspondent and news manager of the paper), who takes the supreme command at night, assisted by Mr. E. J. Goodman, whose especial business it is to edit the leading articles for tone and policy, a function formerly discharged in succession by Mr. Thornton Hunt, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Harper and Mr. Hooper. Mr. Le Sage is a thoroughly practical journalist. Since his appointment to his new position some notable feats in the way of obtaining important and exclusive intelligence have been achieved. Mr. E. J. Goodman was trained in the Provinces. His first leading position on the press was in connection with *The Yorkshire Post.* He came to London to write the daily editorial notes for *The Circle*, a venture of Mr. Saunders and a company. The conductors of *The Telegraph* noticed Mr. Goodman's careful work in *The Circle*, and invited him to join their staff, which he did.

III.

Mr. Le Sage tells the following story of "news competition," which will give the general reader an idea of the administrative skill invoked by the difficulties of despatching news. It is easier to write an account of a battle than to send it home. Mr. Sala rarely telegraphed his correspondence. His letters were

always something more than news. "Immediately after the siege of Paris," says the night editor of *The Telegraph*, "I went in, and was there during the Commune. The great thing I wanted to play for was the entry of the Germans. *The Times*, I learned, had a special train to Boulogne to be met by a special steamer for Folkestone, whence a special train was to convey its representative to London. In competition I was slightly handicapped, as *The Telegraph* goes to press earlier than *The Times*. I got a special to Lille. *The Times* correspondent had to forward his dispatches at three in the afternoon, and the grand thing was to get off my news an hour later. It was all-important to know if any disturbance took place, as it was feared that some foolish persons might fire upon the Germans, when there would, no doubt, have been serious trouble. At twelve o'clock in the day I got off news of all the preparations of the Germans for being reviewed. Everything was arranged for the entry, and for the review outside Paris. All this we published at twelve o'clock at night. I got a special at four o'clock from Paris, which reached Lille at 10.30; I was thus enabled to telegraph through-news an hour later, when the Germans had come down the Champs Elysées, and were bivouacking in the Place de la Concord."

Another story of *Telegraph* enterprise is worth relating. One night, very late, a shabby-looking stranger presented himself at the office, saying that he had some very important news. He was taken up to the manager, who asked him what he had to tell. He refused, however, to give any hint as to his information until he had made a bargain on the subject of remuneration. The sum to be paid him having been settled, he then gave particulars of a terrible shipwreck, the news of which afterwards made a great sensation. Before going away, the stranger stipulated that his cab-fare should be paid. "Oh, certainly," said the manager, and he then sent a messenger down to pay the cabman. The driver on being asked what was his fare said,

"Well, I drove the gentleman from the London Docks, and then we went and waited at *The Standard*, and then at *The Daily News*. I want" so much. Thus it leaked out that the news-laden stranger had already been to two of the *Telegraph's* contemporaries and had actually been sent away as an impostor. *The Telegraph* next morning had an exclusive report of a "sensational shipwreck."

The proprietors of *The Telegraph* never spare any expense when important news is to be obtained. But many a piece of valuable information has been secured at much less cost than is generally supposed. One remarkable instance of this may be mentioned. *The Telegraph* once collected details of an intensely interesting public matter (we are not at liberty to indicate its exact nature), and these occupied several columns of its space. It was rumoured that hundreds of pounds had been paid for this intelligence. As a matter of fact the entire extra expense connected with the enterprise was three shillings and sixpence—*i.e.* half a crown for a cab and a shilling for a telegram!

The sub-editors' department is now presided over by Mr. Edward O'Farrell, an able and experienced journalist, formerly connected with the Dublin press. He succeeded in this capacity Mr. John Ellerthorpe, who now has the post of foreign editor.

One of the chief members of the literary staff, as apart from the leading columns, is Mr. Godfrey Wordsworth Turner, who has the reputation among his fellows of writing singularly exact English. His department is what is known as "descriptive reporting," and he is great at shows, exhibitions and social gatherings of all sorts. He is also the author of a large part of the "Book Market," the heading under which *The Telegraph* places its literary reviews. Mr. Turner is occasionally seen in pages outside *The Telegraph* as the author of graceful verse and literary sketches. In point of style Mr. Turner has his equal

in Mr. Joseph Bennett, the musical critic of the paper, and who occasionally writes leaders and descriptive sketches. Many of the papers by "One of the Crowd" are attributed to the pen of Mr. James Greenwood, and the author of the wonderfully graphic sketches of nautical life by "A Seafarer" is Mr. Clark Russell, who wrote the "Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," and is a son of Mr. Henry Russell, author of "To the West," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "The Ship on Fire," and other popular songs. Mr. David Anderson has already been mentioned. It may be added

CLEMENT SCOTT.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

that he is almost as prolific a leader-writer as Mr. Sala himself. He is the author of many of the political and social "editorials." Mr. Anderson, like Sala, began life as an engraver. A miscellaneous writer until three years ago, he contributed to the leading serials and newspapers of the day; but his pen is now almost wholly engaged upon *The Telegraph*, and he invariably writes the first leader in the editoral page.

Mr. Clement Scott, editor of *The Theatre*, is the chief dramatic

critic, and may also be mentioned as one of the general staff of writers on miscellaneous subjects. He contributed to *The Telegraph* that remarkable sketch, "A Ruined Home," which created a sensation throughout England two years ago. It was the true story of a criminal trial of great dramatic interest. A false friend, a ruined girl, a father's vengeance, a happy home destroyed, a brave man wrongfully suffering—these were the incidents. Mr. Scott held the attention of Great Britain for a whole week on this theme, which he treated with eloquent force and dramatic grip. Mr. E. L. Blanchard writes some of the "first night" notices of theatres in *The Telegraph.* Dr. W. H. Russell left *The Times* and joined Mr. Lawson's staff on the outbreak of the Zulu war. "The Coming Man," by Mr. Charles Reade, appeared in *The Telegraph* almost conjointly with its publication in *Harper's Weekly.* The daily circulation of *The Telegraph,* recently certified by public accountants, averages over 260,000. The weight of paper used each morning is twenty-one tons, which, laid out in one long line, would reach two hundred and sixty miles.

VIII.

THE STORY OF *THE STANDARD.*

The Oldest of the Cheap Dailies—Mr. Mudford and his Policy—American News—A Notable Career—A Remarkable Will—*The Standard* Machinery—Thirty-six Thousand Miles of *Standards*—The Editorial and General Staff—History of the Property—Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Johnstone—Character of the late Proprietor—A Hard Battle Well Fought.

I.

THE STANDARD occupies a unique position in London journalism. The oldest of the cheap dailies, it is perhaps the most independent of party papers. Though *The Telegraph* goes with the Conservatives in foreign politics and reflects the Orientalism of its chief and Lord Beaconsfield, it claims to be Liberal in regard to domestic legislation. It is a Radical newspaper, with Tory predilections for the jealous preservation of British imperial power. *The Standard* has always been Conservative. Some years ago its political lines were so simple and distinct that it was hardly necessary to read its comments on the Parliamentary debates or public speeches of the time. You could always tell beforehand what *The Standard* would say. Whatever they did or said, the Liberals would be all wrong, the Conservatives all right. Nothing that was good could come from one party, nothing that was bad from the other. There was a port-wine flavour in the solid rhetoric of its editorial pages, and a sort of tie-wig-

and-buckles aspect about the paper's general appearance. It idealised the frank stupidity of county gentlemen, and represented the cultured opinions of peers of the realm. It was national to the backbone. Seeking its head-quarters, you might have expected to find the royal banner flying over a castellated bureau, and a dragoon officiating as hall porter. Do not let it be presumed that these suggestions are put forward as points for ridicule. It was just that bull-dog element indicated in the character of the old *Standard* that made England feared and respected of her enemies, and it is that substratum of Tory tradition which to-day gives backbone to her constitution. *The Standard,* still national, still loyal to the throne, is in these days animated with the broader views and increased toleration of a new era, which owes much of its education to cheap newspapers. Though still maintaining sympathetic relations with the Conservatives, *The Standard* recognises an allegiance that is above party, namely, its responsibility to the public. Neither the mouth-piece of a minister, nor the mere organ of a government, it is the exponent of Conservative principles, which cover a far wider range of polity than is usually allotted to them. Generally imbued with the conviction that the political platform of Lord Beaconsfield represents the best lines on which to administer English affairs, *The Standard* is against the Liberals, but it has cast off the old shell of Tory intolerance which once retarded its prosperity and neutralised its influence.

The improvement in the tone and character of *The Standard* dates chiefly from the day when the present editor, Mr. Mudford, entered upon autocratic charge of the journal, under the somewhat remarkable will of Mr. Johnstone. The bound which it has taken in public estimation and influence is ample indorsement of the wisdom of Mr. Mudford's policy. Coupled with the infusion of liberal ideas into the editorial method of discussing public affairs, the administration of the various departments has been

"widened out," and increased enterprise has been shown in the collection of news. Upon the solid foundation of Tory concrete Mr. Mudford is building up an institution that reflects the spirit of the age. There is no European capital where *The Standard* is not represented by its own correspondent. No expense is spared in transmission of news or opinions. Mr. Mudford paid £800 for one cable dispatch during the Afghan war. His news during the war in the Transvaal was telegraphed regardless of the eight shillings a word which he paid for it. One of the recent extensions of his news department is that of a daily American service of cables. Hitherto *The Times* was the only journal which had a regular cable correspondent (at Philadelphia) in the United States, and *The Times* dispatches were often singularly meagre. It was one of the complaints of Americans in England that while the London newspapers published daily reports from all the great capitals of the Old World, they almost ignored the doings of the New. Washington keeps clear of European politics, and is, happily for America, not a factor in the burning questions that agitate England in the East. For these reasons American news had not been hitherto regarded as especially interesting to English readers. But Mr. Mudford considers the time has arrived when the vast commercial interests that unite the people of Great Britain and the United States demand a daily exhibition in a London morning paper. He has therefore added a new wire to his telegraphic bureau, and *The Standard* is now in direct communication with New York, and through New York with all the cities of the Republic. Nothing is more calculated to develop the international enterprise and resources of the two great English-speaking peoples than having the "bull's-eye" of the press constantly turned upon their current history. For obvious reasons it would seem out of place in this sketch to describe my own share in this new feature of *The Standard*, but I have received so many letters of inquiry and notes of congratulation in regard to the

cable dispatches preceding the shooting of General Garfield, the report of the calamity, and the events immediately following it, that I do not think it will be outstepping the due bounds of modesty to print in a foot-note a couple of references to last year's Transatlantic cables out of many that appeared in the press of America and England.*

* "American travellers in Europe know what it is to take up a London daily paper and find the news of the United States compressed into a few lines, and packed away in an obscure corner. This Transatlantic irritation is to be terminated by the enterprise of Mr. Mudford, the broad-minded editor of *The Standard*. The first New York cable correspondent arrived in the Empire City on Monday, commissioned to establish an independent daily service of news and opinion between New York and London. Mr. Joseph Hatton, the well-known London correspondent of *The New York Times*, has been entrusted with this important international work. He sent his first cable on Monday. It was a sketch of the Panama Canal business from an American point of view, and is worth recording as the pioneer cable of a new era of intelligence in the great London newspapers. *The Standard* is wise in making its latest experiment under the auspices of Mr. Joseph Hatton, who has special facilities for his work here, and hosts of friends to help him. He hopes to complete his organisation in a few weeks, returning to his London duties for *The Times* in August. We congratulate America upon this new recognition of her progress. *The Standard* will add a very large amount to its yearly expenses by the addition to its other features of these special cables from the United States."—*Harper's Weekly* (New York), June 25, 1881.—"Within the last week or two we have had conspicuous examples of the energy which our daily papers display on notable occasions. *The Daily Telegraph* has done wonders in the Lefroy business in supplying the public with the fullest possible information on a subject in which they feel an intense interest. It must be admitted, however, that *The Standard* beat all its contemporaries in its accounts of the attack on President Garfield. That journal was exceptionally fortunate. It so happened that Mr. Joseph Hatton, a gentleman whose energy and ability as a journalist is quite American in its character, had gone out to the States on various literary missions, and among the rest to 'work the wires' for *The Standard*. He could not have gone at a more opportune moment, and hence the mass of interesting anecdotal and incidental matter which our contemporary was able to secure on the day after the attempt. Mr. Hatton, I understand, returns to England early in August, to resume his special work on *The New York Times*."—*Liverpool Mail* (England), July 16, 1881.—The dispatch to *The Standard* describing the fatal attack on President Garfield was over five columns in extent and was the longest message ever sent through the cable. The intelligence concerning the first few exciting days of the affair, sent through the Direct United States Cable Company, could not have cost *The Standard* less than £1,000 for transmission fees alone.

II.

Mr. Mudford is a remarkable man. His story is singular and somewhat romantic. He comes from a literary and cultured stock. His father was for some years in early life private secretary to the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. The secretary's love of letters induced him to terminate a connection that had in it great probabilities, and devote himself to literary work. He

W. H. MUDFORD.
[Photographed by Ad. Braun and Co., Paris.]

contributed much light and agreeable matter to *Blackwood's Magazine* in its best days. In the zenith of its popularity he edited *The Courier*, and he succeeded Theodore Hook on *John Bull*. Preferring a journalistic career to any other, young Mudford made his way to a good position on *The Standard*. Independent as he was industrious, he could always be relied on for any work he undertook. His "copy" was prompt to

time, and worthy of the occasion, but he never did more than was necessary.

Conscientious to a fault, he was business-like in respect to fulfilling his strict duty and earning his salary. Said one of his colleagues to me: "I believe that if Mudford had gone into the City on some specific work, and had seen St. Paul's on fire as he returned to the office, he would not have mentioned it; the circumstance would not have been within the pale of the business upon which he was engaged, and he made it a rule not to meddle with the affairs of other people." He never sought to thrust himself upon the special notice of his chiefs or the public. An easy and genial independence of character made his individuality felt in whatever he did. Though he was never on what might be called intimate terms with Mr. Johnstone, the first proprietor of the paper when it became a morning journal, that gentleman had evidently formed the very highest estimate of his ability, his honesty and his power. When Mr. Johnstone was laid up with an illness that eventually caused his death, he sent for Mudford, and, to the young journalist's surprise, offered him the editorship, which he accepted. He resigned the position almost as soon as he had taken up its duties; and on these grounds. An article had appeared in *The Standard* discussing an action at law of great public interest. The defendant in the suit regarded the editorial observations as libellous, and demanded a public apology. Mr. Mudford contended that the article was not libellous, and even if it were the paper ought to contest the question. Mr. Johnstone, under the advice of his solicitor, wished to apologise, and sent to his editor a sketch of what he thought *The Standard* should say in the way of reparation. At the same time he submitted it to the editorial revision of Mr. Mudford, who, very properly acknowledging the right of supreme control in a proprietor upon such a question, gave way; but, at the same time, he felt that as editor he was accountable to the public for the pro-

prietor's acts, and as he disagreed with the course Mr. Johnstone desired the paper to take, he resigned. He first, however, published the apology, and on its appearance gave up his place. Appealed to by Mr. Johnstone, who was of a nervous disposition and easily alarmed by threats of libel suits, he refused during several days of correspondence and negotiation to withdraw his resignation, but ultimately did so. Soon afterwards Mr. Johnstone died, and by a codicil to his will he appointed Mr. Mudford editor for life, or for as long a period as he was disposed to hold the appointment, subject to no conditions whatever as to the policy of the paper, its management or administration; and he also made him chief trustee and executor of his will (sworn under £500,000) which conferred upon him this great responsibility and power.

It is evidence of Johnstone's discernment, as well as a tribute to the editor's high character and journalistic capacity, that Mr. Mudford's advancement has given complete satisfaction to the staff, while the improvement in the paper, from every point of view, is generally acknowledged amongst journalists, by Conservatives as well as Liberals, and by the public at large.

Mr. Mudford is a young man. Of medium height, he is broad-chested and sturdy in build, suggesting in his manner and conversation the "calm grip" of English thought and character. His hair is black, and he does not shave. Dark intelligent eyes, and a mouth and jaw indicating strength of will, he impresses you at first sight as a man of points. To a genial manner he adds the suavity of a travelled Englishman, and he is destined to leave his mark, strong and clear, on the history of the London press.

The offices of *The Standard* are in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street. They are admirably appointed. The paper is printed on eight machines, seven of which run at the rate of 14,000 per hour. There are also six machines in reserve, in another building, and

a separate fount of type, so that if any accident happened to the offices in St. Bride Street, the whole paper could be set up and printed in Shoe Lane at the rate of 12,000 copies, net, per hour. The eighth machine prints and cuts the sheet, places the two halves together, and folds the sheet, which is delivered in shoots ready for the wrapper for the post, running at the rate of 12,500 per hour, netting 10,500 to 11,000 copies. The number of hands employed on the morning edition is sixty-three : on the evening edition, twenty-six—a total of eighty-nine. The forms for the morning edition go down to the foundry at intervals commencing from 12 o'clock, midnight ; the last form, with the latest Parliamentary or other important intelligence, being received in the foundry at 2.30 to 3 o'clock. The eight plates are all produced and handed to the machine-room in thirty-three minutes. *The Evening Standard* is published in four separate editions, the number of plates that are required varying according to the news received. The whole *Morning Standard* is printed in one hour and fifty minutes, and the *Evening Standard* second edition in fifteen minutes, the third edition in thirty minutes, fourth edition in twenty minutes, and the special edition in forty-five minutes.

The duplicate plant of machinery, for use in case of accident by fire or otherwise, is being replaced at the present time by machinery made and patented by Mr. Joseph Foster, of Preston, Lancashire. The new machine is called the "Standard Web Printing Machine," and is only twelve feet six inches long, occupying half as much space as the other web machines. Its height is five feet six inches, and the width being the same as the other machines, plates cast for the Hoe machines will fit on the new machines as well. The collecting motion of these new machines is arranged by a "tape race" without either guides or switches, and flies six sheets at one time and seven at another, which repeated is a London quire, viz. twenty-six, and then the fly-board moves in such a manner as to

separate each quire. These machines are so constructed as to print 14,500 per hour, netting 12,500 copies, and do not require so much steam-power for working as the other web machines, the friction of the machinery being less. The paper used on either plant of machinery is prepared on wetting machines, invented and patented by the firm, two machines being placed in each building. The steam-power is a pair of 45-horse-power engines in each building, and likewise two 60-horse-power boilers of the multitubular type for auxiliary machinery in the bill-room, foundry, and for working the lifts and machinery in the engineer's shop, where all repairs are carried out. The amount of paper used during the year 1880 for *The Morning Standard* was 3,412 tons, equal to a length of 36,609 miles, and for *The Evening Standard* 865 tons, equal to a length of 13,377 miles, the two quantities making a total of 4,277 tons, or 49,986 miles of paper, an average of over thirteen tons, or 160 miles, per day.

III.

The staff of *The Standard* covers a broad field of intellectuality and skill. Its leader-writers include Colonel Brackenbury, who has had a brilliant career in the regular army, and was *The Times* correspondent in the field during several important campaigns. Under the editorship of Captain Hamber, it is not too much to say that Mr. Henry Brackenbury, in "The Diary of the War," during three months predicted, to a day, all the German successes in the Franco-German war. Other contributors to the editorial pages include, Mr. Sutherland Edwards; Mr. T. H. Escott, author of "England: its People, Polity, and Pursuits"; Mr. Alfred Austin, the well-known poet and critic; Mr. D. Boulger, Mr. T. E. Kebbel, Mr. Percy Greg, Mr. Saville Clarke, Dr. Hyndman and Miss Cobbe. Mr. Clarke is the proprietor of *The Court Circular*, a contributor to *Punch*,

and, as an instance of provincial enterprise, it may be stated that he is the dramatic correspondent of *The Scotsman*, which publishes a special telegraphic account of the first performances in London of all new plays. The best known war correspondents regularly associated with the paper are Mr. A. Cameron (who did distinguished service in the Transvaal), Mr. Frederick Boyle and Mr. G. A. Henty. Mr. Boyle is the author of several entertaining works of travel, notably concerning Borneo, which he visited some years ago. Many of his short stories have appeared in *All the Year Round*. Mr. Henty is becoming as famous in England for his interesting and wholesome books for boys as Colonel Knox is in the United States. His experiences abroad and at home stand him in good stead when writing adventures for the young readers of *The Union Jack*, of which he is the editor. Mr. Henty has represented *The Standard* in most of the great wars of our time. His latest experience was in Ashantee. Of the foreign correspondents the most notable is Dr. Abel, who formerly represented *The Times* in Berlin. The other gentlemen on this section of the staff are Dr. Waldeck, Mr. Hely Bowe, Mr. J. Baddely, Mr. F. J. Scudamore, C.B., Mr. Laffan, and Mr. E. A. Bradford of *The New York Times*, who is the cable correspondent in New York. Mr. James Mould has been the chief representative of the paper in the Gallery of the House of Commons since the day Mr. Johnstone bought *The Standard*, and has had under his direction there his present chief, Mr. Mudford, and many other well-known journalists. It is generally acknowledged by those who know the history of the paper that Mr. Mould's devoted services have done much to promote its success.

Though Mr. Mudford is, by the terms of Mr. Johnstone's will, manager as well as editor, he practically leaves the work of management to his able lieutenant, Mr. Walter Wood, who has been connected with the paper for eighteen years, and who en-

joyed the absolute confidence of Mr. Johnstone, as he does of his friend the present director. The department of dramatic and musical criticism is well and impartially served by Mr. A. E. T. Watson, editor of *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, and author of a popular volume of hunting sketches; and Mr. Desmond Ryan, "the cultured son of a cultured critic," as he is justly described by a well-known journalist, who calls attention to the accidental omission of Mr. Ryan's name in *Harper's*. Altogether *The Standard* has in its service five hundred employés, and pays £1,500 a week in salaries alone.

The history of the paper may be briefly told. It was started as an evening journal in 1827, with £15,000, to oppose Catholic emancipation. Dr. Giffard, a barrister (father of Sir H. Giffard), was its first editor. *The Standard* is, however, so mixed up with *The Morning Herald*, and so generally regarded as its offspring, that it will be convenient to deal at the outset with *The Herald*, which first appeared in 1780. The Rev. Henry Bate was its originator. He had edited *The Morning Post*, and when he left that journal he started *The Herald* in opposition to it. Mr. Bate fought his way politically to a baronetcy, dying, in 1824, at Cheltenham, Sir Henry Bate Dudley. He was succeeded on *The Herald* by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. In 1786, Mr. Pitt, while he was Prime Minister, sued *The Herald* for libel. The paper had charged him with gambling in the funds. He asked for £10,000 damages. The jury before whom the case was tried awarded him £150. One of the most attractive features of *The Herald* in the old days was the excellence of its police reports, "the humour of the courts" being more particularly developed. A selection of the most amusing cases was reprinted in a volume under the title of "Mornings at Bow Street," and illustrated by George Cruikshank. *The Herald* was always conducted with considerable vigour. Its proprietors fought many libel suits in the public interest. In 1843, Mr. Baldwin,

proprietor of *The Standard* (which was still only an evening paper) purchased the paper, and soon afterwards advanced the honorarium of £3 3*s.* for a leading article of a column to £5 5*s.* and largely extended his literary engagements in other directions. He bought a steamer to meet the Indian mails. But the period of inflation known as "the railway mania" coming to an end, the large revenues of *The Herald* decreased, and eventually Mr. Baldwin had to meet his creditors and dispose of his property. Mr. Johnstone bought it. Mr. John Maxwell, the publisher, was for a time Mr. Johnstone's partner in the enterprise. He advised Mr. Johnstone in regard to the purchase of the paper and its management. At this period Mr. Pritchard edited it. Mr. Maxwell retired early from the turmoil of newspaper work, established his publishing business, married Miss Braddon, founded *Belgravia*, and now rests on his laurels at Lichfield House, Richmond, where he and his amiable and accomplished wife keep open house, and are famous for their unostentatious hospitality.

In 1858, Mr. Johnstone practically sacrificed *The Herald*, and brought out *The Standard* at a penny, morning and evening. On the 31st of December, 1869, *The Herald* was allowed to die. *The Evening Standard* in its present form appeared on the first of January, 1870, under the editorship of Mr. Charles Williams, and during the year the circulation more than once reached 100,000 copies in an evening. It may be mentioned in passing that Mr. Williams, during the Russo-Turkish war, did excellent service in the field as correspondent of *The Morning Advertiser*, and a combination of provincial journals, and that recently he has accepted the editorship of a new enterprise in Conservative journalism, *The Evening News*. Mr. Johnstone was a Conservative by conviction, and he conducted *The Standard* in the interest of the party with a thorough devotion to the cause. It was recorded of him in *The Standard*, when he died, that "so

staunch was he to his principles that—with what those who did not know him will, perhaps, regard as Quixotic chivalry—he absolutely opposed the reduction of the paper duty, though no one understood more thoroughly than he how entirely the success of this liberal measure would aid his special interests. Through good and evil report, with many peculiarly harassing difficulties to overcome, and with the scantiest assistance from many quarters to which he might fairly have looked for support, Mr.

MR. JOHNSTONE, FOUNDER OF 'THE STANDARD.'
[Photographed by W. Bradnee, Torquay.]

Johnstone carried out the work he had set himself to accomplish, and happily lived to see *The Standard* in the full tide of that success which it had been the aim of his life to secure for it. Mr. Johnstone's private character can hardly be spoken of impartially by his friends in a journal which remains in possession of his family, but affectionate remembrances of him will long be kept green in the memories of the many who have the best cause to know how just were his dealings and how generous his impulses. It was a manly, strenuous, energetic and influential

life that came to a close at Hooley House." To this earnest eulogium one might fairly add that, though since Mr. Johnstone's death *The Standard* has taken another great stride forward, "the chief credit" (to quote Mr. Mudford's own words to me on the subject), "nevertheless, attaches to the late proprietor, who laid broad and deep the foundation of a property the full development of which he was not permitted to see or enjoy. If his life had been extended another ten or fifteen years, he would have reaped what he sowed to the fullest extent —socially, politically and financially."

IX.

ON SOME OTHER MORNING AND EVENING PAPERS.

Captain Hamber and *The Standard*—The Editors of *The Morning Advertiser*—*The Daily Chronicle*—*The Pall Mall* and *The St. James's Gazette*—Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. John Morley—*The Echo*—Mr. Albert Grant—*The Hour*—Mr. Passmore Edwards, M.P.—Adventures of an Editor—Baron Merle's Paragraphic Death and Resurrection—An Eccentric Sub-Editor—The Mystery of Howard Street.

I.

THE other London dailies are *The Morning Post*, *The Morning Advertiser* and *The Daily Chronicle*. The first mentioned is the oldest of all. In presence of its new departure from an exclusive fashionable journal to a popular penny paper, I propose to consider it in my final sketch. The career of its chief, Sir Algernon Borthwick, is a remarkable one. An outline of it as a companion-picture to that of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the father of the cheap press, will supply the reader with some interesting journalistic contrasts. *The Morning Advertiser* is the property and organ of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This powerful society started it in 1794, and *The Advertiser's* success was insured from the first, each member being pledged to support it by subscriptions and advertisements. Its platform does not allow an editor much margin for enterprise or journalistic skill, but the paper is thoughtfully and well conducted by Captain Hamber, who was for many years the editor of *The Standard*.

During his direction of this last-mentioned journal he introduced the "Manhattan" letters, which created a great deal of attention at the time of the American war. "Manhattan" was a rabid supporter of the South, but he was one of those brilliant writers who command the attention of both friends and foes, and his contributions often sent up the circulation of *The Standard* as much as 20,000 a day. The best-known editor of *The Advertiser* was Mr. James Grant, whose policy was a lugubrious combination of beer and religion. He was in some respects a capable, and in all respects an honest man; withal, industrious and persistent in his work. He wrote and adapted several books, and was succeeded on his retirement by Colonel Richards, whose chief ambition was to be known as the originator of the volunteer army. His novel, "So Very Human," was alleged to contain a libel, and he was bound in legal penalties not to circulate it. There was a good deal of merit in his tragedy of "Cromwell," which was produced at the Queen's Theatre. Colonel Richards was what is called an accomplished man, and was popular with his staff and with his Victuallers. Captain Hamber is a gentleman of stronger character than his three predecessors. He did lasting work on *The Standard;* he has raised the character and influence of *The Advertiser.* When he left *The Standard* he accepted the direction of Mr. Morier Evans's unfortunate speculation, *The Hour*, which, like the adventurous *Day*, was full of promise, but did not possess the "staying powers" that only capital can insure. Mr. Evans was the City editor of *The Standard.* In the early days of his connection with the paper, no one worked harder in the promotion of its interests. Mr. Evans's friends say that he died broken-hearted over the failure of *The Hour.*

Opposite *The Daily Telegraph* offices in Fleet Street has lately sprung up a handsome range of buildings, bearing the sign of *The Daily Chronicle.* This represents a new venture in the

costly field of daily journalism, backed by the sagacity and enterprise of Mr. Lloyd, the originator of the first cheap weekly newspaper. *The Clerkenwell News and Daily Chronicle* was a local City paper devoted to the cause of the working-population. It was crowded with advertisements of all kinds, representing the toiling life and cheap speculation of the masses in the East End. With a limited circulation, compared with the London dailies, it had nevertheless an established commercial reputation. Mr. Lloyd gave £30,000 for it, with a view of converting it into a regular London daily Liberal journal. A special feature was to be its early and reliable news. He calculated that, before it became a thorough success, at least £170,000 beyond the £30,000 would have to be spent upon it, and that he must not look back for five years. Pending the mechanical and other arrangements necessary for laying in the foundation of a sufficient establishment for his purpose, he continued to bring out the journal for six months on its original plan. Immediately on the conclusion of his purchase, Mr. Lloyd cabled to Messrs. Hoe, of New York, to make him eight thousand pounds' worth of machines, each machine to print from a continuous roll of several miles in length, to fold the sheets, and count them into quires of twenty-six copies, ready for the newsagent. He also suggested that the machines should be made to cut as well as fold the paper, so that it could be delivered to the readers ready for use. In due course all this was accomplished, and *The Daily Chronicle* was the first to be produced with these advantages. It came out in its new form and under its new title on May 28, 1877. Within a year of that time its circulation increased fivefold. It was soon apparent that extended machinery would be required, and again the Messrs. Hoe were cabled. Mr. Lloyd (who, years ago, had introduced to London the first Hoe machine) asked his New York friends to make a double machine that should print two complete *Chronicles* at once, cutting, folding, counting as

before, but using up a web of paper double the previous width and weight, and capable of printing 25,000 per hour. It occupied Messrs. Hoe more than a year to accomplish this feat, and a good deal of time had to be expended over its erection on this side of the Atlantic. It has turned out, however, to be a complete success. It is certainly a most wonderful machine, and *The Daily Chronicle* promises to give Mr. Lloyd an ample return for his outlay. His new offices in Fleet Street cost him £40,000 and he has just completed new printing-works in Whitefriars where the Hoe machines are fixed. I shall have occasion to mention these new works in a closing chapter, which will deal with *Lloyd's Newspaper*.

II.

The evening newspapers, besides *The Globe*, referred to in the first of this series of papers, include *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and its opponent, *The St. James's Gazette*. Between these more stately craft there steams in and out of the press fleet *The Echo*, like one of the *Herald's* messenger-tugs bouncing about in New York Harbour. *The Pall Mall* was started by Mr. Smith, of the famous publishing firm, Smith and Elder. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who originated and planned the paper, was its editor, and his brother, Mr. James Greenwood, gave it a good start by a graphic sketch of workhouse life, signed "An Amateur Casual." Liberal in its general tone, *The Pall Mall*, however, supported with enthusiasm the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield "as long as that statesman's colleagues allowed him to have a policy." Many thoughtful essays upon the Eastern Question appeared in its columns from the pen of its earnest editor. About a year ago Mr. Smith retired from the proprietorship in favour of his son-in-law, Mr. Henry Yates Thompson, who was at one time private secretary to Earl Spencer (when that nobleman was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's former adminis-

tration), and also a colleague of Mr. Gladstone in the Parliamentary contest for Lancashire. Mr. Thompson desired so radical a change to be made in the policy of the paper that Mr. Greenwood resigned his place; and on his announcing that he would continue his *Pall Mall* policy in a new journal, to be called *The St. James's Gazette*, nearly the entire staff of *The Pall Mall*, including every writer of importance in all departments of the paper, followed his resignation with their own—a

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.
[Photographed by S. Prout, Newscomb.]

proof of the *esprit de corps* which exists among some of the men who work together on the great papers. *The Pall Mall* has since this secession become an out-and-out supporter of Mr. Gladstone, under the editorial direction of Mr. John Morley. Mr. Lewis Sergeant, author of "New Greece," who was Mr. Morley's second in command, has been succeeded by Mr. W. T. Stead, formerly editor of *The Northern Echo*, famous in the political circles of Yorkshire, Northumberland and Durham. Mr. Stead is an enthusiastic Liberal. Mr. Leslie Stephen has joined the staff,

and many of its occasional sketches and essays are from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope.

Mr. John Morley is a North countryman. Born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, he was educated at Cheltenham College, and at Lincoln College, Oxford. Editor for some years of *The Fortnightly Review*, he is an advanced Liberal, and an author of high repute. He contested Blackburn a dozen years ago, but

JOHN MORLEY.
[Photographed by Arthur J. Melhuish, 12 York Place, Portman Square, London.]

was not returned. Had he been successful the world would probably have lost several works of distinguished merit. An earnest politician, Mr. Morley would have written and published his views on various subjects. He is one of the men who has something to say and must say it. But fulfilling the duties connected with the representation of an important constituency he would not have found time to write all the books which now bear his name. One of his first works was "Edmund Burke, a

Study"; and his next in importance, "Voltaire." He is also the author of "Rousseau," "Critical Miscellanies," "Diderot and the Encyclopædists," "On Compromise," "Struggle for National Education," and "Life of Cobden."

The St. James's Gazette is modelled on the typographical lines of *The Pall Mall.* The two journals remind one of the habit they have in some districts of America of building opposing churches near each other. In architecture they are a good deal alike. It is only when you go inside on Sundays that you understand how great the difference is between them. So it is with these two journals: so much alike to look at, so wonderfully opposite in tone and opinion, in purpose and intention. Nobody denies the talent and scholarly strength of *The St. James's Gazette.* Mr. Greenwood himself is as "thorough" as Mr. Edwin Arnold of *The Telegraph* in his policy of maintaining intact the British Empire at home and abroad.*

The uncompromising spirit of this national sentiment is nicknamed "Jingoism." The chief "Jingo" journals of England at the present time are *The Daily Telegraph, The Standard, The Morning Post, The Morning Advertiser, The Sheffield Daily Telegraph* and *The Newcastle Daily Chronicle.* There are many other staunch supporters of the Beaconsfield idea, but these are specially distinguished for the warmth and constancy with which they stand by the faith that is in them. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who writes with an almost inspired pen about music, went over from the *The Pall Mall* to *The St. James's*, and is Mr. Greenwood's principal dramatic and musical critic. The political and literary staff includes Mr. H. D. Trail, Mr. Frederick Pollock, Mr. Gilgud, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Lathbury (editor of *The*

* *The Pall Mall* recently reduced its price to a penny, and *The St. James's Gazette* followed suit. In each case both paper, print and matter have been maintained at their previous high standard. They are marvellous contradictions of the proverb, "cheap and nasty." It is an education in Liberalism, Conservatism, current history and the polite arts to read *The Pall Mall* and *The St. James's.*

Economist) and Mr. Syme; and if the veil of anonymity were completely raised, other and even more distinguished names would appear in the list of "constant writers" for the *St. James's Gazette.* How closely the staff is allied with Mr. Greenwood's pro-Turkish views is illustrated by the satirical remark which Mr. Edwards made in a recent lecture on "The Opera," when he said that in the course of her career a prima donna visits "all parts of the civilised world—*and* Russia."

III.

The Echo was started by Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, and was the first London halfpenny paper of these modern days. It astonished the public, and the cost of it more than surprised its proprietors, who conducted it, nevertheless, with great spirit, and eventually with something like financial success. Mr. Arthur Arnold (who now sits in the House of Commons) was its editor, and Miss Martineau now and then wrote one of its characteristic front-page leaders. Mr. George Barnet Smith was an industrious member of the staff. He is the author of several popular biographical and historical works. Mr. Willert Beale (Walter Maynard) was for a time its musical critic, Mr. Manville Fenn writing its dramatic notices.

Mr. Albert Grant, moved with the idea that he would like to have a journal, seeing that Mr. McDougall, his sworn foe, had one, opened negotiations for *The Echo.* Without even inspecting the office, the machinery, the books, or anything else, he bought it. He made no use of it either for personal or public purposes. He did not even "go for" McDougall. He changed its shape, I think, and bought magnificent offices for it at Ludgate Circus. The echoes which the paper struck on the tympanum of public opinion were never very strong. Mr. Grant changed them from Liberal to Conservative. Mr. Arnold travelled and wrote a

book, and left *The Echo* to its fate. The new proprietor soon grew tired of it, and I think the pendulum of Mr. McDougall's *Hour* swung its last soon after Mr. Grant disposed of his *Echo* to Mr. Passmore Edwards, who took the little paper back to Catherine Street, and changed its key to even a more Radical fundamental note than that which it had sounded in the days of Mr. Arnold. When the editor was fighting for a seat in Parliament at the last general election, Mr. Gladstone paid him a public compliment in connection with his earnest conduct of *The Echo*, and now Mr. Edwards is a member of the British House of Commons, one of a remarkable force of press men who sit on both sides of the House. Mr. Howard Evans is said to be the responsible editor of *The Echo*, which under its new management has reached a far higher circulation than the enterprise of Cassell or Grant could secure for it. Until quite recently *The Echo* had no halfpenny contemporary in London, but it has a host in the provinces, several of them well-established and profitable undertakings.*

The Globe is associated with distinguished journalistic names. The late Colonel Torrens, M.P., was once its proprietor. Mr. Charles Buller, while M.P. for Liskeard, wrote leading articles for it. Mr. Francis Mahony ("Father Prout") was for many years its chief contributor. One of the editoral traditions of the paper deals with the singular adventures of Mr. Gibbons Merle. He had a mania for starting newspapers. His enterprises were as unfortunate as they were numerous. He became editor of *The Globe*. This was forty years ago. The position was not comfortable. He went to Paris, became one of the editors of

* Among the earliest halfpenny papers in England were *The Glasgow Evening Citizen*, *The Leeds Express*, *The Bolton Evening News*, and *The Bradford Chronicle and Mail*. These have worthy competitors in *The Northern Echo*, *The Birmingham Mail*, and several similar journals published in Liverpool, Manchester and other cities. London has now two halfpenny evening papers, *The Echo* and *The Evening News*.

Galignani's Messenger, got introductions to the Court of Louis Philippe, and by some service or another induced that amiable nobleman to make him a Baron. His vanity, however, was not sufficiently satisfied by the mere honour itself. He wished to be talked about in London as Baron Merle. He got himself reported as dead. A London newspaper regretted to announce the death, in Paris, of Baron Merle, late editor of *The Globe*. More than one paper published laudatory In Memoriam notices; all of them mentioned the death. After a time fresh paragraphs appeared announcing the gratifying intelligence that Baron Merle was not dead at all, and in due course his French lordship's little *ruse* leaked out, as all such subterfuges do sooner or later. The Baron can hardly be said to have maintained the dignity of French aristocracy. He married the widow of an hotel-keeper, and died a landlord. "It was, however," Mr. Grant, the Press historian, says, "a very respectable hotel." In Europe the hotel-keeper is not looked upon as a leading citizen. America, on the contrary, honours the hotel-keeper, sticks a diamond pin in his shirt, and is not ashamed to take his arm, in public, or his champagne, in private. "A clever man, but can't keep an hotel" is an American proverb, and it means a great deal.

There is another story of *The Globe* which is almost dramatic. At all events it presents the reader with a curious example of character which would develop well either for stage purposes, or in the pages of the novelist. In Mr. Grant's estimation, Mr. Moran was a model sub-editor. He enlivened the pages of *The Globe* with pen, pastepot and scissors more than five-and-twenty years ago. *The Globe* prospered well under Moran. He ransacked every current work for paragraphs of general interest. No publication was free from his scrutiny in the interest of *The Globe*. He was eccentric in his attire, this industrious Moran; nobody ever saw him in a new coat. The old clothesman dressed him, the dealer in napless hats provided his head gear.

His friends made sarcastic remarks about his love of style, and sent him plates of the latest fashions, but he only smiled good-naturedly at their banter. A sly fellow, Moran; few knew where or how he lived, but everybody knew that he was "warm"—a miser indeed, who if he lived long enough would "cut up rich." He used to get allotments of shares in companies and sell out at a premium. The modern practice, which was shown to obtain even in *The Times* office a few years ago, leading to the removal of the City office from beneath the shadow of the old lady of Threadneedle Street, had a precedent. During the railway mania in 1845, Mr. Moran secured early allotments of stock, and he told his friend Grant that he made it a rule to sell them the very day on which he obtained them. Mr. Grant knew that Moran received large premiums on many of the shares. Mr. Grant also knew that his "salary and perquisites" amounted to £500 a year, and that his personal expenses were exceedingly small. Moran "lived alone in lodgings in Howard Street, leading out of Norfolk Street, Strand, and saw no company in his own apartments, and lived altogether in the most economical manner." One day poor Moran, eccentric, sub-editor, miser, wearer of old clothes, "dev'lish sly, sir," was taken ill. A few weeks previously he had told his friend Grant that "for a sub-editor" he was "comparatively wealthy." He mentioned among his other possessions that he held shares in the Westminster Bank to the tune of £6000. Not bad, indeed, for a sub-editor! But he possessed other treasures of scrip and gold. When he was taken ill, he was, no doubt, well tended. Falstaff went out babbling of green fields. Moran died gossiping of his wealth. From that day to this it has never been discovered that Moran was worth a cent. The Westminster Bank being interviewed declared they knew nothing of his deposits or his shares. No trace of scrip or gold could be discovered. Moran was a beggar, unless his wealth was hidden

away. If the house in which he lodged has not been pulled down it might be a good speculation to buy it, and search for secreted treasures. The old *Globe* office might furnish a return to an exploring company. There are millions of pounds' worth of unclaimed consols and Bank deposits in London. Do Moran's deposit notes, scrip and "currency" exist in some unsuspected hole or corner? Or did he live two lives, one that of the eccentric sub-editor, another that of a rich commoner? Did Mr. Grant ever see him on Sundays? Not long since a pilfering clerk in a great firm of solicitors was discovered to be a rich man in this way. His chief went on a visit into the country. He noticed a fine house and grounds. His host described the property as belonging to "a wealthy City man who is in London all the week, and here from Saturday to Monday." "Here comes his carriage," said the host. A pair of fine horses pulled up, and out of the handsome vehicle stepped "the chief's" confidential clerk and cashier. This led to an inquiry and to fourteen years' transportation. Moran was of course an honest man; but where did he go from Saturday to Monday?

X.

CONCERNING SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE AND PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.

Rapid Writing—A Notable Gathering—Adventures of War Correspondents—"After Sedan"—"*Mort à l'Espion prussien!*"—Ordered to be shot—A Press Fund Dinner—Lord Salisbury on the Profession of Journalism—Parliamentary Debates—A Reporter for Ten Minutes—Exciting Scenes in and out of the Commons—Reminiscences of a Great Occasion.

I.

In proposing the toast of the evening at the dinner given to Mr. Forbes, in December, 1877, Mr. George Augustus Sala dwelt upon the difficulties under which newspaper correspondence is produced, and seemed to find exceptional merit in the fact that the good things which Forbes had written were done rapidly and under the immediate inspiration of the great events he had described. No one will desire for a moment to detract from the splendid work of Forbes, but this notion of attaching special credit to the fact that the best articles of the correspondent had been done rapidly is not what one might have expected from a journalist of Mr. Sala's knowledge and experience. Given great events to describe, the necessity for describing them while they are fresh before you is greatly in favour of the result being graphic, picturesque and realistic. To take even high ground in the polished paths of literary art and poetic excellence, many

brilliant passages in the works of our famous writers have been written "under a certain impulse of impatience," as William Benton Clulow puts it, "or with the rapidity produced by enthusiasm." Pope said the things he had written quickly always pleased most. "I wrote the 'Essay on Criticism' fast, for I had digested all the matter in prose before I began it in verse." Dryden penned the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" at a sitting. Luther used to say he always wrote best when in a passion. Scott said the passages in "Waverley" which pleased most were written the fastest. The traditions of *The Telegraph*, I feel sure, would furnish some remarkable illustrations of Mr. Sala's own *tours de force* in the way of leading articles and special correspondence. Many journalists in the present day dictate their work to short-hand writers. One of the most prolific of leader-writers, when engaged upon *The Telegraph* (which he lately resigned for an appointment on *The Standard*), dictated every line of his work. He had a curious habit of composition. He made a point of producing his leader at the office every night. He would take off his coat, waistcoat and boots, light a short pipe and walk about the room; and in an hour his article was finished. Now and then it was completed in half that time. Lucy, of *The Daily News*, dictates the whole of his matter. Mr. Yates hardly ever writes a line with his own hand. His short-hand clerk is continually at his elbow. Several men have tried to bring the type-writer into use, but only Farjeon, I believe, has been enabled to achieve complete success with it, and Farjeon was originally a printer; so that the mechanical character of the work troubled him less at the outset than would be the case with most writers.

It is a common thing on the English side of the Atlantic for journalists and *littérateurs*, past and present, to fail as speakers. Forbes, at the dinner given to him by the press, bungled in his attempt to acknowledge the compliment he had received. He

said he never was a good speaker, and he would sooner stand to be shot at for half an hour than stand and speak for the same length of time. He only said a few words, and he said them in a tone of hesitancy and confusion; though he could have sat down and written an oration worthy of the most splendid records of post-prandial eloquence. Thackeray could not speak impromptu. Douglas Jerrold, so witty when sitting at table, was, as already stated, quite at fault on his legs. Once at Sheffield, when suddenly presented with some memento of his visit by a deputation of working men, he could not find six words in all his vocabulary to acknowledge the gift. Years ago, when a number of the *Punch* men went down to Boston, in Lincolnshire, to help their friend Ingram at his election, the whole town was filled with astonishment to find that Mark Lemon and his humorous colleagues could not make a speech among them. I once sat by the side of Dallas, of *The Times*, when his health was proposed, in the company of Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, Burnand, Lemon, Tenniel and others. He could only say "Thank you."

Among our present writers, Sala, Cowen, Morley, Trollope, M'Carthy, Arthur Arnold, Labouchere, are notable exceptions; as also was the late Mr. Tom Taylor. Dickens had special powers as a speaker. He liked to have the chance of thinking out a speech, but it was not necessary to him. Sala thinks and speaks on his legs as felicitously as he writes. The Forbes dinner was a triumph for war correspondents. Sala presided over it; he, the chief of travelled specials; he, the raciest of modern gossipists. He was supported on one hand by a Duke, his Grace of Sutherland, on the other by Forbes. He had for an audience Lord Houghton, General Lord Mark Kerr, Sir Charles McGregor, Sir J. Heron Maxwell, Colonel Farquharson, Colonel Marshall, Colonel Napier Sturt, Colonel Evelyn Wood, Alderman Cotton, M.P.; Captain John Hozier; Colonel Charles Bracken-

bury, of *The Times;* Mr. O'Donnell, M.P.; Mr. H. Oppenheim; Sir A. Borthwick, editor of *The Morning Post;* Mr. Labouchere, M.P.; Mr. J. R. Robinson, of *The Daily News;* Mr. F. Greenwood (then editor of *The Pall Mall*); Mr. Alfred Austin; Mr. Pellegrini, the caricaturist of *Vanity Fair;* Mr. E. Dicey, editor of *The Observer;* Mr. Ernest Hart (the medical writer who did the royal bulletins for *The Times* when the Prince of Wales was ill); Major Butler (who had recently married Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the artist); Mr. E. S. Pigott, a *Spectator* contributor of the old days, now the Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays; Mr. G. Henty, a *Standard* special; Major Knollys, a general leader-writer; Mr. Edmund Yates, of *The World;* and other well-known journalists, military men and persons of public note. Mr. Sala talked to them to his heart's content and to their satisfaction. Lord Mark Kerr, Lord Houghton, Mr. Yates and Mr. Parkinson had also toasts allotted to them, but George Augustus was the orator of the day. Forbes called him his "old friend Brutus." He said that was not the proudest moment of his life. The proudest moment was when a gentleman in that room accepted his first article. This was the next proudest, and so long as memory lasted he should never forget it. He spoke with a tremor in his voice, and everybody was touched with a feeling of sympathy for him. Sala shook him by the hand. At the close, the company gave him three cheers; and a few days later Forbes was once more on his way to the front.

II.

The adventures of war correspondents, their perils by flood and field, their splendid conduct in the heat of battle, their marvellous rides with dispatches, their strange escapes and their gallant deaths, would make a thrilling volume of heroic deeds. During the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars they were

continually liable to arrest and execution as spies. In the former conflict the French were afflicted with a sort of mania for seeing in every stranger a Prussian spy. "*Mort à l'espion prussien!*" was continually on their lips. Illustrious Frenchmen themselves fell victims to the spy-panic, and several English newspaper correspondents had narrow escapes of death in *la chasse aux espions.* Mr. M. Laing Meason, formerly on the staff of *The Daily News* and special correspondent of *The New York Herald* with MacMahon's *corps d'armée,* had a very dramatic experience, which formed the subject of a paper which he wrote for *Macmillan's Magazine.* It was immediately after Sedan; and he recalls the circumstances to me in a letter which is not altogether encouraging as an example of the brilliant rewards that belong to a journalistic career.

"On my way to MacMahon's head-quarters," he says, "I returned to the small *cabaret* outside the walls, where I had left my carriage and horses, and while paying for what the latter had consumed was not a little astonished at the surly insolence with which the people of the small inn spoke to me. My coachman, who was a German-Swiss, told me that he had been accused of being a Prussian spy, and that the people of the inn, as well as their neighbours, declared that the *commandant de place* must be a traitor to France if he did not imprison me for daring to come near a French garrison; intimating at the same time that they were perfectly certain that I was no Englishman, but a spy of Bismarck's. Knowing, however, that at this time the French in general were suffering greatly from 'Prussian spy on the brain,' and feeling certain that the commandant's endorsement of my passport would see me through any trouble, I paid little attention to the man's fears. The horses were put to, and I started on my journey, which, I very soon had good reason to fear, would be the last one I should ever undertake on this side of the grave.

"We had proceeded about four miles from Sedan, when suddenly, at a sharp turn of the road, we came upon a body of men drawn up across the latter. They were armed with muskets, wore military pouches, and were dressed in a sort of irregular uniform, by which I knew them to be *Francs-tireurs*, that most undisciplined body of undisciplined troops which did so much harm to their own cause during the whole campaign. There were, as nearly as I could judge, some fifty or sixty of them. They had been evidently waiting for us. They surrounded the carriage in a moment, and, with frantic yells, among which the only words to be distinguished were, '*Le sacré espion prussien!*' they pulled me on to the road, bound my hands with cords, and, had their arms been loaded, I believe they would there and then have shot me. I asked them where their officers were, but in reply they only vented on me the foulest abuse, saying they had no officers, and that when Frenchmen caught a Prussian spy they knew how to treat him. Why or wherefore they did not touch my coachman—whose accent betrayed very plainly his German origin—I never could make out. He was allowed to remain on his driving-seat, where he sat absolutely green with fear. In the meantime, the first excitement having subsided, about ten of them formed themselves into what they were pleased to call a *conseil de guerre*, and proceeded to try me for what they had already fully determined in their own minds I was guilty of, namely, of being a Prussian spy.

"I asked again where their officers were, and whether I could speak to any of them; but they answered, with imprecations, that there were no officers present, that I was a Prussian spy, and ought to be shot at once. I was buffeted, knocked down in the most cowardly manner, and kicked when on the ground. When I asked to be taken back to Sedan, that the *commandant de place* might judge my case, I was told that the *commandant*

was like the rest of the French army—a traitor; and one ruffian, who was even more ruffianly than his fellows, seized his musket by the muzzle, and declared that, if I spoke again, he would brain me with the butt.

"I need hardly say that the so-called trial was the veriest farce ever enacted under that name. The unfortunate grey coat with the black velvet collar was declared by one of my judges to be of German make. I was asked where I got it, and when I told them it had been purchased at Carlsruhe, a regular howl was set up, as if I had avowed myself to be an intimate friend of Bismarck. The very fact of having in my possession a coat that was purchased in Germany was deemed sufficient proof of my being a German and a spy. When I offered to show them my papers, and declared that I was an Englishman, with an English passport, they yelled at me in derision. One dirty-looking miscreant came forward and said he could speak English very well, and would soon find out whether or not my tale was true. He addressed me in some jargon which sounded like English, but of which I could make no sense, and in which, except the words, 'You speak very well, Englishman,' there was no meaning whatever. However, I answered him in my own language, thinking that by doing so I should, at any rate, raise a doubt in his mind. But, to my amazement, no sooner had I answered him than he turned round to his companions and declared I was a German, and had spoken to him in that tongue. This seemed quite enough, not merely to convince the rabble—for they had already been so—but it was more than enough to make them declare their sentence. '*À mort! à mort!*' went round the circle, and I was then and there condemned to death. I was taken to a dead wall, some ten yards off, put up with my back against it, twelve men were ordered to load their muskets there and then, two were told off to give me the *coup de grâce*, should I require it; and, as a *finale* to my sentence, one of the

scoundrels produced a watch, and told me they would give me ten minutes to prepare for death.

"With some people, and I confess myself to be one of the number, the greater the dilemma in which they are placed, the more certain are they to invent some loophole by which to escape. Five out of the allotted ten minutes had already passed, when a thought struck me to try a plan, which I put into immediate execution. '*Voyez, messieurs,*' I called out, 'you have condemned me to death; but according to the laws of France not even an assassin is executed without seeing a priest. I therefore ask you, *au nom de la France et de la justice*' (with Frenchmen you must always use high-sounding words if you want to get round them), 'to send for *M. le Curé* of the nearest *Commune*, and let me see him before I die.'

"The attempt was a hazardous one, and might have ended—as it certainly would have done with the *Communards* of Belleville or Montmartre—by a curtailment of the five minutes which remained, or which I believed remained, between me and eternity. However, like many desperate attempts, it was successful. A dozen or so of my captors whispered together among themselves, and then, turning round, exclaimed, "*C'est juste! c'est bien juste; il a le droit de voir un prêtre avant de mourir. Envoyez chercher M. le Curé!*" And to search for the parish priest a couple of men started off in different directions.

"As may be imagined, I was not a little pleased at this reprieve. In any case it would give me time to collect my thoughts; and there was every chance of the priest having some influence over the *Francs-tireurs* and persuading them to allow of my being taken before the regular civil or military authorities.

"The time passed on, and *M. le Curé* did not arrive. My captors began to growl and grumble, and in more than one

quarter I heard the ominous words, '*Il faut en finir*,' muttered in a tone which left no doubt of their meaning.

"All at once a new figure appeared on the scene. It was an old man, who, by his belt and the gun under his arm, was evidently the *Garde Champêtre* of the village, and on whose blouse the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour showed that he had served in the army. I accosted the old fellow with a civil salutation, and told him that I could see he had been a soldier, and that he probably could perceive that I also had once belonged to the profession of arms. The old fellow brightened up in an instant, and said yes, that it was very evident I had served; although, how he came to this conclusion I was at a loss to understand.

"'Perhaps,' I said to him, 'you served with my compatriots in the Crimea?' (He was far too old to have done so, but it is always well to flatter a Frenchman.)

"'*Oui, Monsieur*,' he replied; '*j'ai servi en Crimée avec vos braves compatriots*.'

"'And,' said I, 'you perhaps learnt their language?'

"'*Mais oui, monsieur*,' he replied, 'I can speak your language a little.'

"'And you can read it?' I said, giving him at the same time a look as I put to him what lawyers would call 'a leading question.'

"The old fellow seemed to understand me at once, and replied that he could read English very well.

"'Then,' said I, motioning to him to take my Foreign-Office passport out of my pocket, 'will you have the goodness to read these documents, and to inform *ces braves messieurs* that I am not a Prussian, and that I am not a spy; that I am an English officer of rank" (I thought it better to colour the picture as highly as possible), "travelling in France to witness how brave Frenchmen defend their native soil, and how these

brave men, the *Francs-tireurs*, are always ready to die for their country.'

"The old fellow took my passport in his hand, but I am afraid that when he said he could read our language at all he had somewhat economised the truth. He held the document in his hand *upside down*, gazing at it for about a minute. He then, with a suddenness which astonished me not a little, undid the cord which bound my hands, clapped my hat on my head, and, exclaiming in a loud tone, '*C'est vrai, c'est vrai, monsieur est un officier anglais, un colonel très distingué*,' hurried me to my carriage, which was luckily only a few yards off, bundled me in, and, exclaiming to the coachman, '*Allons, cocher; fouettez, fouettez!*' sprang on the box himself, and in less time than I can take to describe it, we were tearing along the road at full speed, before my captors had recovered their astonishment at the old man's audacity. Some of them ran after us for a short distance, and two or three of those who had loaded their muskets for the purpose of shooting me fired after us as we sped on our way. Even then I had a narrow escape from these bloodthirsty ruffians. One of their balls went near enough to my head to make a hole in the crown of my billycock, which is to this day preserved by a friend in Brussels as a relic of the war.

"The old *Garde Champêtre* went on with me to Mouzon, where I had the pleasure of getting five hundred francs on my letter of credit, and making him accept the same. If ever one man by his presence of mind saved the life of another, that veteran saved mine."

Mr. Meason is a Scotchman. Educated in France and at St. Gregory's College, near Boston, he entered the army in 1839 as ensign of the 40th Regiment, served through the second Afghan and the Gwalior campaigns in India, was badly wounded, received two medals, joined the Hussars, sold out in 1851, and afterwards devoted himself to journalism. He is the

author of "The Bubbles of Finance," and "The Profits of Panics," two clever exposures of joint-stock operations; and he has contributed largely to the serial literature of the day.

III.

At the Press Fund dinner in May, 1878, presided over by Lord Salisbury, the following noblemen and distinguished persons were present to do honour to journalism, and more particularly to certain newspaper correspondents (Mr. Stanley of *The New York Herald*, and Mr. Forbes of *The Daily News* among the number): Lord Houghton, the Prince Imperial of France, Count Beust (Austro-Hungarian Ambassador); Midhat Pasha, Cardinal Manning, General Lord Napier of Magdala, the Earl of Dunraven, Lord Denman, Lord Crewe, Lord Colchester, Lord Norton, Lord O'Hagan, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, M.P., Lord Ventry, the Count de Turenne, General Sir W. Codrington, Lord Clarence Paget, Hon. Hobart Pasha, Monsignor Capel (the famous Catholic prelate immortalised in "Lothair"), the Dean of Lichfield, Sir Julius Benedict, &c. Mr. Forbes on this occasion proposed the toast of "The Army and Navy." He proclaimed the general sentiment of the hour, that there is a worse calamity than war, namely, national dishonour. Count Beust and Lord Salisbury were rivals, at this memorable dinner, in praising the press for its wise and careful use of the freedom which it enjoys, and Lord Salisbury was particularly happy in his reference to the labours of the special correspondent. "He seems," said his lordship, "to be forced to combine in himself the power of a first-class steeple-chaser with the power of the most brilliant writer—the most wonderful physical endurance with the most remarkable mental vigour." From this acknowledgment of the practical genius of the Russells, Stanleys and Forbeses of journalism, Lord Salisbury drew a touching picture of the dark side

of a press career, and made an appeal for the English Press Fund, which is designed to help newspaper men and *littérateurs* in the hour of special need. "But," he said, "all these qualities of the journalist are attained and maintained with great strain. They can only be sustained by natures of the strongest fibre and intellectual power in the highest state of efficiency. The fascinations of the newspaper press are very great. To enter a journalistic career requires no capital, it requires comparatively little training; it has but one requirement—brains; but that it requires in a very large degree. But there are no vested interests to sustain it. There is no organised profession to reward it. The work must be done well at the greatest cost of mental and physical power, and the moment these qualities decline, the capacity to earn money is gone. Journalism, therefore, above all professions, is the one which should be aided by an institution of this kind. The rewards of the profession are great, the power which it exercises is wonderful, but the calamities to which it is liable are exceptional. I know nothing more distressing than to read, as one sometimes does, that a man whose genius, originality, wit and humour have fascinated the world, and who has carried on the battle of life by the exercise of these qualities against increasing disease and fear of destitution for his family, has succumbed under the labour at last. Therefore, gentlemen, not only as a politician, but as one of a civilised community, who feels that to the action of the newspaper press, to its high efficiency, civilisation owes more than to any profession that men pursue, I ask you to join in drinking health to, and to contribute in securing prosperity to, the Newspaper Press Fund."

It is worth while to state that the Press Fund has now been in existence seventeen or eighteen years. The Association has fought its way through a good deal of opposition. *The Times*, for example, made it a condition, and, I believe, does

so still, that none of its staff belong to it. When enforcing this regulation *The Times* raised the salaries of its Parliamentary reporters, the reason for the objection being that the influences of the Society might possibly interfere with the impartiality of that portion of its staff which has charge of the debates and of public meetings. I remember that, at the time when the subject was much discussed, the opponents of the Fund argued that members of Parliament who did not subscribe to it might be unfairly treated by weak brethren, and that patrons of the institution would obtain more consideration at the hands of reporters than might be warranted by the occasion, or by the subject of their orations. The opinion of *The Times*, however, was understood to be a general dislike of press men appealing for support to a benevolent society to which the outside world was invited to contribute. The Press Fund has, nevertheless, become a prosperous and useful institution, and its anniversary dinners are among the most interesting gatherings of the London season. *The Times* is very jealous of the independence of its representatives and its management. It is what is called a "non-society" office; a struggle with the Printers' Trades Union ending in the proprietors of *The Times* excluding members of that body from their staff, and encouraging "good hands" to remain with them by extra payment and other privileges. *The Times* office of New York is conducted on similar principles and for similar reasons, with this addition, that Mr. George Jones has established a co-operative society, or sick club, in his establishment, which makes it a special privilege to join his printing staff, and a disaster to leave it.

IV.

One of the most important departments of a London daily journal is that which belongs to the chronicling of the debates in

Parliament. As an unfamiliar example of the work, and at the same time illustrating the difficulties of what may be called "foreign correspondence," I venture to recall an experience of the war debates of 1877–8. It was my duty in the early days of the last-mentioned year to send a special dispatch by cable to an American journal, narrating the leading features of a certain debate, and indicating the feeling of the moment in reference to the situation between Russia and Turkey, and Russia and England. For the reader who is not accustomed to go behind the scenes of journalism, it may be interesting to recall the occasion and realise it.

I am writing on the night of Monday, January 28, 1878. In this case it is desirable to fix the date. Parliament Street is busy with traffic, on foot and on wheels. The light of the great lantern on the clock tower burns dimly among the raining clouds. The effigy of the Egyptian obelisk looms up in the murky atmosphere, with the black shadowy outline of Westminster Abbey for a background. The gas-lamps, in clusters of flaring globes, flash upon the muddy roads. My driver evidently thinks I am an honourable member, a little late for the debate. He winds boldly in and out of every obstruction, and dashes recklessly onward whenever there is a vacant space in the general traffic. I make my way to the reporters' entrance, which is not less scrupulously guarded than the portals that open for Cabinet Ministers. I know there is not a place to be had. Every seat, every corner, is occupied. A well-known novelist and journalist dashes past me, head thrown back, hands full of papers. He writes leaders for an Opposition paper. He has a seat in the press gallery. It will be his delight to point out to-morrow that everything the Ministry does is wrong, and possibly, that Russia is still "the divine figure of the North." I reach the ante-room of the press gallery. A dozen men go in and out while I talk with an old journalistic colleague. At the

head of the narrow staircase by which I have ascended are the press messengers and telegraph boys waiting for "copy," which comes out of the adjacent writing-room in batches of "flimsy," to be rushed into the hands of compositors for the special London editions, or sent by telegraph to the hundreds of country newspapers which subscribe to "The Press Association" and "The Press News." Big Ben slowly hammers out six while I shake hands with busy men who come and go, finishing their "turns," or taking them up. Ten minutes is the general "turn" on an important debate, when verbatim reports are made of the leading speeches. As they finish their notes the reporters retire to a spacious writing-room and transcribe them. I am taken there to see the toilers. Some thirty or forty are busy with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech. "He is to be followed by Lord Hartington," says my friend, the leader of one of the reporting corps, "but Gladstone is trying to out-general him, and get up first." Every possible arrangement is made for the comfort of the phonetic and stenographic historians. While my own "turn" to go into the gallery (for I have made a mysterious "ten minutes arrangement," and hope I may escape hanging should I be found out) comes, I go the round of the press apartments. They consist of cloak-room and lavatories, a comfortable refreshment-room (there was a fine round of beef on the side-board), a news-room, furnished with the magazines and weekly papers, and a smoking-room. It cannot be said that "the Fourth Estate" is neglected now at St. Stephen's, whatever difficulties it had to encounter in the days of Cave, Woodfall and Perry, who, playing the part of journalistic spies, used to take notes in their hats and write them out by the flicker of a candle in some coffee-house or bar-parlour. What a change! Nothing tells the story of liberal progress in this country more thoroughly than the history of Parliamentary reporting. When Onslow was Speaker of the House of

Commons, it was a species of treason to report a speech in Parliament. Now to neglect to notice a speaker would be to politically kill him. In the old days the Speaker lectured reporters at the bar of the House, and the Sergeant-at-Arms imprisoned them. To-day statesmen address them, and the Government takes care that they have facilities for doing their work in comfort. "Peers," as a friend wrote to me recently, "used to look upon reporters pretty much in the light that they still look on poachers; to-day they dine with them at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of a Royal Duke, and toast the press as an estate of the realm." My guide leaves me to a solitary cigar while he fixes my ten minutes' duties. I try and recall, while he is away, the great men who in their early days were parliamentary reporters: Charles Dickens, Shirley Brooks, John Campbell (Lord High Chancellor), Justice Talfourd, among those who are gone, and Dr. Russell among famous men who are living. Many of the men high in journalism and distinguished at the Bar to-day have been parliamentary reporters.

While I am trying to think of the future great ones among the crowd I have just left I am called. My "turn" has come. From the smoke-room to the gilded chamber is almost a magic change. In the narrow passage where the light flashes from the House through a glass doorway I encounter the summary writer of that same Opposition daily, his hair dishevelled, his eyes full of bright intelligence. The Opposition journal seems to pervade the place. The great Russophile paper is hoping for a triumph. I notice, as I am solemnly ushered in, the Falstaffian form of the director of the associated press corps, and then, right across to the opposite gallery, one solemn face among a crowd of spectators rivets my attention. It is a sad, eager face, with marked features, an earnest, patient-looking face, with grey hair hanging about it—iron-grey hair, seen the plainer that it is sur-

mounted by a red fez. All the calm face seems to listen as the impressive tones of the Chancellor of the Exchequer fill the House. The cheers sound like falling waters. What a sea of faces! And what remarkable faces, when you begin to have time to pick out individual examples! It is a little while before one gets used to the soft, sun-like atmosphere of the Chamber. The ceiling is an illuminated surface. It seems to generate a soft, genial warmth, an equal, gilded light. Every seat on the floor of the House is occupied. I am told that Count Schouvaloff is in the gallery opposite. I only see that sad, thoughtful, Turkish face, the expressive countenance of Midhat Pasha. While I am taking in the whole scene under the spell of its various impressions, the voice of the Chancellor is becoming familiar to me, and the cheers of the House induce me to pay attention to what he is saying.

"This is not a question of the moment," he says. "It is whether we are or we are not to go into the conference armed with the strength of a united nation." [A burst of cheering.] "We hear outside a great deal about the position of England, that it is degraded, humiliating. I believe myself that all such language is false—as mischievous as it is false." [Cheer upon cheer greets this sentiment, and the Chancellor, who had, it seemed to me, been speaking in a subdued voice, rises to the warmth of the moment.] "England," he goes on to say, "is not a weak country. I do challenge a comparison between the strength of any other country you may name—try it by what test you please." [Loud cheers.] "When you do try it you will find that England will come out second to none." [Cheers.] "There are weaknesses, no doubt. But we have great wealth; we have a great and well-appointed Navy; we have a small, but very well-appointed, Army—an Army capable of quick and easy increase; we have a position of the utmost importance; but above all, we have the support of a people who are, by their

constitution and temperament, the lovers of freedom, the supporters of all that is noble, and who are ready, when the time needs, to shed their blood and expend their treasure in any cause that they think good." [Loud cheers greet these opinions, and the speaker marches on with oratorical fervour to denounce those who perpetually go about discrediting and making light of the power and spirit of the country.] "I am not one of those," he says, "who attach great importance to what is called prestige, or who would enter upon an expenditure of blood and treasure for the mere purpose of keeping up the glory of a country, but what I think is even worse than the attempt by such means to increase and maintain a false prosperity, is the deliberate attempt to destroy the proper prestige of your country." [Loud cheers.] "I venture to say that if, by such a course as that we see on the part of some who ought to know better" [general cheers.], "if, I say, by such a course England should by degrees be forced into a position of humiliation—if England should once be brought to believe that she has been betrayed—that her interests have been seriously attacked, there would arise a feeling which would require that the insult, that the humiliation should be wiped out, and wiped out in a manner we should all regret." [Great applause.] "It is not the cause of peace which is promoted by language of that kind." [Cheers, and cries of "Hear, hear!"] "It is not promoting the cause of peace for you to be perpetually telling every one that your country is afraid to go to war." [Cries of "No, No!" from one side of the House, and loud cheering from the other.] "Or that she is too weak," continues the Chancellor, between the interruptions. [Then there were cries of "Name! name!"] "Or that she is too divided," he goes on as if no interruption had occurred; but he is presently pulled up by continued cries of "No, no!" and "Name! name!" which come chiefly from that side of the Chamber where I see Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Bright sitting.

"I am asked for names," says the Chancellor, who is answered by a general cheer. "I would most respectfully decline to give names; but I will say this—that I rejoice to learn, from the expressions that I hear from all quarters of the house—including the rather vehement cries of 'Name!' from the quarter from which it proceeds—I am glad to hear that the sentiments I am expressing are not alone the sentiments of a party, but the sentiments of the House of Commons." After the cheering subsides he follows these views up with some general remarks on the necessity of England going into a conference for the settlement of the great questions at issue, strong and with power. But the old English blood in him has been aroused by the national sympathies which he has touched in the representative Chamber of England, and he comes back to points where there are no differences between true Englishmen. "On this I will venture to say there is no difference: that there is only one feeling among Englishmen, that when they are satisfied as to the course in which they should engage"—[Loud and prolonged cheering from all parts of the House.]—"then the arm of England is not shortened, and the heart of England has not grown timid." [Continued cheering, during which I am told my "turn" is at an end, and I find myself once again in the passages outside the gallery, my pulse beating more rapidly than when I entered it, and that sad, sober, reflective face of Midhat Pasha still in my mind's eye.]

V.

I retrace my steps through a little crowd of telegraphists, messengers, doorkeepers, down a long flight of narrow steps, out through a heavy portico, and once more into Palace Yard, confronting that shadowy obelisk set up to familiarise us with the original. Turning to the right, I push my way through the

mud along Parliament Street, past Downing Street and the Government offices, where the gas is all lighted; past Whitehall, where Charles I. stepped out to be beheaded; up into Trafalgar Square, where Landseer's lions crouch in calm and dignified state. The newsboys are crying the evening papers. "Hostilities renewed!" I hear them say; "Armistice not yet signed!" I walk on to the Haymarket. There is a crowd waiting to go into the cheapest parts of Her Majesty's Theatre. I continue my course until I reach the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus. Newsmen are selling "the fifth *Globe*." "Here y'ar, sir, *The Globe*." "*Hecho!*" shouts another. "Fifth *Hecho!*" I buy them, in company with a score of other loiterers, and ask for "the specials." "Not out yet, sir," say the men. At the moment bounding along Coventry Street come half a dozen newsmen and boys, their arms full of "special *Standards*." "Here y'ar, sir!" they cry; "the great debate in Parliament!" "Special—Chancellor Hexcheker's statement!" The piles of papers disappear with magical rapidity. In a few minutes every man in the street has a journal in his hands; and every man goes straightway to the light of a shop window to read the latest news; that is every man who does not go straightway into a bar or restaurant to read it quietly over "a drink." It only contains the commencement of the debate, the few introductory remarks; but the latest dispatches from the seat of war are full of vague and disturbing reports, and sinister explanations of Russia's "strange conduct" in still "delaying the armistice, and keeping the terms of peace secret." I turn into an adjacent bar. The men are full of the latest news. "England is sold again," says one of the bystanders. "Serves us right for trusting to the words of England's enemies." I go home to dine, and in an hour or two later drive up into the gloomy shades of the distant City, under the shadow of the Bank of England, to send my cable dispatch to America, by which time midnight falls upon

the great town, and leaves the busy streets of the City proper silent and deserted; except in respect of a few solitary skaters, who fly about mysteriously on Plympton's rollers where the roads are asphalted; a stray bicyclist, with lamps upon his locomotive like a pair of red eyes; a few cabs, a late omnibus, and the members of the City police force.

XI.

THE FATHER OF THE CHEAP PRESS.

Reminiscences of Stormy Times—Edward Lloyd at Salisbury Square—Richardson's Printing-office and "Pamela"—Historic Ground—*Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*—A Novel Mode of Advertising—Fighting "The Trade"—The Two Jerrolds, Douglas and Blanchard—*The Budget*—Sunday Journalism—Dr. Sebastian Evans and *The People*—Harrison Ainsworth and Novels in Newspapers.

I.

NOTHING so well illustrates the rapidity of modern progress as the fact that the links between the light and the darkness to-day are living men, who, if not in all cases the authors of our advancement, were assistants and spectators of the scientific and mechanical triumphs which converted the eighteenth-century waggon into the nineteenth-century railway-carriage, the hand-press into the steam-machine, the dull sheet of stale dispatches into the newspaper which reflects the daily life of the world, and wields a power co-equal with that of kings and parliaments. Sitting behind three locomotive engines that were making their way round the Alleghany mountains one day last year my mind wandered back to Tapton House, Chesterfield, where the father of locomotive travelling patted my head with his great manly hand when I was a very little boy. The railway is such a tremendous and substantial fact, it almost seems impossible that I could have known George Stephenson. It is wonderful how

close we are to a dead past which knew nothing of railways, telegraphs, ocean steamers and a free press.

It is only about twenty years since my father laid down one of the first printing-machines, and started the first penny newspaper in Derbyshire, in sight of George Stephenson's windows at Tapton. I ought, therefore, not to have been surprised, one day last year, to find the original founder of the cheap press alive and well. Almost my first recollections are of country barns and pastoral gateways bearing the printed legend, *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Recently, as I made my way to Salisbury Square, dim visions of a boyhood when reform demonstrations, bread riots and Chartist declarations were talked about by grown men, filled my mind and started many speculations as to the author of the *Lloyd's Newspaper* which those same provincial politicians were wont to speak of, some with admiration, some with contumely and contempt.

Is was always a strong, out-spoken, Liberal paper, this pioneer of the cheap press. Had the originator written to me, or was "Edward Lloyd" his son? Should I really see the mutilator and "utiliser" of the king's penny in the flesh, or merely the inheritor of his penny property? Was ever the power of pence so splendidly demonstrated as in the penny press? After inquiring for Mr. Lloyd at the palatial offices of *The Daily Chronicle*, I was directed to 12 Salisbury Court, and there, in an unpretentious little room, I found Mr. Edward Lloyd, a hale, hearty, middle-aged, florid-complexioned, white-haired gentleman. He introduced me to his son, a stalwart young fellow, who was amused at the surprise I expressed at not finding the head of the firm a tottering old gentleman of the aspect usually thought characteristic of Father Time and the venerable Parr.

Mr. Lloyd is old enough to have originated the cheap press, and young enough to be vigorously occupied in establishing the newest daily paper. Responding to a remark about the literary

interest of the locality in which I found him, he said, "This house was Richardson's printing-office; in this room he wrote 'Pamela,' and here Oliver Goldsmith acted as his reader." The old familiar story: you are treading on historic ground every foot you move in London, historic not in a mere antiquarian sense, nor in the narrow meaning of age being historic, but in the breadth of human interest and universal fame. There is not a court hereabouts but it is linked with the history of all

EDWARD LLOYD.
[Photographed by Fradelle, 246 Regent Street, London.]

that is great and glorious in English letters, from Shakespeare to Hood, from Fielding to Thackeray, from Caxton, the first English printer, to his great successors, and from *The English Mercurie* to *The Daily News*. "I can show you Richardson's lease of these very premises," said Mr. Lloyd presently, and turning over the deeds which convey to him a large extent of the local freeholds (now strangely connected by passages and subways from Salisbury Court to Whitefriars), he handed me the parchment. It was a lease dated 30th May, 1770, from Mrs. Jennings to Mr.

Richardson, the printer-novelist's signature a bolder one than would seem characteristic of the gentle tediousness of "Pamela." Mr. Lloyd's freeholds and leaseholds are a curious mixture of properties, extending into Whitefriars, under streets and over streets, and they are all devoted to the mechanical requirements of *Lloyd's Newspaper* and *The Daily Chronicle.* The very latest inventions in the generation and use of steam, the newest ideas of Hoe in the way of printing, are pressed into the service of these two papers. Colonel Hoe is Mr. Lloyd's ideal machinist; Mr. Lloyd is Colonel Hoe's ideal newspaper proprietor.

"Have you ever been to America?" I asked.

"No; I had once made up my mind to go, and had fixed upon the ship," Mr. Lloyd answered—"the *Arctic*, I think she was called. Douglas Jerrold was against my going, and persuaded me all he could not to venture upon it. 'But,' said he, 'if you must go, give this play into Jim Wallack's own hands.' He gave me the manuscript of 'The Rent Day,' which had been produced at Drury Lane. The object of my going was to see Hoe, and arrange for two machines on certain revised terms, so that if one broke down, I should have another to fall back upon. Just before the time for sailing I received a letter from Hoe telling me that I could have just all I wanted. In consequence of that letter, I did not go. The ship I was booked for went to the bottom."

Mr. Lloyd's story has never been quite exactly told. Briefly it is this. As early as 1829, when he was only fourteen, he was strongly imbued with Liberal opinions, and with the idea of starting a "free and independent newspaper" for their advocacy. There was a fourpenny stamp duty on each paper, and in due time Edward Lloyd laboured hard, with others, in the direction of its reduction. He started a newspaper, and issued it without a Government stamp; so likewise did other London printers; but, after a short struggle, they succumbed to legal proceedings

for their suppression. In order to keep the question of unstamped papers before the public, Mr. Lloyd started a monthly unstamped journal, believing he could legally issue such a publication; but the Stamp-office authorities stifled it with crushing promptitude, though it turned out afterwards that he was within the law, Mr. Charles Dickens having, at a later date, issued a monthly paper on similar lines. In September, 1842, Mr. Lloyd published *Lloyd's Penny Illustrated Newspaper*, consisting chiefly of reviews of books, notices of theatres, and literary selections, thus keeping, as he thought, just outside the pale of what the law designated a *newspaper*. Within three months the Stamp-office discovered what they regarded as a few lines of news in the literature of the journal, and they gave the proprietor notice that he must either stamp his paper or stop it. He chose the former course, and continued the paper at twopence until January, 1843, when he enlarged it to eight pages of five columns each (about the size of an eight-page *Echo*), called it *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper*, and charged twopence-halfpenny for it. During the same year he again increased its size, and sold it at threepence. At this time the general price of newspapers was sixpence, and they carried a penny stamp duty. Mr. Lloyd's innovation met with the determined opposition of the newsagents. They one and all refused to sell the paper, unless the owner allowed them the same profit per sheet which they obtained on the sixpenny journals. An offer of thirty per cent. was scoffed at, and "the Trade" entered into a conspiracy to put down the threepenny weekly. The sale was considerably retarded by this opposition; but Lloyd pushed it by advertisements and otherwise, and the excellence and cheapness of the newspaper were attractions "the Trade" could not annihilate. One of Lloyd's methods of making it known was ingenious, not to say daring. He had a stamping machine constructed for embossing pennies with the name and price of his journal, and the fact that it could be obtained "post

free." The announcement was made in a neat circle round the coin on both sides. The machine turned out two hundred and fifty an hour, and Lloyd used up all the pennies he could lay his hands on. *The Times* drew attention to the defacement of his Majesty's coinage, and thus gave the paper a cheap and important advertisement. Parliament passed an act against the mutilation of the currency. The affair helped to make the threepenny paper known, and in spite of "the Trade," which continued to oppose it, holding meetings and combining against it in every way, it progressed in circulation and influence. From a sale of 33,000 in 1848, it rose year by year to 90,000 a week in 1853. Two years later than this, Lloyd had lived to see the most ardent desire of his life accomplished—the passing of an Act abolishing the stamp duty, and the establishment of a really free and unfettered press. From this period dates the enormous success of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. The difficulty of production was the next serious question. Lloyd put himself in communication with Messrs. Hoe and Co., of New York, which led to his introduction of their rotary printing-machine. The success of this new invention, exemplified in Lloyd's offices, elicited a general acknowledgment of its superiority over all others, and "The Hoe" was at once adopted, not only in the chief London offices, but by the leading newspaper proprietors of the country, and in Ireland and Scotland. Wherever there was a journal with a large circulation, there "The Hoe" became a necessity.

From a sale of 97,000 in June, 1855, *Lloyd's Newspaper* rose to 170,000 in September, 1861. In anticipation of three-halfpence per pound being taken off the price of paper, though it made a very trifling difference on a single sheet, Mr. Lloyd determined to reduce the price of his paper from twopence to a penny, depending upon an enormous sale and his advertisements for profit. "The Trade" foretold his ruin now, and looked forward

to it as a certainty. There is no institution so pig-headed as that which is called "the Trade" in England. Happily there are always a few irreconcilables outside the ring, or adventurers who cannot be bound by ordinary rules, or "the Trade" might stop all progress. It was "the Trade" that stood in George Stephenson's way for long weary years. But when once "the Trade" is fairly conquered, there is among the members of it just as much unanimity in accepting the new order of things as in the original opposition; this, and the renegades who keep open a sort of by-way to success, constitute the ultimate safety of good enterprises.

At a penny, Mr. Lloyd's paper went up in circulation from 170,000 a week in 1861, to 347,000 in 1863, to 383,489 in 1864, and to 412,080 in 1865, and so on, until Hoe's splendid machinery no longer kept pace with the demand. Accordingly the ingenuity of the firm was once more taxed, not by competition with other makers, but to eclipse their own good work. They were equal to the occasion. The result was the production of the first great web machine, printing from a reel of paper two sheets of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. Again complete success attended Hoe's work, and machines on the new system were at once ordered by *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Standard*, and three additional ones were made for Mr. Lloyd, the four printing at the rate of 90,000 copies per hour. In 1879, the extraordinary sale of *Lloyd's Newspaper* was announced, in a certified declaration of Turquand, Youngs and Co., famous London accountants, to have reached an average of 612,902 copies a week; and notwithstanding the competition of the daily press, the sale goes on increasing. Mr. Lloyd set the example of extensively advertising a newspaper, and has often spent as much as £300 a week in "posting and billing." During the Lancashire cotton famine a subscription list was opened for the receipt of small sums by *Lloyd's;* and the profits on the "extra sale," beyond the average

circulation, for the weeks ending December 7, 14, and 21, 1862, were announced as contributions to the fund. They reached £200, and the fund in all, from September, 1862, to July, 1863, amounted to £3,676 14*s.* 9*d.*

II.

Douglas Jerrold's association with this remarkable journal materially added to its popularity and strength. The announcement of his name was made in the seventh number of *Lloyd's Weekly London Newspaper* in these terms: "The editorial department will be confided to a gentleman whose pen, we doubt not, will be speedily recognised and cordially welcomed by his old friends the masses." On the death of Jerrold, his son Blanchard came to the editorial throne, and his name still occupies the place of his father's on the title-page of the paper. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is among the most industrious journalists and authors of his time. There is hardly a paper or periodical in which he has not at some time or other done excellent work. He is the author of quite a library of books, historical, political and imaginative. "The Christian Vagabond" is characterised by a sweet and gentle philosophy which, contrasted with the political vigour of some of the author's other works, gives evidence of a rare and marked versatility of style. His "Life of Napoleon III." is the most valuable of existing contributions to modern French history. I do not think Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's father had a very lively faith at first in the success of the newspaper which his name and work were destined so materially to advance. Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he say to the fact that Mr. Lloyd not only makes the paper on which he prints, but grows it? In the office where Richardson used to stimulate the early rising of his printers by hiding half-crowns among the type, and also distributing fruit to the earliest comers, there

hangs a large photograph of Lloyd's Algerian grass farm, with labourers busy gathering and packing the "esparto" for his paper-mills at Bow. Even *The Times* does not make its own paper. *The Telegraph* has a mill of its own; but the enterprise of Mr. Lloyd in this direction has no parallel in the world. The grass is imported here in ships chartered by Mr. Lloyd. The vessels are unloaded in dock, near Blackwall, into barges which navigate the river Lea, the cargoes being finally deposited on

BLANCHARD JERROLD.
[Photographed by H. Lenthall, 222 Regent Street, London.]

Lloyd's paper-mill wharf at Bow. Here the esparto is stored in enormous stacks. The mill embodies the newest systems of manufacture. It represents a long story and an interesting train of thought—the conversion of a bundle of African grass lying for shipment in Algeria into a bundle of newspapers on a news-agent's counter in England.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in a picturesque biography of his father, has told the story of the brilliant failure of *Douglas Jerrold's*

Weekly Newspaper, the forerunner of Mr. Lloyd's success. It was started in the summer of 1846. A popular feature of its pages was, "The Barber's Chair," under which heading a dialogue was carried on by a barber and his customers on the affairs of the week. Later, when the paper began to decline and Jerrold's pen grew tired, the news-boys were wont to peep between the damp sheets to see if the barber was in evidence before they gave their orders. "The leaders," says the biographer, "were strong outspeakings on the Liberal side—against all aristocratic pretension, against hanging, against flogging, against the Hugh M'Neales and others. The hammer came with a heavy thump, for the smith was in downright earnest. 'The Radical literature of England,' one of his critics has justly remarked, 'with few exceptions, was of a prosaic character. The most famous school of Radicalism is utilitarian and systematic. Douglas was, emphatically, neither. He was impulsive, epigrammatic, sentimental. He dashed gaily against an institution, like a *picador* at a bull. He never sat down, like the regular workers of his party, to calculate the expenses of monarchy or the extravagance of the civil list. He had no notion of any sort of 'economy.' I don't know that he had ever taken up political science seriously, or that he had any preference for one form of government over another. I repeat, his Radicalism was that of a humourist. He despised big-wigs and pomp of all sorts, and, above all, humbug and formalism. But his Radicalism was important as a sign that our institutions are ceasing to be picturesque; of which, if you consider his nature, you will see that his Radicalism *was* a sign. And he did service to his cause. Not an abuse, whether from the corruption of something old, or the injustice of something new, but Douglas was out against it with his sling. He threw his thought into some epigram which 'stuck.'" The paper began to break down after the first six months, and died at the end of about two years, leaving its editor saddled

with a heavy debt, which was only paid off at his death by means of a policy of insurance on his life. When Mr. Lloyd offered Douglas Jerrold £1,000 a year, without risk of any kind, to edit *Lloyd's Newspaper*, he saw in the position a certain amount of ease and leisure. "The acres of paper he had covered —the dramas he had thrown out by the dozen—the fair successes he had achieved—and the position of honour in which he now found himself in intellectual society, all tended to make him less prodigal of his ink. He had much to say, however, to the people. Shams were still abroad to be battered and annihilated; there were oppressions still to beat down in behalf of the public; the gibbet still reared its sable head amid mobs of yelling savages before Newgate; the people over the water were under the iron thumb of the despot of the 2nd of December; and in the highways of England were still pluralists and hoarding bishops. From his stern independence no minister could wring the shadow of a promise. He was said to be blind to his own interests; but he was true to his own noble, passionate heart." Mr. Blanchard Jerrold remembers with a laudable pleasure that in 1854, when his father was prostrated with illness, he found comfort in leaving his weekly editorial task to him. From that time until his death the accomplished son aided the illustrious father at his desk, and finally succeeded him in the editorial chair of the oldest penny paper, outside which he has done a world of work in almost every department of letters and journalism.

III.

The very mention of *Lloyd's Newspaper* opens up a wide field of interest touching the class of weekly journals that register enormous circulations in London and the provinces, such as *The Dispatch*, *The Weekly Times*, and *The News of the World*. There is a paper called *The Budget* which is hardly seen at all in

London, but is sold by tens of thousands in the North of England. It is almost a household word in Lancashire, supplying to many working-class homes their Saturday night and Sunday reading. It is to a great extent what the American papers call "a story paper," consisting chiefly of romantic tales. In the United States the daily journals are published on Sundays, with the addition of supplements that make their Sunday editions very attractive. *The Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Sun* of New York, issue papers on Sunday that cover the entire field, for the current week, of literature, art, science, politics, cooking, preaching and general news. The English dailies, on the other hand, do not appear on Sundays. They leave the market open to *The Observer*, a thoughtful high-class political journal, edited by Mr. Edward Dicey ; *The Sunday Times*, which for many years counted upon its staff such men as Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Henry Dunphie and Mr. Ashby Sterry ; *The Weekly Times ;* and *The Referee*, a sporting and dramatic journal, edited by Mr. Sampson, formerly of *Fun*, and having as its principal contributor Mr. George R. Sims, whose social and political ballads have materially advanced its circulation. Mr. Sims has recently come to the front as a dramatic author. His "Lights o' London" is generally pronounced by the critics to be the best original melodrama of modern days. After being associated with *The Sunday Times* for twenty years, Mr. Joseph Knight has lately accepted the appointment of dramatic critic on *The People*, a new weekly journal, under the editorship of Dr. Sebastian Evans, who conducted *The Birmingham Daily Gazette* in its palmiest days, and with Mr. Sampson Lloyd unsuccessfully contested Birmingham for a seat on the Conservative side of the House of Commons. *The Sunday Times*, from a high-priced semi-literary paper, has entered the lists of popular penny journalism, and it has a rival in *The People*, politically and otherwise. There are a few points of special interest connected with *The Sunday Times*.

It was started in 1822 by Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, who was for many years member of Parliament for Southwark. He sold it eventually to Mr. Valpy, publisher, of Red Lion Court, for whom it was edited by Mr. Clarkson. Mr. Valpy transferred a

JOSEPH KNIGHT.
[Photographed by Twyman and Son, High Street, Ramsgate.]

share in the property to Mr. Colburn, the predecessor of the well-known publishing firm of Hurst and Blackett. Through Mr. Colburn's influence, Mr. Gaspey (author of "The Gipsy" and other novels, long since forgotten) became editor, and died in harness at eighty-three. Mr. Levy, father of *The Telegraph* chief, in course of time, became one of the proprietors. He was succeeded by Mr. E. T. Smith, from whom Mr. Searle purchased it. Under Mr. Searle the paper was very efficiently managed, and counted upon its staff the gentlemen previously mentioned. At that

time the editor was Mr. Henry N. Barnet, a clever and capable journalist, who among a clique of friends and fellow-workers was regarded as "the Dr. Johnson of his day." He was a good conversationalist, a cultured writer, and an eloquent speaker. He was an intimate friend of the late George Dawson, and prior to his appointment on *The Sunday Times* he edited, with considerable skill, but with no financial success, *The Bristol Advertiser*, a weekly paper started to share the local ground with *The Bristol Times*, *The Bristol Mirror* and *The Bristol Mercury*. That was before the advent of *The Western Daily Press*, the example of whose success converted these papers into dailies. *The Bristol Advertiser* has long since "gone under." Mr. Grant in his "Newspaper Press" states that the first regular novel which appeared in any weekly newspaper was published in *The Sunday Times*. "It was a work of fiction by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, for which, if my memory be not at fault, he got £500, with the right reserved to him for republishing it in the usual form of three volumes. I do not remember the title of the work, but have some idea it was 'Old St. Paul's.' This fact I remember quite as distinctly as if it had been a matter of yesterday—that Mr. Harrison Ainsworth wrote to me before the first chapter to the effect that he felt he was making, as an author, a great experiment in undertaking to publish a novel in a weekly newspaper. It was indeed a great experiment, and proved injurious to his reputation as being at that time a popular author." Times have changed wonderfully within the past few years. Some of the best known novels of the present day have made their first appearance in the columns of provincial newspapers.* Most of the weekly journals just mentioned publish

* Chiefly through the enterprise of Mr. Tillotson, of Bolton, "purveyor of fiction" to the provincial press, hardly a weekly paper appears in the country that has not among its general contents a continuous story, written by popular authors, of the rank of Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Manville Fenn, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, James Payn and Mr. Farjeon. Mr.

Sunday editions, as also does *The Era*, which is often spoken of as "the actor's Bible." It was originally started as a sort of trade journal, in the same interest as that which *The Morning Advertiser* represents. In its early days it was Liberal in politics, and was edited by Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who at one time occupied the editorial chair of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*. Mr. Ritchie, however, had not supreme control of *The Era*. His work and policy were supervised by a "committee of management." This led to his resignation, and finally Mr. Frederick Ledger obtained possession of the paper. On becoming sole proprietor he changed its politics, and improved the character of its intelligence. In his hands it paid more and more attention to theatrical news, and gradually became a journal of intercommunication between managers and actors, and an authority upon the current history of the stage. Mr. Edward Ledger succeeded his father in the property and management. The technically worded announcements in its advertising columns have often been quoted in *Punch*, to be reproduced in the "variety" columns of country papers and American journals.

Tillotson buys novels, and by arrangement with many leading papers publishes a work simultaneously in various centres, at a subscription from each journal, varying for a first-class writer from £30 to £60 and £70. Mr. Payn received as much as £1,200 for the newspaper rights of one of his novels, under this combination. *The Leeds Mercury* and *The Glasgow Herald* have not joined this provincial confederacy. As a rule they "commission" their own novels. Latterly *The Herald* has been offering prizes "for the best serial stories." Mr. Black has written specially for *The Herald*, and Mr. Payn for *The Mercury*.

XII.

CONCERNING CLASS JOURNALS AND TRADE PAPERS.

The Athenæum—Sir Charles Dilke—*Bell's Life*—The late Serjeant Cox and his Newspaper Enterprises—*The Field* and *The Queen*—Church Papers—*The Guardian* and its Chief Contributors—The Rise and Progress of Trade Journalism—*The Ironmonger*.

I.

CLASS journalism, and trade journalism, to a great extent, may be regarded as modern institutions. This can certainly be said of the last-mentioned feature of the newspaper world. The most notable of the class papers is probably *The Athenæum*, nominally conducted by its proprietor, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, M.P., but practically edited by Mr. MacColl, who has the reputation of being a scholarly man and a capable critic. *The Athenæum* was founded in 1828 as a journal of literature, art, music and the drama, its projector and first proprietor being Mr. James Silk Buckingham. It presently passed into the hands of Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, father of the first and grandfather of the present baronet. Mr. Hepworth Dixon edited the paper for many years, and wrote some of his best critical and historical essays in its front pages. Mr. Dixon died a few years ago, leaving behind him a series of notable works and a reputation for great independence of character. *The Athenæum* is an

acknowledged mentor in the literary and art world, and is recognised as the special organ of the publishers and booksellers, whose announcements in its advertising columns are both valuable to the journal and interesting to the public. Its responsible director has made a considerable mark in politics. He is best known in America for his two volumes recording the results of his visit to the United States and other English-speaking countries. "Greater Britain" had a large sale on both sides of the

SIR CHARLES WENTWORTH DILKE.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.]

Atlantic. His chief legislative work has been the direct election of school boards by the ratepayers, which he carried as an amendment to Mr. Forster's famous Educational Bill; the conferring of the municipal franchise on women; and the extension of the hours of polling at Parliamentary elections in London. Sir Charles, though a baronet, has expressed himself in favour of a Republican form of government in preference to that of a Constitutional Monarchy. He has been attacked for this decla-

ration, and it was made the chief ground of opposition to his re-election for Chelsea. His success at the head of the poll was therefore regarded by many as more than usually significant of the spread of extreme Radical views in England. Mr. Joseph Cowen, the member for Newcastle, has always been known for his Republican sentiments, but he recently took an opportunity to express an opinion that the constitution of England, as at present established and interpreted, is sufficient for the widest aspirations of freedom. These are not his words, but they represent the spirit of them, and Sir Charles Dilke would probably agree with Mr. John Bright that monarchy in the reign of Queen Victoria needs no defence. There is only one man in the three kingdoms who has ever refused election to Parliament because he could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the Queen, and that is Mr. Davitt, the founder of the Land League. Mr. Bradlaugh tried to take his seat without subscribing the ordinary recognition of God and Queen, and found "lions in his path." Sir Charles Dilke is proprietor of *The Gardener's Chronicle*, *The Agricultural Gazette*, and *Notes and Queries*, and journalism is honoured in his active association with the press.

The Spectator was founded by Mr. Rintoul, a Scotch journalist of high qualification for editorial work. He conducted the paper until he died in 1860. He was thoroughly conversant with the political movements of his time, and was kept specially informed of the intentions and hopes of the Liberal Party. At the founder's death the paper was bought by Mr. Meredith Townsend (who had lived some time in India) and Mr. R. H. Hutton, who are understood to collaborate in the editorship. They also both write for the paper, and indeed are credited with its chief and best work. *The Spectator* is probably liked more in America for its political essays and its current criticisms on foreign affairs than it is in England. It is very constantly

quoted by the leading newspapers of America, while at home it has a high reputation for its thoughtful and honest reviews of books. As a class paper, largely devoted to literature, it ranks, with publishers, next to *The Athenæum*, while its polemical and critical essays, political and social, give its opinions a higher value in the estimation of cultured Liberals than those of its more cynical contemporary, *The Saturday Review*. Each of the three mentioned papers may be noted as a scholarly and high-class representative of the weekly press. Not one of the least attractive features of *The Spectator* is the frank and liberal consideration shown to correspondents who address the editor *apropos* of subjects suggested in his own columns, or having regard to "burning questions" of the time.

The Saturday Review, a journal of wide popularity, not only in England, but in the United States, was started by the Right Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope. Having failed to make *The Morning Chronicle* successful as an organ of the High Church and Peelite Party, he resolved to put his money into a weekly journal; one of the special missions of which was to assail, and if not pull down *The Times*, at least "to hold its tyranny in check." The history of journalism is probably not without examples of papers that have dashed themselves to pieces against the rock of Printing-house Square. *The Saturday*, however, neither hurt itself nor *The Times*, and soon learnt to be content with a success that did not include the destruction of "the leading journal." Mr. T. D. Cooke was editor of the paper until he died in or about the year 1870. He made a fortune out of *The Saturday*, built a house at Tintagel with his hardly earned money, and died there almost as soon as he had began to reside in it. At his death he was succeeded in the editorial chair by Mr. P. Harwood, a gentleman who had for many years been his "right-hand." Some of the wisest and readiest pens of the time have contributed to *The Saturday*. In his younger days Lord Salisbury wrote for it;

so also did Lord Strangford. Mr. Edward Freeman is a constant writer in *The Saturday*, and the succession of distinguished contributors is strikingly maintained, every writer for its critical pages appearing to fall easily into its characteristic style. The Right Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., the originator of the paper, was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated B.A. in 1841. In ecclesiastical and art movements he has done good service as a champion of Gothic architecture. From 1865 to 1867 he was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He sits for Cambridge University in the House of Commons as an Independent Conservative. As an author he is best known for his "English Cathedrals of the Nineteenth Century." His wife is Lady Mildred Cecil, daughter of James, second Marquis of Salisbury.

The newspapers devoted to sports and pastimes are many and influential. *Bell's Life*, *The Sporting Gazette*, *The Sporting Times*, *Sporting Life*, and *Sporting Opinion* are among the most familiar of them. Of late years *Bell's Life* has several times changed hands. The accession of Mr. Charles Greenwood to the chief proprietary rights in the paper was celebrated by the staff only a short time since; but he has recently stepped out in favour of Mr. Blakely, proprietor of *The Manchester Sporting Chronicle*, who has purchased *Bell's Life* for £7,000. There was a time when this journal must have paid its owners every year a profit considerably beyond this sum. But since *Bell's* palmy days it has had to encounter much vigorous competition. Moreover, many features of this famous journal have been taken up by new papers, gradually, as it were, leaving it to the mere turf competition of sprightlier rivals. *The Field*, *Fishing Gazette*, and *Land and Water* cover the higher class departments of *Bell's Life*, and other papers, more closely devoted to racing, have trespassed upon certain of its specialities, while the downfall of the P.R. has cut it out of those sensational reports which, in the Ring's

last days, were even more graphically described in the London daily papers. The account of the fight between Heenan and Sayers, which appeared in *The Times*, is one of the most stirring examples of descriptive reporting of our time.

II.

The late Serjeant Cox had a peculiar instinct in regard to class journalism. He was a remarkable man in many ways. His death was characteristic of his life. He was a busy man and died in harness at seventy. Deputy Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Sessions, he went home after a busy day, dined, and shortly afterwards sallied forth with his two daughters to take part in a "penny reading" for a charitable object. He was an authority on elocution. He had written a capital work upon the subject, and he always felt a pleasure in publicly demonstrating the value of reading aloud. Selecting "Pickwick" for his illustration, he had delighted a large audience and returned home to his pleasant house at Hendon. His daughters retired to the drawing-room. He sat down before the fire in his library, and a little while afterwards was found, on his knees, dead. He had been seized with an attack of apoplexy. At ten the next morning he had appointed to take a serious matter of business in Court. Serjeant Cox was known in America as a Spiritualist of unshaken faith in the phenomena supposed to have been demonstrated more particularly by Mr. Home, for whom Mr. Cox had the highest regard. He wrote many learned and logical pamphlets in defence of the principles of Spiritualism, and was looked up to by believers as a solid and worthy authority on that and kindred subjects. He was President of the Psychological Society, and his inaugural address in that capacity was an able exposition of the faith that was in him. But it is outside this region of law, of science and of philosophy that he

was most remarkable. He could hardly be called a journalist, in the technical acceptation of the term; and yet it was in journalism that he was a factor of noted skill and judgment. Fortunes are oftener lost in starting newspapers than in buying failing properties. Just as new companies purchase the remains of a joint-stock concern that is wound-up, and make a quick and ready income, so the second or third buyers of struggling journals frequently step in at the moment when all that is required for success is fresh capital and renewed managerial vigour. Serjeant Cox had a peculiar prescience in regard to newspapers. He had the faculty of judging what the public wants, and a keen scent for unoccupied ground in the broad field of journalistic enterprise. He started *The Law Times*, edited it for many years, and almost from the first it brought him in a large income. Some quarter of a century ago, *The Field; or, Country Gentleman's Newspaper*, was started, if not by Bradbury and Evans, they eventually became proprietors of it. Mark Lemon edited it, and there were hunting and other illustrations in it by Leech. Mr. Benjamin Webster, the actor, had a share in it, and ultimately it became his sole property. The paper struggled on, but without quite fulfilling its right programme, and Mr. Serjeant Cox, settling in his mind what its platform should be, bought it for a very small sum of money. Mr. Walsh, a surgeon, practising at Worcester, had just then published a book on dogs and a work of a kindred character, which showed a broad knowledge of country life. Mr. Cox, casting about for an editor of personal acquaintance with rural sports and pastimes, selected Mr. Walsh, who gave up his practice as a surgeon, and became director of *The Field*. Under him sub-editors or editors of special departments were appointed, and travellers and others were invited to send in accounts of the sports of foreign lands, together with articles on natural history, or matters of general interest to country gentlemen. Reporters were appointed to

supply reliable and late accounts of agricultural, sporting, hunting, racing, yachting, shooting and other events; and *The Field* became a mirror of the urban and rural world. It grew in importance and popularity, and has for many years been paying an annual income to its proprietor of not less (and probably much more) than £20,000. About eighteen years ago, *The Queen* (a ladies' newspaper), started by Mr. S. O. Beeton, was a losing property, as most journals devoted to the single interest of the fair sex were in those days. Mr. Cox had his views of the special line which ought to be pursued by *The Queen*. He bought the paper for an insignificant sum, took it to *The Field* office, and made *The Queen* for ladies what *The Field* was for gentlemen—a complete magazine of all their practical wants and requirements, as well as a useful reflection of fashion, an organ of cookery and receipts, a reporter of the doings of society, and, in fact, a complete ladies' paper. As months and years sped on, the conductors, under his direction, improved its illustrations, introduced the system of "cut-paper patterns," gave at Christmas coloured pictures, promoted advertising by notices of new inventions in connection with domestic economy and women's dress, and after the first two years *The Queen* became a rapidly paying concern, and was not returning less than £10,000 a year to its proprietor when he died. These are only two out of several newspaper enterprises with which he was connected, and in every case he was successful; his income from this class of property alone being variously estimated at from £40,000 to £50,000 a year. *The Exchange and Mart* was a new venture of Mr. Cox's, springing out of the overgrown department of "exchange" in *The Queen*. It is one of the modern curiosities of London journalism, and a very profitable undertaking. Serjeant Cox had other sources of income, and was, indeed, a rich man; yet he worked all the time at his profession of the law, and for the last nine or

ten years of his life, among other serious responsibilities, he acted as Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, fulfilling the onerous duties of the position with close and careful punctuality, and with no little distinction.

III.

The polemical, religious and Church papers are a numerous class. At the head of them may be counted the semi-clerical *Guardian*, a carefully written and scholarly publication, sub-edited in its way as well as the defunct *Express*, an evening paper formerly issued by *The Daily News*. *The Guardian* was started in January 1846, the work of a combination of young Oxford men (then regarded as very High Churchmen), who projected the paper at a Sunday informal meeting in the rooms of Mr. T. H. Haddon, barrister, of Lincoln's Inn. Their idea was "to reform the Church and make its machinery practical." Among the first contributors to the paper were the two brothers, T. H. Haddon and Alfred Haddon, Sir Roundell Palmer (now Lord Selborne), Mr. J. D. Coleridge (now Lord Coleridge), and Mr. E. W. Freeman. The editor is Mr. Martin R. Sharp, who began his training on *The Oxford Herald*. Despite his long innings he shows no lack of grip. *The Guardian* is still an influential and widely read journal. A Gladstonite, it has stood by the great Liberal leader, but without servility. Its reviews of books are, as a rule, thoughtful and well written essays. Most of its critics have been Oxford men. Keble and Pusey often wrote letters in its correspondence columns. Its "Table Talk" is an attractive feature. From 1865 to 1870 most of it was the work of Mr. E. Walford, author of "Our County Families," and editor of the most recent of learned serial publications, *The Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*.

IV.

The history of trade journalism presents some singularly interesting and instructive features. What may be called trade and technical journalism essentially belongs to modern progress. Twenty-five years ago there was not a single newspaper of this class in existence, with two exceptions, one in England and one in the United States. During the interval these journals have multiplied exceedingly. Within the past few years their number has become so great that they now represent almost every conceivable profession, trade and industry—from civil engineering down to chimney-sweeping.* To those who have never bestowed any thought upon this matter the mere existence of these journals may seem paradoxical and precarious, yet a little reflection will serve to show that virtually they have the strongest possible claims to the support of the classes of the community to which they severally appeal. Originally many of them were

* "If Sir Roger L'Estrange, who started the first regular newspaper in England —*The Public Intelligencer*—could revisit 'the glimpses of the moon,' he would be somewhat astonished at the change which has come over the press in the course of two centuries. Indeed, even to the people of the present day, the ever-increasing number of public journals must be surprising. There is scarcely an 'interest'—political, commercial, theological, or recreative—which does not boast its special literature. We almost seem to be realising a state of things somewhat like that indicated in the American joke about a certain locality which already had three newspapers, while 'the other inhabitant' was just waiting for a stock of type in order to start *his*. The list of journals devoted to trades is itself a lengthy catalogue. We have *The Bakers' Record*, *The Hairdressers' Chronicle*, *The Hatters' Gazette*, *The Draper*, *The Miller*, *The Boot and Shoe Maker*, *The Pawnbrokers' Gazette*, *The Watchmaker*, *The Newsvendor*, *The Tailor and Cutter*, *The Journal of Gas Lighting*, *The Farmers' and Curriers' Journal*, *The Pottery Gazette*, and others 'too numerous to mention.' Among a different class of journals we have *The Caterer*, *The Man of the World*, *The Athlete*, *The Athletic News*, *The Cyclist*, and several more devoted to the affairs of bicyclists, the latest addition being a new publication entitled *The Bicycling Mercury*. Then we have *The Matrimonial News* and kindred organs, upon which cupids incarnate play to the tune of heavy fees. In addition to all these, there is scarcely an important branch of industry which has not its labour interests represented in the press. One hardly knows where to look for 'the other inhabitant.'"—*Newcastle Chronicle*, March 1882.

simply circulars, or "prices current" of individuals and firms who found them useful in advertising their businesses. In other instances the journals were started and have been continued without reference to any particular firm or concern. The most successful paper of this class has gradually emerged from the chrysalis of a private circular into full-blown journalism. To-day the well-conducted trade paper is a real necessity of that section of the public whose interests it exploits and protects. It is the medium for making announcements of new goods and novel processes, changes of partnerships, failures, and the thousand and one business incidents in connection with every commercial calling. The great merit of all trade journals is that there is (or, at all events, should be) nothing redundant in their contents. Every paragraph or article is expected to be strictly pertinent to the titles of the respective papers and the subject treated. "In the embodiment of this idea," says an enthusiastic correspondent, who favours me with some special notes upon the subject, "lies the (trade) superiority of the class journal over the general newspaper. This circumstance is really the ground of the strong hold such journals maintain upon their advertising connections. Every reader of a thoroughgoing and enterprising journal of this sort is a possible buyer of the articles advertised; hence a trade paper, with a regular circulation of, say, 12,000 to 15,000 copies, is worth more to the advertiser, who only deals with the members of the trade represented, than a general newspaper having a circulation of 250,000 to 300,000, because in the latter case not more than one reader in, say, fifty, would be appealed to by the technical advertisement. This fact largely explains the almost marvellous success of the specialistic organs of the press."

London almost wholly monopolises the publishing offices of the scientific and class journals, the only exceptions of any note

being Birmingham, Manchester,* Edinburgh and Glasgow, each of which has one or more papers of the kind under notice. In this, as in other matters, however, the Metropolis is found the more convenient place of publication, its typographical and other resources alone being equal to the requirements of journals commanding cosmopolitan circulations. Amongst the leading trade and scientific papers there are many deserving of mention and commendation. *The Ironmonger*, as the oldest journal of its kind, may head the list. It is edited by Mr. W. E. Freir, at one time on the staff of *The Sheffield Daily Telegraph*. *The Engineer* is conducted by Mr. Vaughan Pendred; *Engineering*, by Messrs. W. H. Maw and James Dredge; *The Architect* by Mr. Hobart, and *The Builder* by Mr. George Godwin. *The Chemist and Druggist* is edited by Mr. A. C. Wootton. Most of the trade papers appear weekly, a few fortnightly, and the others once a month. Each has distinctive features, and, as a whole, they may fairly claim to be conducted with an intelligent appreciation of the wants of their readers, whilst their enterprise varies with the extent and importance of the industries they respectively represent.

It does no injustice to the many excellent publications of this description when it is stated that in all probability a rather more detailed reference to one of them, *The Ironmonger*, will serve to show the aim, scope, and policy of the whole. *The Ironmonger*, as serving the great metallurgical industries, has a wider field in which to work than any other trade journal, and it is pretty generally admitted that it has cultivated the ground with much spirit and success. Started in May 1859, *The Ironmonger* claims to be the oldest trade paper in the world, with the

* *The Textile Manufacturer*, conducted by Mr. W. T. Emmott, is one of the most remarkable of trade periodicals. It is the leading authority in all that appertains to textile fabrics, and is published in the very heart of this great English industry. Mr. Emmott has recently added to technical journalism an important weekly, *The Mechanical World*.

exception of the *Iron Age* of New York, which insists upon being considered slightly the senior. The paper was issued monthly until April 1878, since which it has appeared weekly. Its circulation is almost exclusively "postal." As a weekly *The Ironmonger* has shown considerable enterprise and fertility of resource. It has now its "own correspondents" in every trade centre of great Britain and Ireland; in New York, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto; Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin (New Zealand); Sydney, Adelaide, Melbourne and Brisbane; Hong Kong and Shanghai; Colombo (Ceylon); Calcutta and Bombay; Cape Town, Fort Elizabeth and Somerset East (South Africa); Alexandria and Cairo; Moscow, St. Petersburg, and several other places in Russia; Vienna, Berlin, Düsseldorf, Frankfort, Berne, Brussels, Charleroi, Paris, Marseilles, Florence, Genoa, Madrid, Bilbao, Rotterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm—indeed, wherever iron, hardware, metals and machinery are centred. The contributions of its correspondents are so well kept up that the paper generally consists of eight-tenths or more of original MS. reports and articles. Every week a long cablegram is received from New York, and is regularly quoted every Monday as *the* authority as to the American markets by over forty daily papers in England and Germany. On alternate weeks a cablegram is received from Sydney, and this is the recognised Australian market report for general circulation. The cable charges from Sydney, it may be remarked, are 10*s*. 10*d*. per word, and the message frequently occupies a space in column of three to six inches deep. After the close of the Melbourne Exhibition, the names of the whole of the prize-winners, in respect of iron, steel, machinery, implements, and hardware were cabled home to *The Ironmonger*, at a cost which would bear favourable comparison with any amount ever paid by the daily press for a single telegraphic dispatch. Successful as is the paper in a literary sense, many of

the principal metallurgists of the day being upon its staff, it is scarcely less distinguished for the extent of its advertising patronage. One number alone, in April 1881, consisted of 176 pages of advertisements, besides manufacturers' lists; and a number published in October last reached over 300 pages, of which over 100 were literary, largely composed of a verbatim report of the proceedings of the Iron and Steel Institute, which came to a close on the evening of the day before publication. Ordinarily *The Ironmonger* consists of about 100 to 130 pages weekly. It is a conspicuous example of what may be accomplished by vigorous management backed by a liberal and wealthy proprietary. Some of the technical trade journals rely more upon sheets of drawings, or scientific contributions, than upon news. Of this order are, perhaps, *The Engineer* and *Engineering*, *The Builder*, *The Architect*, and some few others—all capitally managed papers, and with clever literary staffs. *The Bookseller*, *The Publisher's Circular*, *The Stationer*, *The Printers' Register*, &c., are, strictly speaking, to be included in the coterie of trade journals. Several of these, naturally, pay great attention to typography and engraving. They all cover the ground indicated in their titles, and some of them are both entertaining and instructive outside the exclusive circles to which the editor and the contributors address themselves.

V.

There is in the United States a great and formidable corporation known as the American News Company. Here in London—one may more truthfully say in England—there is a similar institution known as Smith and Son, though here the corporation is a private firm. It did consist of the founders, Mr. Smith and his son. Mr. W. H. Smith is now the sole proprietor, unless Mr. Lethbridge, the chief manager, has a partnership share

in it, which is more than likely. Mr. Smith represents Westminster in Parliament. As First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet, he proved himself to be a capable and industrious minister, commanding the respect of his opponents, and enjoying the full confidence of the Premier and the Government. He receives a princely income from the famous house of business in the Strand, which has been built up by degrees, progressing with the progress of journalism, and being administered

W. H. SMITH, M.P.
[Photographed by the London Stereoscopic Company.]

to-day with remarkable grip and efficiency. Smith and Son are the chief distributors of the London and Provincial press, the principal dealers in publications and books. They conduct a vast library, similar in character and extent to Mudie's; their advertising business is the greatest agency in the kingdom, and they have in their employment enough men and boys to populate a small town. A feature of their enormous business, which has no parallel in the United States or in any European country, is their

business annexation, on renting terms, of the principal railway depôts throughout the United Kingdom. They lease the walls of the stations to exhibit advertisement-placards, and they have a bookstall and newspaper-stand on every platform. Occasionally they meet with the competition of some other house, which tries to outbid them in their rent to the railway corporations; but they generally manage to maintain their position. The first outlay of a rival for the erection of bookstores all along the great roads would be enormous; and the English are a conservative people; changes are not easily made, especially when there is the smallest question involved as to the necessity or advantage of change. Smith and Son have almost become an integral feature of English railway administration. Their bookstalls give life and animation to station platforms, and while the famous firm reap a splendid reward from their enterprise, the companies consider themselves liberally paid for the accommodation granted. A bookstall of Smith and Son is one of the "sights" of a great railway station in England. At Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield and other large towns the newspaper and literary stores make quite important appearances in their way, although only wooden structures. Americans, entering the Midland or North-Western stations at Liverpool for the first time, will be struck with the cheerful aspect which Smith and Son's stores and news-stands give to the platform in contradistinction to the gloom which generally pervades American depôts. An interesting illustration would be a sketch made at the Charing Cross railway station. On a stall of this description you will find cheap editions of the popular novels of past seasons, as well as expensive editions of the newest books, together with the magazines and other serial publications; you will find the picture-papers temptingly displayed, and all the daily and evening papers, with their contents-bills, set out in a row along the front of the stall. Though the newsboys go round to the

trains with trays full of journals and books (they are not allowed to enter the carriages as in America), the sales at the stalls are enormous. Something akin to the English system are the newsstands at many of the stations of the elevated road in New York; but the London bookstall of a great railway is unique.

At the Charing Cross station, the bookstall completes the busy scene of a departure platform where you can take your seat for a ride up into the city, to the coast, to many an inland town, and to Folkestone or Dover *en route* for France and the continent of Europe. While the Laureate waited for the train at Coventry he was interested in grooms and porters on the bridge, and he watched the three tall spires. Should the thoughtful or poetic stranger find the time pass slowly on his hands at Charing Cross, having mastered the news of the day at the bookstall, he may find ample food for thought in the reflection that the ground on which he stands was once part of the green old English village of Charing; that the last resting-place of the body of Queen Eleanor, when it was carried to Westminster for burial, is marked by a handsome new cross at the entrance of the depôt; that the water-gate where Wolsey embarked, broken-hearted, in his barge for Esher is within a stone's throw; and that the historic tragedy of Cromwell's Protectorship was enacted close by. When King Charles was executed journalism was in the first days of its earliest infancy. What a narrative the descriptive writers of to-day would have made of that event! The memory of the King should be specially honoured and respected in the commercial departments of every public journal; for he was the first, and probably the last, monarch, who patronised the advertising columns of a newspaper. "His Sacred Majesty" inserted an advertisement in the *Public Intelligencer* of 1644, announcing that he would "continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then give over till Michaelmas next." Le Sœur's fine equestrian

effigy of Charles was put up in 1674. If his bronze majesty (still riding on *in statu quo*, as poor Tom Hood puts it) could record the history of the hours which have been tolled out since the drums beat at his sad initiation into the mystery of mysteries he would have no more wonderful story to tell than that of the newspaper press.

XIII.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND *THE GRAPHIC.*

Mr. Ingram's First Idea of an Illustrated Paper—Charles Knight and John Gilbert's Views of the Experiment—Success—Mr. M. Jackson, the Art Editor—Famous Artist-correspondents' Adventures in War and Peace—*The Graphic* and the Franco-German War—Christmas Numbers—A Brief Biography of Mr. W. L. Thomas—What led to the Projection of *The Graphic*—Pique and Prosperity.

I.

A VOLUME might be written on illustrated journalism, and another on the history of caricature in the Victorian era, with illustrations from the comic and satirical press. I hope some day to complete at least one contribution towards this latter history. The pictorial press of London originated with *The Illustrated London News* in 1842. The projector and founder of this popular paper was Mr. Herbert Ingram. He was a newsagent at Nottingham. Occasionally, to accentuate notable events, murders particularly, the local press published a picture. The engraving was as crude as the printing of it was unsatisfactory, but success always attended the special edition of the journal that contained an illustration. The Nottingham newsagent was of an inquiring and observant turn of mind. Taking note of the great extra sale attending even the poorest kind of newspaper engraving, it occurred to him to speculate upon the prospects of a journal that should be full of pictures.

The idea of an illustrated newspaper thus sprung up in his

mind, and he never rested until he started for London and put it into shape. Of course he was told that his scheme was foolish, that it would never succeed. People in all ages have generally been so self-satisfied and so deeply impressed with their own wisdom that they have never encouraged changes, and they have invariably obstructed almost every description of improvement and reform. The worst of it is, this kind of national stupidity seems to continue. Just as the public ridiculed gas, so they have discounted electricity; and the strangest thing is that experts

THE LATE HERBERT INGRAM, M.P.

have notoriously been the first to decry advances in directions they have been supposed to know most about. Dr. Lardner ridiculed the idea of ocean steamers crossing the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Knight characterised Ingram's notion of an illustrated newspaper as a "rash experiment," which would prove a disastrous failure. Mr. John Gilbert (Sir John to-day) lent the scheme his countenance, and what was more, drew on the wood for it, while other capable artists were found willing to adorn the letter-press of the new venture. The paper was not an immediate

success. Indeed, for a time there seemed every probability of Mr. Knight's forecast coming true. Mr. Ingram's capital was limited. If he had entered upon the business backed as men usually are who start newspapers in these days, he would never once have had cause to be anxious. But he was spending his own money, and for a time it disappeared like the material in Chatmoss during the railway-making, and with as little apparent result. The time came, however, when "foothold" was secured; and eventually Ingram stood upon the new-made ground, master of the situation.

II.

Mr. Bailey was the first editor of *The Illustrated London News.* He was known among his friends as "Alphabet Bailey," on account of the great number of his Christian names.* Dr. Mackay was afterwards, and for some years, its editorial chief. He was succeeded by Mr. Stewart, author of "Footsteps Behind Him." The present editor is Mr. J. L. Latey. During several years Mr. Mark Lemon acted as Mr. Ingram's secretary and adviser; and I remember his describing to me one of Ingram's difficult questions of management. The advertisements increased in spite of the charges being often and continuously augmented. When one thinks of the struggles of journals because advertisements do not come in, it is pleasant to hear of cases where no amount of obstructive charges will keep them out. *Lloyd's*, *The Telegraph* and *The Graphic* are among these fortunate papers, while postponements of columns of advertisements are common with *The Times* and *The Standard.* *The Illustrated London News* directors have wisely adhered to the originator's principle of allowing only a limited space for advertisements, the charge for which is now,

* It is often erroneously stated that Mr. T. H. Bailey, the nautical song-writer, was editor of *The Illustrated London News.*

I believe, in some positions, as high as five shillings a line. When Mr. Herbert Ingram died (drowned in an American lake), he was member of Parliament for his native town of Boston, Lincolnshire, the honour of representing which was afterwards conferred upon his eldest son, Mr. William Ingram, who has for several years taken an active share in the management of the paper, inaugurating some of its latest and most important improvements in production and policy. Mr. M. Jackson is

J. L. LATEY.
[Photographed by James Monte, 313 City Road, London.]

the art editor, a position which he has filled for many years with distinguished success. Recently he wrote for *The Illustrated London News* an instructive and entertaining sketch of the rise and progress of pictorial journalism. Mr. Jackson is a north countryman, born and bred in the neighbourhood where George Stephenson, and Bewick the wood-engraver, first saw the light. With the strong individual characteristics of the "north countrie" he combines the southern artistic taste, and his adminis-

trative powers have been of the greatest value to the establishment, where he is held in the highest estimation. Mr. Leighton, the printer of the paper, is a man of considerable reputation among the craft. His colour-printing has been an important factor in building up the large fortune which *The Illustrated London News* has earned for its proprietors. Of his "Little Red Riding-Hood" (after Millais), 600,000 copies have been sold. Where have you *not* seen this familiar picture? I have come

M. JACKSON.
[Photographed by W. and D. Downey, London.]

across it in the strangest places—on the walls of a nobleman's fishing-box, and in the cottage of a Durham pitman; I have seen it hanging over the stove of an Indian cottage in the civilised settlement of Lorette, beyond Quebec, and adorning a screen in a Mayfair drawing-room. Mr. Jackson speaks of the wide circulation of illustrated papers. "To a certain extent, independent of language," he says, "they are prized alike by the civilised foreigner and the untutored savage." Among the

subscribers to *The Illustrated London News*, for example, is the King of Siam. The British troops found copies of the paper in King Coffee's palace at Coomassie. Polar explorers in search of Sir John Franklin have picked it up in the huts of the Esquimaux. Travellers on Chinese rivers and in the heart of Africa have been cheered by finding the picture paper in the most unexpected places.

In all the modern wars the artists of *The Illustrated London News* have been most conspicuous. The pencil is as adventurous as the pen. It is only a difference of work that distinguishes the special artist from the special correspondent. Mr. J. Bell, his portfolio at his back, is now working his way in search of the novel and the picturesque from England to Merv *viâ* China. The paper was represented in the field during the Crimean war, and as an example of artistic and mechanical expedition it may be mentioned that the sketch of the Balaclava charge was redrawn at home by Sir John Gilbert on a full-page block in little more than an hour, and was engraved during the night, and printed the next day. A double-page engraving is frequently turned out in four-and-twenty hours. "Yet only a few years before the advent of illustrated newspapers," says Mr. Jackson, looking up at me with his grave intelligent eyes, "I remember the late William Harvey telling me that when Whittingham, a famous printer in his time, wanted a new cut for the Chiswick Press series of books, he would appoint a meeting with Harvey and Thompson, the engravers, at Chiswick, when printer, designer and engraver would hold a long consultation; finally, having settled the character and plan of the work to be done, they would sit down to a snug supper, and then separate to enter upon their respective callings the next day. The projected woodcut, measuring perhaps two inches by three, would make its appearance probably three months after the appointment, the consultation and the supper."

III.

The "special artist," like the "special correspondent," may be said to date from the Crimean war. When an outbreak seemed imminent, Mr. S. Read went out for the *The Illustrated London News* to Constantinople and the Black Sea ; and he is still on the staff of the paper. Mr. Edward Goodall and the late J. W. Carmichael went out during the war, one sending home sketches from the Baltic, the other from the Crimea. Mr. F. Vizetelly was at

S. READ.
[Photographed by W. Cobb, Ipswich.]

Solferino and Magenta, and carried his portfolio into the conquest of Sicily by Garibaldi. The late R. T. Landells was in the war between Denmark, Prussia and Austria. S. Read and T. A. Wilson sketched the more pleasant scenes of the coronation of the present Emperor of Germany at Königsberg. The American Civil War had a pictorial delineator in Mr. F. Vizetelly. The Abyssinian expedition was attended by Mr. W. Simpson. During the Franco-

German war *The Illustrated London News* was most graphically served in the field by Messrs. R. T. Landells, W. Simpson, T. H. Andrews, and S. J. Staniland. Mr. Prior did excellent work for the paper in the Ashantee conflict. The Russo-Turkish war was illustrated by Messrs. J. Bell, M. Prior, M. Hale, C. Corbould and J. Montague. Mr. J. R. Wells's pencil told the adventures of Cleopatra's Needle. Mr. W. Simpson went to the Œcumenical Council at Rome, to the opening of the Suez Canal, and to the

WILLIAM SIMPSON.
[Photographed by Maull and Company, 187 Piccadilly, London.]

Emperor of China's marriage at Pekin. On the latter occasion he made a journey round the world. He also represented the paper on the Prince of Wales's Indian tour. He was in the Afghan war; and the recent pictures of the royal marriage at Berlin are from his sketches. "When," says Mr. Jackson, "the great war of 1870 between France and Prussia broke out, *The Illustrated London News* special artists, on both sides, encountered all sorts of hardships and passed through all kinds of adventures.

Besides being frequently arrested as spies, and undergoing the privations of beleagured places, they had also to run the risk of shot and shell, and sometimes they were obliged to destroy their sketching materials to prevent arrest. The dangers of being seen sketching, or being found with sketches in their possession, were so great that on one occasion a special artist actually swallowed a sketch he had made to avoid being taken as a spy. A colleague of this gentleman purchased the largest book of cigarette papers he could obtain, and on them he made little sketches and notes, quite prepared in case of danger to smoke them in the faces of his enemies. When the German armies were closing round Paris, an artist consented to be shut up in the devoted city, and during the siege his sketches were sent off by balloon. Photographic duplicates of the sketches were taken and despatched by other balloons to provide against the chances of miscarriage, so that sometimes two and even three copies of the same sketch arrived safely in my hands at *The Illustrated London News* office. During the Russo-Turkish war one of our special artists overcame the difficulties of getting to the front by assuming the character of a camp follower and professing to sell composite candles, German sausages, Russian hams, dried fish, Dutch cheese, &c.; and when passing Cossacks became importunate they were propitiated by a candle or two, a slice of cheese or a packet of Roumanian tobacco. In like manner the artist who went to the port of Ferrol, to accompany Cleopatra's Needle to London, shipped on board the tug *Anglia* as a coal trimmer, and signed the usual articles as one of the crew, there being no room for passengers. After the successful voyage of the tug the artist left her at Gravesend, being anxious to bring his sketches to head-quarters; but until he was legally discharged from service he ran the unpleasant risk of being taken up for absconding from his ship."

It will be seen that the newspaper artist's life is as full of

venture as that of the journalistic correspondent, with, in warfare, the additional spice of danger attaching to the possession of sketching materials. Mr. Jackson, who is naturally deeply interested in the doings of his art-army, is full of anecdotes of their experiences. As a set-off to the more dramatic incidents just mentioned here are two bits of comedy. An artist goes to Lincoln in the wake of the British Association. At one of the local hotels he asks the waiter to direct him to John O'Gaunt's house, a building well-known to antiquaries. "Johnny Gaunt!" said the waiter puzzled, "don't know him, but I'll inquire." Another artist is making a sketch in the heart of St. Giles's, London. Several street arabs of the district become lively and interested spectators of his work. "Can you read or write?" he asks one boy, who seemed a little more intelligent than the rest. "No," was the reply, "I can't read and I can't write; but I can stand on my head, and drink a quartern o' gin." The first of these stories reminds one of the antiquarian who went to hunt up the scene of "the battle of Worcester," and was taken to ground where two famous pugilists fought for the belt of the Prize Ring. It was a more intelligent waiter than the Lincoln man whom one of *Punch's* friends encountered in a famous old English city. "Well," said the traveller, an epicure who always went in for the particular meat or drink of a district or country—"well," he said, with a hungry and anxious look, "and what are you celebrated for here?" "Why, sir," replied the waiter, "there's the cathedral and the castle, and——" The traveller stopped him with a frown and ordered dinner.

Many of the first artists of the day, Royal Academicians, living and deceased, have drawn for *The Illustrated London News*, and among the present permanent staff may be mentioned Messrs. R. C. Woodville, W. H. Overend, F. Dodd, A. Hunt and C. Robinson. The machinery is of the newest and most improved kind, the latest addition being the Ingram rotary press,

which prints both sides of the illustrated sheet at once, cuts each number to its proper size, folds it, and turns it out completed at the rate of 6,500 per hour, which, for pictorial work, is a remarkable advance on the machines hitherto used in *The Illustrated London News* office. It occupies the same space as an ordinary perfecting machine, and requires only four men to attend to it; whereas thirty men and five "two-feeders" were required to do the same amount of work under the old system. The late Mr. Shirley Brooks (who succeeded Mark Lemon as editor of *Punch*) for many years wrote the leading article in *The Illustrated London News*. Recently Mr. George Augustus Sala has added to its attractions by current notes on the events and chat of the week. Fiction is also being called to the aid of fact, Mr. William Black leading off the new departure with a novelette.

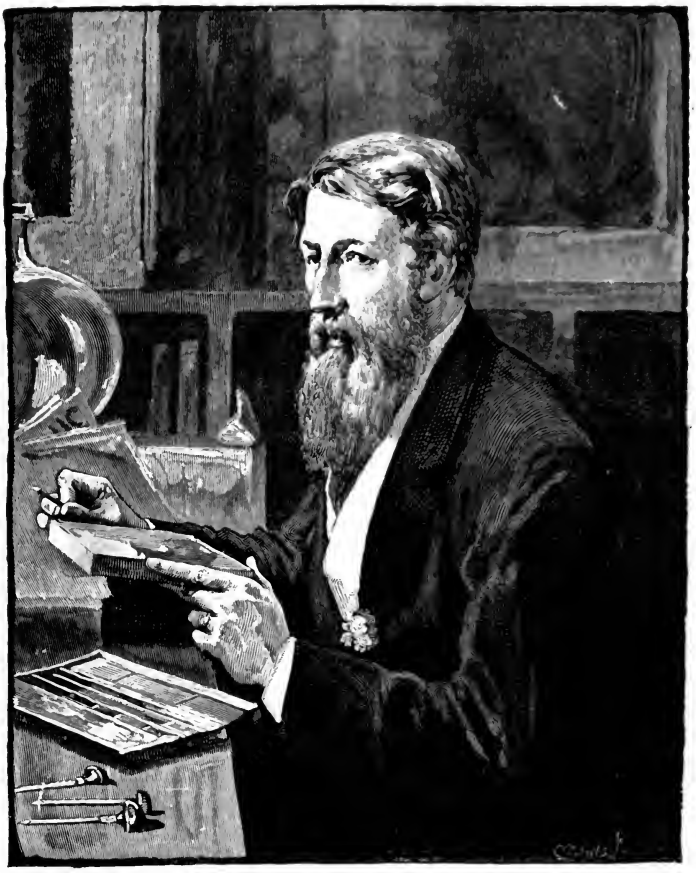
The Illustrated Times was a cheap competitor of *The Illustrated London News*, and was a clever and popular journal for some years. It was ultimately owned by the Ingrams, who converted it into *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, which has an enormous circulation. *Zig-Zag* belonged, I believe, to the same proprietary, and for a time *The Sporting and Dramatic News* was the property of the present Mr. Ingram. It is now owned by Mr. Weblin, who is better known by his professional name of Walter Clifford. *The Pictorial World* is a threepenny* journal of the old *Illustrated Times* class. It seems to have become an established institution. Messrs. Collingridge (of *The City Press*) and a joint-stock company started it. In an interval of these and other pictorial enterprises there appeared in the autumn of 1869 *The Illustrated Midland News*, which aimed to do for the Midland counties what the great London paper did for the Metropolis and the rest of the world. The country paper, with a good staff, both of writers and illustrators, began well, eventually having the whole of its

* The price has recently been raised to sixpence.

work done on the spot. The conductors introduced engraving and pictorial printing into the provinces, and succeeded in producing a high-class paper. Miss Bowers drew for it. Mr. John Leighton, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Eltze and even Doré were occasionally employed upon it. Mr. Swain, the well-known *Punch* engraver, superintended and executed many of the engravings. A year was not long enough for the establishment of such an enterprise. The principal capitalist in it "fainted by the way," and then plucked up courage enough to carry his plant to London, and having dissolved partnership with his editor, called the journal *The Illustrated Newspaper*, grew tired of it, and let it die. In the December of the year which saw the birth of *The Illustrated Midland News* appeared *The Graphic*, an entirely new advance in pictorial journalism. It was projected and produced by Mr. William L. Thomas, who is still its chief director. His firm administrative hand may be traced in every department, literary, artistic and commercial. At the outset he obtained the assistance of Mr. N. Cooke, who was for a time the partner of Mr. Herbert Ingram, of *The Illustrated London News;* and in addition to this valuable co-operation, Mr. Thomas obtained the financial alliance of his brother, the late Mr. Lewis G. Thomas, who was much respected as a merchant in the Brazils, and who induced many of his friends connected with that country to take a pecuniary interest in the venture. The paper at once obtained great public favour. *The Graphic* was not only a new departure in pictorial journalism; it was fresh, it was progressive; there was no other paper like it. There was no servile imitation of existing weeklies either in its matter or its pictures, and both being good, the public soon began to like it, and to patronise it liberally.

The leading policy of the originator of *The Graphic* was not to confine the illustrations, as had hitherto largely been the case in illustrated papers, to a special staff of draughtsmen on wood,

but to welcome any artist of talent, no matter what medium he used; the result being that he obtained the assistance of such accomplished painters as S. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., H. Herkomer,



WILLIAM L. THOMAS.

A.R.A., Frank Holl, A.R.A., Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), Miss Paterson (now Mrs. Allingham), E. J. Gregory, W. Small, Charles Green, Sydney P. Hall, and many others of

note. Secondly, the conductors were not satisfied to fill their pages with mere news and sub-editorial work; they arranged with eminent literary men of the day to write original essays and stories, Anthony Trollope, Victor Hugo, Wilkie Collins, Tom Taylor and Charles Reade having been among the contributors. Then in due course came "wars and rumours of wars," and *The Graphic* (as well as *The Illustrated London News*) became a necessity, seeing that it supplemented the current news of the dailies with faithful pictures of the exciting events of the time. The Franco-German war sent up the circulation of *The Graphic* by many thousands a week, and Mr. Thomas well deserved the success which now lifted his ideal illustrated journal into a great prosperity. When some established journal is rivalled by a newcomer, public gossip predicts trouble for one or the other, and as *The Graphic* grew, this shallow forecasting, which does not count progress in its calculations, predicted the eclipse of *The Illustrated London News*. But the result has been no diminution of prosperity at the old house, while the new one has extended the taste for pictorial illustration so much that many other weekly papers now find a certain amount of advantage in pictorial adornment. The two extra numbers of *The Graphic*, issued in the summer and at Christmas, are now printed entirely in colours, and such is the popularity of these holiday editions that they have to be commenced nearly twelve months in advance, that they may be printed in time to supply the demand for them. Four hundred and fifty thousand copies were printed of Mr. Millais's "Cherry Ripe," and yet the orders from the newsagents were so far in excess of that number that the publisher had to return upwards of three thousand pounds for orders he could not execute. The 1881 Christmas number went to press with 450,000 copies. It is very commonly supposed that *The Graphic* is amalgamated with or interested in other illustrated papers. This is not so. From the commencement it has stood alone. Its first editor was Mr.

Sutherland Edwards. Mr. Arthur Locker (brother of the lyrical poet) is now the literary chief. Among the leading artists whose

C. Green. S. P. Hall. E. J. Gregory. H. Woods, A.R.A. S. L. Fildes, A.R.A. J. Nash. H. Herkomer, A.R.A. G. Durand. F. Holl, A.R.A. W. Small.

ARTISTS OF 'THE GRAPHIC.'

work is frequently seen in its pages are Mr. Sydney P. Hall, Mr. Charles Green, Mr. H. Herkomer, A.R.A., Mr. S. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., Mr. Godfroi Durand, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. W. Small,

and Mr. H. Woods, who has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy during the passage of these chapters through the press.

IV.

Mr. Thomas, the originator of *The Graphic*, was born in 1830. In 1845 he went to Paris to stay with his brother, the late George H. Thomas, who, although only twenty-two, had established a good business there as an engraver on wood. In those days French publishers employed English wood-engravers. Now English publishers have to go abroad for their best workmen in this branch of art labour. After a year in Paris Mr. Thomas came back to England to finish his scholastic education. His brother, in the meantime, received an advantageous offer to go to New York and start an illustrated paper there. He accepted it. Mr. W. L. Thomas went across the Atlantic with him, and remained two years in the United States. The climate did not agree with the brothers. They returned to England, the elder to make designs for American bank-notes, the younger to enter the establishment of Mr. W. J. Linton and learn wood-engraving. In 1848, young Thomas joined his brother in Rome, and studied drawing in the French Academy of that city. After a year's study he returned to England and commenced to engrave on his own account. From that period to 1869 he gradually built up an extensive business, employing as many as twenty engravers. At every spare moment, as a relief from his black-and-white work, he practised water-colour painting. His efforts in this direction were rewarded by his election to a membership of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which Society has lately paid him perhaps the highest compliment in its power. In the forty-seventh year of their existence they have decided to vacate their present house and

build new galleries in Piccadilly, opposite Burlington House, and, from being a close corporation, to throw open their walls to the general body of water-colour artists. To enable them to acquire the necessary capital they have formed a limited liability company. The whole of the necessary sum, £50,000, has been subscribed, and Mr. Thomas is elected chairman of the Board of Directors.

V.

Dealing with the origin of *The Graphic*, nobody has yet indicated the first motive of its projection. At the time of its appearance London correspondence in country papers, and journalistic gossip in town, offered various explanations in regard to the project. Some said the great success of the early numbers of *The Illustrated Midland News* had stimulated a band of capitalists to undertake an opposition to the famous Ingram property. Others declared that "a ring" of engravers and artists had taken the scheme up to promote their own business interests. "The man who knows" quietly informed his friends that *The Graphic* was only another of the schemes of *The Illustrated London News*, to keep costly rivals out of the market. I see no reason why the chief factor in the projection of *The Graphic* should not now be declared. It is not only an interesting incident of the open page of every-day romance, but it represents one of those "exceptions" to what is regarded as "a general rule," which is full of worldly instruction. Pique, one might better say a sense of injury and wrong, was the impulse which started *The Graphic*. A man of the world would shrug his shoulders at the idea of imparting feeling or sentiment into business. A project arising out of offended dignity would be repudiated as a foregone conclusion of failure by most men. In the world of newspapers, a journal started to oppose another on the ground of wounded

susceptibilities, or a personal affront, would be looked upon as doomed from the start. Failure was generally predicted for *The Graphic*. Its name was ridiculed, to begin with, and the novelty of the work was resented by many who had grown accustomed to *The Illustrated London News* method. Had it been known that *The Graphic* was really projected as a rival to *The Illustrated London News*, under a sense of personal annoyance and injury in certain relations between the Thomases and the Ingrams, prophecy of evil would have been greatly stimulated. We owe many valuable inventions to accidental discoveries, but we owe very few newspapers to pique. Such advance in illustrated journalism as *The Graphic* has brought about, however, we owe to what Mr. Thomas regarded as an act of injustice towards himself, and a slight put upon the memory of his dead brother. The correspondence in this matter exists. It is docketed and put away in the archives of the two great offices. Some day it will be unearthed. Resentment has long since cooled down into indifference; and success has converted an active heat into a burnt-out volcano. The reader is not invited to preside at the resurrection of a dead scandal, but to take note how strangely important influences upon the world's daily life are brought about. It cannot be denied that *The Graphic* has been a great motive power in the art progress of the time. If it had done nothing more than induce its established rival to extend its art appliances and keep pace with the demands of the age it would have done a good work. And yet the primary power behind all this was entirely personal. Mr. George Thomas had been a famous draughtsman on *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. W. L. Thomas was its leading engraver. George died. His brother projected an "In Memoriam" volume for the benefit of the widow and family, and as a tribute to the dead artist's memory. He asked the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News* to lend him for this purpose some woodcuts of his brother's drawings.

Technical difficulties and explanations of policy were offered for declining the application. Mr. John Parry, executor of the late Herbert Ingram, conducted the correspondence on behalf of *The Illustrated London News.* The technical objections which he considered as insuperable, in regard to the "In Memoriam" volume, were somewhat imaginary; and though the refusal of Mr. Ingram to lend the blocks was conveyed to Mr. W. L. Thomas in courteous and even kindly language, it was a refusal, and rankled as such in the applicant's mind. And this, and nothing else, led to the starting of *The Graphic.* Fortunately for Mr. Thomas and his friends, the projector had an exceptional knowledge of the work he had set himself to do; and to-day he may regard with complacency an incident which once was a source of irritation and offence. *The Graphic* has not hurt *The Illustrated London News.* As already remarked, it only increased the taste for pictorial journalism. The two papers eclipse all other illustrated papers in the world, and the story of *The Graphic* is instructive in many ways. It is refreshing in these prosaic days to come upon an instance of competition which has not for its entire *raison d'être* the common ambition to make money.

XIV.

LAST WORDS AND *THE MORNING POST.*

The Oldest and Newest Penny Daily—Sir Algernon Borthwick, Diplomat and Journalist—A Clerical Fox-hunting Editor—Coleridge and the *Post*—The Pitt Libel Suit—Murder of Mr. Byrne, Proprietor of the *Post*—The Empire of Queen Victoria—British Interests—The London Editor at Work—The World's Half-Way House and Head-Centre of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

I.

IT is fitting that I should conclude these notes on London journalism with the newest of the penny dailies, and a few general reflections. The newest penny daily is, oddly enough, the oldest and most aristocratic of journals, *The Morning Post.* While I am writing, the machinery is being erected at the well-known offices in Wellington Street, Strand, to meet the increased demand which is expected for the organ of the fashionable world. Sir Algernon Borthwick, its accomplished chief, has maintained the high character and efficiency of *The Morning Post,* in spite of many disadvantageous circumstances. His connection with the paper dates from his earliest days. He has edited it for nearly twenty years. Son of a father who represented Evesham in Parliament, Sir Algernon comes of a good old family, and possesses many special advantages in the conduct of his paper. Always having welcome admission to the highest society at home and abroad, he has been enabled to inspire *The Morning Post* with the best authenticated information of courts, parliaments and embassies. He

was intimately acquainted with the late Lord Palmerston, and was the medium selected by Lord Beaconsfield for conveying to the ex-Empress Eugénie the saddest intelligence of the latter days of the Zulu war. In many international affairs Sir Algernon's advice has been sought and acted upon by both foreign and English ministers. He is a man of frank and courtly manners, and his generous disposition has endeared him to a large circle of friends. For twenty years, as I have said, he has edited *The Morning Post*, at the same time possessing a partnership interest

SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK.

in it. During the last five years he has been proprietor as well as editor, and it is quite a general sentiment that his journal, which has hitherto been so successful, has entered upon a new lease of prosperity at its new and popular price. Sir Algernon Borthwick, notwithstanding his ripe experience, is still a young man, with the gait and manner of a young man, though his journalistic career commenced as Paris correspondent under the rule of the Prince-President; and his acquaintance with politics began in the salons of Lady Normanby and the Duchess of Grammont in the

exciting days of 1851. His residence in Eaton Place is one of the best known of society houses. Lady Borthwick (a niece of the late Lord Clarendon, and allied to the families of Villiers and Russell), as a leader in "the great world," possesses special qualifications for the position. A linguist, an artist, a musician, she is popular in the best sense of the term. Royalties, the aristocracy of birth and genius, "the salt of the earth," meet in her drawing-rooms, and never find her receptions dull.

II.

Sir Algernon Borthwick is of all men in the world the best chief for *The Morning Post*, the history of which is a combination of the most characteristic traditions of the English press, and the policy of which has always been inspired by a high sense of journalistic responsibility. It was established on the 2nd of November, 1772, when it was a folio sheet of four pages. It was at first published without a stamp, and at the price of one penny. *The Morning Post* might therefore call itself the oldest, instead of the newest, penny daily. After the first thirteen numbers, however, it succumbed to the pressure of the Stamp-office, and came out with the official mark. "And," to quote the announcement of the period, "although every paper stands the proprietors in a *penny* extraordinary, the various publishers will now be established in every part of the town, where it will be regularly sold for the moderate price of three halfpence." In those days *The Post* had five metropolitan contemporaries, *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Public Advertiser*, *The Public Ledger*, *The London Packet*, and *The Gazetteer*. *The Morning Chronicle*, a first-class newspaper, failed to reach its centenary. It may be said to have died from the suspicion of a French subsidy. *The Times*, published originally under the title of *The Daily Universal Register*, was not established until thirteen years after *The*

Morning Post. The Rev. H. D. Bate was one of the first editors of the paper. He was a type of the dashing, fighting, fox-hunting parson of the period. He had an affair with a Captain Stoney, in which he showed great personal courage ; and he died, as stated in a previous sketch, a knighted dean of a probably benighted Irish parish. His patron was the Prince-Regent, whose cause he espoused in *The Morning Post.* In later years *The Morning Post* included among its writers of prose and poetry Charles Lamb, Southey, Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Arthur Young, Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, James Jerdan, Mackworth Praed, and James Stephen, M.P.—a wonderfully brilliant list of contributors. Wordsworth's political sonnets created a good deal of stir in society. Many of Tom Moore's most charming lyrics appeared in *The Morning Post.* Coleridge was regularly engaged on the paper. Fox declared in the House of Commons that "Coleridge's essays in *The Morning Post* had led to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens." When the illustrious author of the "Ancient Mariner" heard of this, he said, "I am not, indeed, silly enough to take as anything more than a violent hyperbole of party debate Mr. Fox's assertion, or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb." Coleridge at this time lived in King Street, Covent Garden. He began to write for the paper in 1797, and continued to do so until 1802. It has been said, with truth, that "the first band which bound Coleridge, Lamb, Southey and Wordsworth in an indissoluble union was a column of *The Morning Post.*"

III.

The Pitt administration found a staunch advocate in *The Morning Post.* Mr. Nicholas Byrne, the proprietor, was a rich descendant of a Tory family. His life was twice attempted, and on the second occasion he was fatally stabbed. The event occurred

about fifty years ago. Mr. Byrne was sitting alone in his office. A man suddenly entered, wearing a mask. Rushing upon the unarmed editor, he stabbed him twice with a dagger. The office was besieged, and the windows smashed, by a Radical mob on the occasion of Sir Francis Burdett's liberation from the Tower. No journal has had more litigation. The proprietors have fought numerous libel suits in the interest of the liberty of the press, and at considerable cost. As an enterprising collection of news, *The Morning Post* has always held a foremost place. The late Lieutenant Waghorn, "the pioneer of expresses," organised its agencies. At a time when submarine cables did not exist, it was the first to announce the capture of Ghuznee and the fall of Kars. In recent days its foreign intelligence has been remarkably accurate, and it has forecast many important political events which the excellent opportunities and prescience of its chief enabled him to foresee. Judging from its general tone, its politics may be described as Liberal-Conservative, with a strong and distinct leaning to what is called "imperialism" in foreign affairs. A collaborator with Sir Algernon Borthwick in the direction of the paper is Mr. Hardman, who also finds time for the magisterial duties of chairman of Quarter Sessions. Among the leader-writers are Mr. James Knowles, son of the eminent playwright, and Mr. Baker-Green, who recently contested, without success, an Irish borough; while several members of Parliament, on both sides of the House, contribute to its editorial columns. The reviewing staff is a considerable one, much attention being given to literature and art. This department is under the direction of Mr. Henry Dunphie (who is also a leader-writer of acknowledged skill), while his brother, Mr. Charles J. Dunphie, author of "The Splendid Advantages of Being a Woman," and other volumes of essays, is the dramatic critic. One of its foreign correspondents was Mr. Edward Legge, who is now the proprietor and editor of *The Whitehall Review*. The paper has for many years been

printed and published in palatial premises opposite the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, Strand, but at its original price of one penny it is likely to be removed to still more extensive buildings.

IV.

While these papers were being written, the prospectus of a new evening paper was published. It was clever, but it pointed out some of the shortcomings of the daily press in a spirit of arrogance that could only have been justified by successful rivalry. Mr. Yates found it much easier to explain what a perfect daily paper ought to be, than to demonstrate how an evening journal should mirror all that is interesting and important in the history of every day. His intentions were excellent, his design full of merit, but *The Cuckoo* was the result. The proprietor's practical experience had taught him that an unsatisfactory *première* in a journalistic experiment is even harder to redeem than the "first night" failure of a new play. He did not persevere in the work which he had set himself. With a more suitable inscription on his banner, and a thorough redemption of the promises of his prospectus, he might by this time have planted his flag on the heights of success. The failure of *The Cuckoo* has, in all probability, only postponed other "light and elegant" essays in the field of personal and gossiping journalism. It is, however, to be noted that this class of paper (as has already been pointed out in the case of the daily *Figaro*) must always feel the disadvantage of those stirring events which enhance the circulations of the more serious journals. Amidst "wars and rumours of wars," threatened rebellion at home, and open rebellions abroad; in presence of the bloody enterprises of Nihilism, and the sanguinary adventures of Russians in Central Asia, or Englishmen in Afghanistan; with the peace of Europe continually trembling in the balance, our public is not in the humour for a daily

paper devoted to mere chat and gossip and condensed notes of current events. No journal can live in England that has not in its composition a strong substratum of earnestness of purpose and intention, an earnestness that must be above the idea of being only entertaining, an intention that must be beyond that of "suckling fools, and chronicling small beer."

At the same time, with great humility, I venture, in conclusion, to indicate some points of contrast between the London and Provincial press, and between the press of England and America, which are worthy of attention. The vastness of the Empire of Queen Victoria, and the various and wide-spread character of "British interests," are proved in a remarkable way, not by what the metropolitan daily papers contain, but by what they do not contain. There is no London daily journal in the local sense; no paper that represents the great city as the dailies of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, represent theirs. The English provincial paper gives a full and ample record of local news, as the American journals do. But the London papers cover the Empire, and deal with events of foreign cities sometimes more fully than with the incidents of their own. If "imperialism" had not become a by-word with certain party organs, one might be tempted to call the London journals imperialistic in their character and policy. The London editor sits in the midst of a telegraphic organisation which brings St. Petersburg as near to him, for all practical purposes, as his own suburban residence. He has a special and private wire under the Channel to Paris. He knows the latest scandal in the gay city, the last intrigue at Constantinople, Bismarck's most recent *mot*, the newest ministerial move at Athens, the price of bacon in Chicago, the exact list of casualties caused by floods in Holland, what the Pope said to his cardinals about Ireland, how the Emperor of China feels toward his exported subjects in San Francisco; but how little he knows of the daily romances and

tragedies of the London streets! The minor legal courts of the Metropolis deal with many curious and interesting cases. Our County Court judges adjudicate upon thousands of suits in a year. It is only once in a way that one of them comes into the great court of Public Opinion—the newspaper. The higher courts of law are in the hands of legal gentlemen, who often report the trials in such a way that one must be a lawyer to understand the decisions. The clever specialists forget that to the outer world the jargon which overlies the rules and orders of the courts is as mysterious as Sanskrit. Many important law suits are never heard of by persons who do not read *The Times*, and the system of reporting police trials is singularly inefficient. At some of the courts one reporter represents all the papers, morning and evening. The London police-court is the very pulse of London life, and almost every beat of it is worthy of being recorded. Go to one of these establishments any day. For several hours you will be alternately entertained and shocked by scenes from the great drama of life, farcical and tragical; you will meet with instructive incidents in the domestic and political economy of the government, local and general; curious episodes of our civilisation, stranger tokens of our barbarism; the moving stories of a great city's daily history. The next morning look into your daily paper, and you will find, perhaps, only the very briefest reference to the court; and probably the report of only one case out of the dozen that you would deem worthy of public remark. It must be a sensational murder, a great scandal, or a matter of national importance, that stirs the London editor in the direction of the police-courts.

Then there are the learned societies, literary, scientific, historical, geographical, antiquarian, social, religious, medical, legal, artistic; they are meeting all the year round to read papers and discuss the great questions of the time that belong to their several lines of study or general usefulness. Men of European

fame deliver addresses at these meetings. But only when a Livingstone, a Stanley, or a Schliemann comes among us is the bull's-eye of the press turned upon the learned societies. Mr. Huxley often speaks without being reported; yet editors of periodicals and publishers of books will pay him anything to write for them. At the annual dinners and meetings of these associations speeches are made by men of the highest eminence, to be dismissed by the daily papers in a few lines, and often not mentioned at all. There is a mine of journalistic wealth for a local London newspaper in these interesting gatherings. London is governed by many public bodies, including the City Corporation, the Board of Works and the Vestries. All kinds of social and political problems are continually before these authorities, yet one rarely hears of them. The list of neglected subjects might be extended to quite a formidable length. Let it not be understood that any of them are put forward as a reproach to the seven morning and six evening papers of London, but rather as an illustration of the width and breadth of the interests they represent, and as showing how the doings of the world, its comings and goings, its trade and commerce, its wars and tumults, and its general pressure, are noted and registered at this centre of universal business, this half-way house to everywhere, this world within itself, this London, the head-quarters of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It has long been a settled belief of mine that the Metropolis wants a real London newspaper in the best local sense. Perhaps the reiteration of this opinion during many years originated a daily paper called *The Circle*, which caught up the parochial features of it, and made them the leading items of interest. A journal that expected London to find pleasure and attraction in the tedious and statistical orations of vestrymen, and the vulgar disputes of Boards of Guardians, soon found itself in a tight corner, and "went up," to use an American phrase. Relieved of

this enterprise, Mr. Saunders redoubled his labours in the extension of his famous news agency, which is now reaching out its electric arms to the United States. Some day another journalist will appear and "square" that *Circle* with mathematical precision.

American journalism has its European head-quarters in the English Metropolis. During the recent wars of Europe and Asia, the great Eastern and Western papers expended large sums of money here and "at the front" in the collection of news and opinions. There are instances in which they have been ahead of the London press in the announcement of great European events. The *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times*, of New York, have for years had resident correspondents in London, gentlemen of experience and distinction; and in times of excitement, the regular daily cables of their own American Associated Press in the City are supplemented by the notes and opinions of these tried and trusted representatives. During the Russo-Turkish war the *Times*, *Tribune*, and *Herald*, of New York, had representatives with the armies on both sides. Even the two Chicago dailies sent members of their staff to cable English opinions from London. On this central ground of knowledge press men of all nations are destined sooner or later to meet; though the day seems as far distant as ever it was, when artist-correspondents of some Antipodean *Graphic*, shall make pictorial studies of the great dead City, from the ruined arches of London Bridge.

THE END.

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